THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ANDREWS, AND HIS FRIEND Mr. ABRAHAM ADAMS.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE MANNER OF CERVANTES, AUTHOR OF DON QUIXOTE.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

JOSEPH ANDREWS,

AND HIS FRIEND

Mr. ABRAHAM ADAMS.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Matter prefatory in praiſe of Biography.

NOTWITHSTANDING the preference which may be vulgarly given to the authority of thoſe romance writers, who intitle their books, the Hiſtory of England, the Hiſtory of France, of Spain, &c. it is moſt certain, that truth is to be found only in the works of thoſe who celebrate the lives of great men, and are commonly called biographers, as the others ſhould indeed be termed topographers, or chorographers; words which might well mark the diſtinction between them; it being the buſineſs of the latter chiefly to deſcribe countries and cities which, with the aſſiſtance of maps, they do pretty juſtly, and may be depended upon; but as to the actions and characters of men, their writings are not quite ſo authentic, of which there needs no other proof than thoſe eternal contradictions occur-

ring between two topographers who undertake the history of the same country: for instance, between my Lord Clarendon and Mr. Whitlock, between Mr. Echard and Rapin, and many others; where facts being set forth in a different light, every reader believes as he pleases; and indeed the more judicious and suspicious very justly esteem the whole as no other than a romance, in which the writer hath indulged a happy and fertile invention. But though these widely differ in the narrative of fact; some ascribing victory to the one, and others to the other party; some representing the same man as a rogue, to whom others give a great and honest character; yet all agree in the scene where the fact is supposed to have happened; and where the person, who is both a rogue and an honest man, lived. Now with us biographers the case is different: the facts we deliver may be relied on, though we often mistake the age and country wherein they happened: for though it may be worth the examination of critics, whether the shepherd Chrysostom, who, as Cervantes informs us, died for love of the fair Marcella, who hated him, was ever in Spain, will any one doubt but that such a silly fellow hath really existed? Is there in the world such a sceptic as to disbelieve the madness of Cardenio, the perfidy of Ferdinand, the impertinent curiosity of Anselmo, the weakness of Camillo, the irresolute friendship of Lothario? though perhaps, as to the time and place where those several persons lived, the good historian may be deplorably deficient. But the most known instance of this kind is in the true history of Gil Blas, where the inimitable biographer hath made a notorious blunder in the country of Doctor Sangrado, who used his patients as a vintner doth his wine-vessels, by letting out their blood, and filling them up with water. Doth not every one, who is in the least versed in physical history, know that Spain was not the

country

country in which this doctor lived? The same writer hath likewise erred in the country of his archbishop, as well as that of those great personages whose understandings were too sublime to taste any thing but tragedy, and in many others. The same mistakes may likewise be observed in Scarron, the Arabian Nights, the History of Marianne, and Le Paisan Parvenu, and perhaps some few other writers of this class whom I have not read, or do not at present recollect; for I would by no means be thought to comprehend those persons of surprizing genius, the authors of immense romances, or the modern novel and atalantis writers; who, without any assistance from nature or history, record persons who never were, or will be, and facts which never did, nor possibly can happen; whose heroes are of their own creation, and their brains the chaos whence all their materials are collected. Not that such writers deserve no honour; so far otherwise, that perhaps they merit the highest: for what can be nobler than to be as an example of the wonderful extent of human genius! One may apply to them what Balzac says of Aristotle, that they are a second nature, (for they have no communication with the first;) by which authors of an inferior class, who cannot stand alone, are obliged to support themselves as with crutches; but these of whom I am now speaking, seem to be possessed of those stilts, which the excellent Voltaire tells us in his letters, carry the genius far off, but without any regular pace. Indeed, far out of the sight of the reader:—

Beyond the realms of chaos and old night.

But, to return to the former class, who are contented to copy nature, instead of forming originals from the confused heap of matter in their own brains, is not such a book as that which records the atchievements of the renowned Don Quixote,

more worthy the name of a hiſtory than even Mariana's? for whereas the latter is confined to a particular period of time, and to a particular nation, the former is the hiſtory of the world in general, at leaſt that part which is poliſhed by laws, arts, and ſciences; and of that from the time it was firſt poliſhed to this day; nay, and forwards, as long as it ſhall ſo remain.

I ſhall now proceed to apply theſe obſervations to the work before us; for, indeed, I have ſet them down principally to obviate ſome conſtructions which the good-nature of mankind, who are always forward to ſee their friends' virtues recorded, may put to particular parts. I queſtion not but ſeveral of my readers will know the lawyer in the ſtage-coach the moment they hear his voice. It is likewiſe odds, but the wit and the prude meet with ſome of their acquaintance, as well as all the reſt of my characters. To prevent therefore any ſuch malicious applications, I declare here, once for all, I deſcribe not men, but manners; not an individual, but a ſpecies. Perhaps it will be aſked, are not the characters then taken from life? To which I anſwer in the affirmative; nay, I believe I might aver, that I have writ little more than I have ſeen. The lawyer is not only alive, but hath been ſo theſe 4000 years; and I hope G——— will indulge his life as many yet to come. He hath not indeed confined himſelf to one profeſſion, one religion, or one country; but when the firſt mean, ſelfiſh creature appeared upon the human ſtage, who made ſelf the centre of the whole creation, would give himſelf no pain, incur no danger, advance no money to aſſiſt or preſerve his fellow-creatures, then was our lawyer born; and whilſt ſuch a perſon as I have deſcribed exiſts on earth, ſo long ſhall he remain upon it. It is therefore doing him little honour, to imagine he endeavours to mimic ſome little obſcure fellow, becauſe he hap-

pens to refemble him in one particular feature, or perhaps in his profeffion; whereas his appearance in the world is calculated for much more general and noble purpofes; not to expofe one pitiful wretch to the fmall and contemptible circle of his acquaintance, but to hold the glafs to thoufands in their clofets, that they may contemplate their deformity, and endeavour to reduce it, and thus, by fuffering private mortification, may avoid public fhame. This places the boundary between, and diftinguifhes the fatirift from the libeller; for the former privately corrects the fault for the benefit of the perfon, like a parent; the latter publicly expofes the perfon himfelf, as an example to others, like an executioner.

There are, befides, little circumftances to be confidered; as the drapery of a picture, which, though fafhion varies at different times, the refemblance of the countenance is not by thofe means diminifhed. Thus, I believe, we may venture to fay Mrs. *Tow-woufe* is coeval with our lawyer; and though perhaps, during the changes which fo long an exiftence muft have paffed through, fhe may in her turn have ftood behind the bar at an inn, I will dot fcruple to affirm, fhe hath likewife, in the revolution of ages, fat on a throne. In fhort, where extreme turbulency of temper, avarice, and an infenfibility of human mifery, with a degree of hypocrify, have united in a female compofition, Mrs. *Tow-woufe* was that woman; and where a good inclination, eclipfed by a poverty of fpirit and underftanding, hath glimmered forth in a man, that man hath been no other than her fneaking hufband.

I fhall detain my reader no longer than to give him one caution more of an oppofite kind: for as, in moft of our particular characters, we mean not to lafh individuals, but all of the like fort, fo, in our general defcriptions, we mean not univerfals,

verſals, but would be underſtood with many exceptions: for inſtance, in our deſcription of high people, we cannot be intended to include ſuch as, whilſt they are an honour to their high rank, by a well-guided condeſcenſion, make their ſuperiority as eaſy as poſſible to thoſe whom Fortune chiefly hath placed below them. Of this number I could name a peer no leſs elevated by Nature than by Fortune, who, whilſt he wears the nobleſt enſigns of honour on his perſon, bears the trueſt ſtamp of dignity on his mind, adorned with greatneſs, enriched with knowledge, and embelliſhed with genius. I have ſeen this man relieve with generoſity, while he hath converſed with freedom, and be to the ſame perſon a patron and a companion. I could name a commoner, raiſed higher above the multitude by ſuperior talents, than is in the power of his prince to exalt him, whoſe behaviour to thoſe he hath obliged is more amiable than the obligation itſelf; and who is ſo great a maſter of affability, that if he could diveſt himſelf of an inherent greatneſs in his manner, he would often make the loweſt of his acquaintance forget who was the maſter of that place in which they are ſo courteouſly entertained. Theſe are pictures which muſt be, I believe, known: I declare they are taken from the life, and not intended to exceed it. By thoſe high people, therefore, whom I have deſcribed, I mean a ſet of wretches, who, while they are a diſgrace to their anceſtors, whoſe honours and fortunes they inherit, (or perhaps a greater to the mother, for ſuch a degeneracy is ſcarce credible,) have the inſolence to treat thoſe with diſregard, who are at leaſt equal to the founders of their own ſplendor. It is, I fancy, impoſſible to conceive a ſpectacle more worthy of our indignation, than that of a fellow, who is not only a blot in the eſcutcheon of a great family, but a ſcandal to the

human

human ſpecies, maintaining a ſupercilious behaviour to men who are an honour to their nature, and a diſgrace to their fortune.

And now, reader, taking theſe hints along with you, you may, if you pleaſe, proceed to the ſequel of this our true hiſtory.

CHAP. II.

A night Scene, wherein ſeveral wonderful Adventures befel Adams and his fellow Travellers.

IT was ſo late when our travellers left the inn or alehouſe, (for it might be called either,) that they had not travelled many miles before night overtook them, or met them, which you pleaſe. The reader muſt excuſe me if I am not particular as to the way they took; for as we are now drawing near the ſeat of the Boobies, and as that is a ticklish name, which malicious perſons may apply, according to their evil inclinations, to ſeveral worthy country ſquires, a race of men whom we look upon as entirely inoffenſive, and for whom we have an adequate regard, we ſhall lend no aſſiſtance to any ſuch malicious purpoſes.

Darkneſs had now overſpread the hemiſphere, when Fanny whiſpered Joſeph, 'that ſhe begged 'to reſt herſelf a little; for that ſhe was ſo tired, 'ſhe could walk no farther.' Joſeph immediately prevailed with Parſon Adams, who was as briſk as a bee, to ſtop. He had no ſooner ſeated himſelf, than he lamented the loſs of his dear Æſchylus; but was a little comforted, when reminded, that, if he had it in his poſſeſſion, he could not ſee to read.

The ſky was ſo clouded, that not a ſtar appeared. It was indeed, according to Milton, darkneſs viſible. This was a circumſtance, however, very favourable

vourable to Joſeph; for Fanny, not ſuſpicious of being overſeen by Adams, gave a looſe to her paſſion, which ſhe had never done before; and reclining her head on his boſom, threw her arm careleſsly round him, and ſuffered him to lay his cheek cloſe to hers. All this infuſed ſuch happineſs into Joſeph, that he would not have changed his turf for the fineſt down in the fineſt palace in the univerſe.

Adams ſat at ſome diſtance from the lovers, and being unwilling to diſturb them, applied himſelf to meditation; in which he had not ſpent much time, before he diſcovered a light at ſome diſtance, that ſeemed approaching towards him. He immediately hailed it; but, to his ſorrow and ſurpriſe, it ſtopped for a moment, and then diſappeared. He then called to Joſeph, aſking him, 'if he had not ſeen 'the light.' Joſeph anſwered, 'he had.' 'And 'did you not mark how it vaniſhed?' returned he. 'Though I am not afraid of ghoſts, I do not abſo- 'lutely diſbelieve them.'

He then entered into a meditation on thoſe unſubſtantial beings, which was ſoon interrupted by ſeveral voices which he thought almoſt at his elbow, though in fact they were not ſo extremely near. However, he could diſtinctly hear them agree on the murder of any one they met. And a little after heard one of them ſay, 'he had killed a dozen ſince 'that day fortnight.'

Adams now fell on his knees, and committed himſelf to the care of Providence; and poor Fanny, who likewiſe heard thoſe terrible words, embraced Joſeph ſo cloſely, that, had not he, whoſe ears were alſo open, been apprehenſive on her account, he would have thought no danger, which threatened only himſelf, too dear a price for ſuch embraces.

Joſeph now drew forth his penknife; and Adams having finiſhed his ejaculations, graſped his crabſtick, his only weapon, and coming up to Joſeph, would

would have had him quit Fanny, and place her in the rear; but his advice was fruitlefs; fhe clung clofer to him, not at all regarding the prefence of Adams, and in a foothing voice declared, 'fhe 'would die in his arms.' Jofeph, clafping her with inexpreffible eagernefs, whifpered her, 'that he 'preferred death in hers to life out of them.' Adams, brandifhing his crab-ftick, faid, 'he defpifed death 'as much as any man,' and then repeated aloud,

Eft hic, eft animus lucis contemptor & illum,
Qui vita bene credat emi quo tendis, honorem.

Upon this the voices ceafed for a moment; and then one of them called out, 'd—n you, who is 'there?' to which Adams was prudent enough to make no reply; and of a fudden he obferved half a dozen lights, which feemed to rife all at once from the ground, and advance brifkly towards him. This he immediately concluded to be an apparition; and now beginning to conceive that the voices were of the fame kind, he called out, 'In the name of 'the L——d, what would'ft thou have?' He had no fooner fpoke, than he heard one of the voices cry out, 'd—n them, here they come;' and foon after heard feveral hearty blows, as if a number of men had been engaged at quarter-ftaff. He was juft advancing towards the place of combat, when Jofeph, catching him by the fkirts, begged him that he might take the opportunity of the dark to convey away Fanny from the danger which threatened her. He prefently complied; and Jofeph lifting up Fanny, they all three made the beft of their way; and, without looking behind them, or being overtaken, they had travelled full two miles, poor Fanny not once complaining of being tired, when they faw far off feveral lights fcattered at a fmall diftance from each other, and at the fame time found themfelves on the defcent of a very fteep hill. Adams's

foot ſlipping, he inſtantly diſappeared, which greatly frighted both Joſeph and Fanny: indeed, if the light had permitted them to ſee it, they would ſcarce have refrained laughing to ſee the parſon rolling down the hill, which he did from top to bottom, without receiving any harm. He then hallooed as loud as he could, to inform them of his ſafety, and relieve them from the fears which they had conceived for him. Joſeph and Fanny halted ſome time, conſidering what to do; at laſt they advanced a few paces, where the declivity ſeemed leaſt ſteep; and then Joſeph, taking his Fanny in his arms, walked firmly down the hill, without making a falſe ſtep, and at length landed her at the bottom, where Adams ſoon came to them.

Learn hence, my fair countrywomen, to conſider your own weakneſs, and the many occaſions on which the ſtrength of a man may be uſeful to you; and duly weighing this, take care, that you match not yourſelves with the ſpindle-ſhanked beaus and petit-maitres of the age, who, inſtead of being able, like Joſeph Andrews, to carry you in luſty arms through the rugged ways and downhill ſteps of life, will rather want to ſupport their feeble limbs with your ſtrength and aſſiſtance.

Our travellers now moved forwards, where the neareſt light preſented itſelf, and having croſſed a common field, they came to a meadow, where they ſeemed to be at a very little diſtance from the light, when, to their grief, they arrived at the banks of a river. Adams here made a full ſtop, and declared he could ſwim, but doubted how it was poſſible to get Fanny over; to which Joſeph anſwered, 'if they walked along its banks, they might be certain of ſoon finding a bridge; eſpecially, as, by the number of lights, they might be aſſured a pariſh was near.' 'Odſo, that's true indeed, ſaid Adams: 'I did not think of that.' Accordingly Joſeph's advice being taken, they paſſed over two meadows,

meadows, and came to a little orchard, which led them to a houſe. Fanny begged of Joſeph to knock at the door, aſſuring him, 'ſhe was ſo weary that 'ſhe could hardly ſtand on her feet.' Adams, who was foremoſt, performed this ceremony, and the door being immediately opened, a plain kind of man appeared at it. Adams acquainted him, 'that 'they had a young woman with them, who was ſo 'tired with her journey, that he ſhould be much 'obliged to him, if he would ſuffer her to come in 'and reſt herſelf.' The man, who ſaw Fanny by the light of the candle which he held in his hand, perceiving her innocent and modeſt look, and having no apprehenſions from the civil behaviour of Adams, preſently anſwered, that the young woman was very welcome to reſt herſelf in his houſe, and ſo were her company. He then uſhered them into a very decent room, where his wife was ſitting at a table. She immediately roſe up, and aſſiſted them in ſetting forth chairs, and deſired them to ſit down, which they had no ſooner done, than the man of the houſe aſked them, if they would have any thing to refreſh themſelves with? Adams thanked him, and anſwered, he ſhould be obliged to him for a cup of his ale, which was likewiſe choſen by Joſeph and Fanny. Whilſt he was gone to fill a very large jug with this liquor, his wife told Fanny, ſhe ſeemed greatly fatigued, and deſired her to take ſomething ſtronger than ale: but ſhe refuſed, with many thanks, ſaying, it was true, ſhe was very much tired, but a little reſt ſhe hoped would reſtore her. As ſoon as the company were all ſeated, Mr. Adams, who had filled himſelf with ale, and by public permiſſion had lighted his pipe, turned to the maſter of the houſe, aſking him, 'if evil ſpirits did not uſe to 'walk in that neighbourhood?' To which receiving no anſwer, he began to inform him of the adventure which they had met with on the downs; nor had he proceeded far in the ſtory, when ſome-

body knocked very hard at the door. The company expreſſed ſome amazement, and Fanny and the good woman turned pale. Her huſband went forth, and whilſt he was abſent, which was ſome time, they all remained ſilent looking at one another, and heard ſeveral voices diſcourſing pretty loudly. Adams was fully perſuaded that ſpirits were abroad, and began to meditate ſome exorciſms: Joſeph a little inclined to the ſame opinion: Fanny was more afraid of men; and the good woman herſelf began to ſuſpect her gueſts, and imagined thoſe without were rogues belonging to their gang. At length the maſter of the houſe returned, and laughing, told Adams he had diſcovered his apparition; that the murderers were ſheep-ſtealers, and the twelve perſons murdered were no other than twelve ſheep. Adding, that the ſhepherds had got the better of them, had ſecured two, and were proceeding with them to a juſtice of peace. This account greatly relieved the fears of the whole company: but Adams muttered to himſelf, 'He was convinced of the truth 'of apparitions for all that.'

They now ſat chearfully round the fire, till the maſter of the houſe having ſurveyed his gueſts, and conceiving that the caſſock which, having fallen down, appeared under Adams's great coat, and the ſhabby livery on Joſeph Andrews, did not well ſuit with the familiarity between them, began to entertain ſome ſuſpicions, not much to their advantage: Addreſſing himſelf therefore to Adams, he ſaid, 'he perceived he was a clergyman by his 'dreſs, and ſuppoſed that honeſt man was his foot'man.' 'Sir,' anſwered Adams, 'I am a clergy'man at your ſervice; but as to that young man, 'whom you have rightly termed honeſt, he is at 'preſent in nobody's ſervice: he never lived in any 'other family than that of Lady Booby, from 'whence he was diſcharged, I aſſure you, for no 'crime.' Joſeph ſaid,' he did not wonder the

'gentleman

'gentleman was ſurprized to ſee one of Mr. 'Adams's character condeſcend to ſo much good-'neſs with a poor man.' 'Child,' ſaid Adams, 'I ſhould be aſhamed of my cloth, if I thought a 'poor man, who is honeſt, below my notice or my 'familiarity. I know not how thoſe who think 'otherwiſe, can profeſs themſelves followers and 'ſervants of him who made no diſtinction, unleſs, 'peradventure, by preferring the poor to the rich.' 'Sir,' ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the gentleman, 'theſe two poor young people are my pa-'riſhioners, and I look on them and love them as 'my children. There is ſomething ſingular enough 'in their hiſtory, but I have not now time to re-'count it.' The maſter of the houſe, notwithſtanding the ſimplicity which diſcovered itſelf in Adams, knew too much of the world to give a haſty belief to profeſſions. He was not yet quite certain that Adams had any more of the clergyman in him than his caſſock. To try him therefore farther, he aſked him, 'if Mr. Pope had lately publiſhed any thing 'new?' Adams anſwered, 'he had heard great 'commendations of that poet, but that he had 'never read, nor knew any of his works.' 'Ho! 'ho!' ſays the gentleman to himſelf, 'have I 'caught you?' 'What,' ſaid he, 'have you never 'ſeen his Homer?' Adams anſwered, 'he had 'never read any tranſlation of the claſſics.' 'Why, 'truly,' replied the gentleman, 'there is a dignity in 'the Greek language which I think no modern 'tongue can reach.' 'Do you underſtand Greek, 'Sir,' ſays Adams haſtily.' 'A little, Sir,' anſwered the gentleman.' 'Do you know, Sir,' cried Adams, 'where I can buy an Æſchylus? an 'unlucky misfortune lately happened to mine.' Æſchylus was beyond the gentleman, though he knew him very well by name: he therefore, returning back to Homer, aſked Adams, 'What part 'of the Iliad he thought moſt excellent?' Adams

returned, 'His question would be properer, which 'kind of beauty was the chief in poetry; for that 'Homer was equally excellent in them all.'

'And indeed,' continued he, 'what Cicero says 'of a complete orator, may be well applied to a 'great poet; he ought to comprehend all perfec-'tions. Homer did this in the most excellent de-'gree: it is not without reason, therefore, that the 'philosopher, in the 22d chapter of his poetics, 'mentions him by no other appellation than that of 'The Poet: He was the father of the drama, as 'well as the epic: Not of tragedy only, but of 'comedy also; for his Margites, which is deplo-'rably lost, bore, says Aristotle, the same analogy 'to comedy, as his Odyssey and Iliad to tragedy. 'To him therefore we owe Aristophanes, as well 'as Euripides, Sophocles, and my poor Æschylus. 'But if you please we will confine ourselves (at 'least for the present) to the Iliad, his noblest work: 'though neither Aristotle nor Horace give it the 'preference, as I remember, to the Odyssey. First 'then, as to his subject, can any thing be more 'simple, and at the same time more noble? He is 'rightly praised by the first of those judicious cri-'tics, for not chusing the whole war, which, though 'he says it hath a complete beginning and end, 'would have been too great for the understanding 'to comprehend at one view. I have therefore 'often wondered why so correct a writer as Horace 'should, in his epistle to Lollius, call him the *Tro-'jani Belli Scriptorem*. Secondly, his action, termed 'by Aristotle, *pragmaton systasis*; is it possible for 'the mind of man to conceive an idea of such per-'fect unity, and at the same time so replete with 'greatness? And here I must observe what I do 'not remember to have seen noted by any, the '*harmoton*, that agreement of his action to his sub-'ject: for as the subject is anger, how agreeable 'is his action, which is war? from which every in-

'cident

'cident arifes, and to which every epifode immediately relates. Thirdly, his manners, which Ariftotle places fecond in his defcription of the feveral parts of tragedy, and which he fays are included in the action; I am at a lofs whether I fhould rather admire the exactnefs of his judgment in the nice diftinction, or the immenfity of his imagination in the variety. For, as to the former of thefe, how accurately is the fedate, injured refentment of Achilles, diftinguifhed from the hot infulting paffion of Agamemnon! how widely doth the brutal courage of Ajax differ from the amiable bravery of Diomedes; and the wifdom of Neftor, which is the refult of long reflection and experience, from the cunning of Ulyffes, the effect of art and fubtlety only! If we confider their variety, we may cry out with Ariftotle, in his 24th chapter, that no part of this divine poem is deftitute of manners. Indeed, I might affirm, that there is fcarce a character in human nature untouched in fome part or other. And as there is no paffion which he is not able to defcribe, fo there is none in his reader which he cannot raife. If he hath any fuperior excellence to the reft, I have been inclined to fancy it is in the pathetic. I am fure I never read with dry eyes the two epifodes where Andromache is introduced; in the former, lamenting the danger, and in the latter the death, of Hector. The images are fo extremely tender in thefe, that I am convinced, the poet had the worthieft and beft heart imaginable. Nor can I help obferving how Sophocles falls fhort of the beauties of the original, in that imitation of the diffuafive fpeech of Andromache, which he hath put into the mouth of Tecmeffa. And yet Sophocles was the greateft genius who ever wrote tragedy; nor have any of his fucceffors in that art, that is to fay, neither Euripides, nor Seneca the tragedian, been able

'to come near him. As to his ſentiment and dic-'tion, I need ſay nothing; the former are particu-'larly remarkable for the utmoſt perfection on that 'head, namely, propriety; and as to the latter, 'Ariſtotle, whom doubtleſs you have read over and 'over, is very diffuſe. I ſhall mention but one 'thing more, which that great critic, in his divi-'ſion of tragedy, calls *opſis*, or the ſcenery, and 'which is as proper to the epic as to the drama; 'with this difference, that in the former it falls to 'the ſhare of the poet, and in the latter to that of 'the painter. But did ever painter imagine a ſcene 'like that in the 13th and 14th Iliads, where the 'reader ſees at one view the proſpect of Troy, 'with the army drawn up before it; the Grecian 'army, camp, and fleet; Jupiter ſitting on mount 'Ida, with his head wrapt in a cloud, and a thun-'derbolt in his hand, looking towards Thrace; 'Neptune driving through the ſea, which divides 'on each ſide to permit his paſſage, and then ſeat-'ing himſelf on mount Samos; the heavens opened, 'and the deities all ſeated on their thrones? This 'is ſublime! this is poetry!' Adams then rapt out a hundred Greek verſes, and with ſuch a voice, emphaſis and action, that he almoſt frightened the woman; and as for the gentleman, he was ſo far from entertaining any farther ſuſpicions of Adams, that he now doubted whether he had not a biſhop in his houſe. He ran into the moſt extravagant encomiums on his learning; and the goodneſs of his heart began to dilate to all the ſtrangers. He ſaid, he had great compaſſion for the poor young woman, who looked pale and faint with her journey; and in truth he conceived a much higher opinion of her quality than it deſerved. He ſaid, he was ſorry he could not accommodate them all; but if they were contented with his fire-ſide, he would ſit up with the men; and the young woman might, if ſhe pleaſed, partake his wife's bed, which he adviſed

advifed her to; for that they muft walk upwards of a mile to any houfe of entertainment, and that not very good neither. Adams, who liked his feat, his ale, his tobacco, and his company, perfuaded Fanny to accept this kind propofal, in which folicitation he was feconded by Jofeph. Nor was fhe very difficultly prevailed on, for fhe had flept little the laft night, and not at all the preceding, fo that love itfelf was fcarce able to keep her eyes open any longer. The offer therefore being kindly accepted, the good woman produced every thing eatable in her houfe on the table, and the guefts being heartily invited, as heartily regaled themfelves, efpecially Parfon Adams. As to the other two, they were examples of the truth of that phyfical obfervation, that love, like other fweet things, is no whetter of the ftomach.

Supper was no fooner ended, than Fanny, at her own requeft, retired, and the good woman bore her company. The man of the houfe, Adams and Jofeph, who would modeftly have withdrawn, had not the gentleman infifted on the contrary, drew round the fire-fide, where Adams (to ufe is own words) replenifhed his pipe, and the gentleman produced a bottle of excellent beer, being the beft liquor in his houfe.

The modeft behaviour of Jofeph, with the gracefulnefs of his perfon, the character which Adams gave of him, and the friendfhip he feemed to entertain for him, began to work on the gentleman's affections, and raifed in him a curiofity to know the fingularity which Adams had mentioned in his hiftory. This curiofity Adams was no fooner informed of, than, with Jofeph's confent, he agreed to gratify it, and accordingly related all he knew, with as much tendernefs as was poffible for the character of Lady Booby; and concluded with the long, faithful and mutual paffion between him and Fanny, not concealing the meannefs of her birth

and

and education. Theſe latter circumſtances entirely cured a jealouſy which had lately riſen in the gentleman's mind, that Fanny was the daughter of ſome perſon of faſhion, and that Joſeph had run away with her, and Adams was concerned in the plot. He was now enamoured of his gueſts, drank their healths with great chearfulneſs, and returned many thanks to Adams, who had ſpent much breath; for he was a circumſtantial teller of a ſtory.

Adams told him it was now in his power to return that favour; for his extraordinary goodneſs, as well as that fund of literature he was maſter of*, which he did not expect to find under ſuch a roof, had raiſed in him more curioſity than he had ever known. 'Therefore, (ſaid he,) if it be not too 'troubleſome, Sir, your hiſtory, if you pleaſe.'

The gentleman anſwered, he could not refuſe him what he had ſo much right to inſiſt on: and after ſome of the common apologies, which are the uſual preface to a ſtory, he thus began.

* The author hath by ſome been repreſented to have made a blunder here: For Adams had indeed ſhewn ſome learning, (ſay they,) perhaps all the author had; but the gentleman hath ſhewn none, unleſs his approbation of Mr. Adams be ſuch: but ſurely it would be prepoſterous in him to call it ſo. I have, however, notwithſtanding this criticiſm, which I am told came from the mouth of a great orator in a public coffee-houſe, left this blunder as it ſtood in the firſt edition. I will not have the vanity to apply to any thing in this work, the obſervation which M. Dacier makes in her preface to her Ariſtophanes: *Je tiens pour une Maxime conſtante, qu'une beauté mediocre plait plus generalement qu'une beaute ſans defaut.* Mr. Congreve hath made ſuch another blunder in his Love for Love, where Tattle tells Miſs Prue, She ſhould admire him as much for the beauty he commends in her, as if he himſelf was poſſeſt of it.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

In which the Gentleman relates the Hiſtory of his Life.

SIR, I am deſcended of a good family, and was born a gentleman. My education was liberal, and at a public ſchool, in which I proceeded ſo far as to become maſter of the Latin, and to be tolerably verſed in the Greek language. My father died when I was ſixteen, and left me maſter of myſelf. He bequeathed me a moderate fortune, which he intended I ſhould not receive till I attained the age of twenty-five; for he conſtantly aſſerted, that was full early enough to give up any man entirely to the guidance of his own diſcretion. However, as this intention was ſo obſcurely worded in his will, that the lawyers adviſed me to conteſt the point with my truſtees, I own I paid ſo little regard to the inclinations of my dead father, which were ſufficiently certain to me, that I followed their advice, and ſoon ſucceeded: for the truſtees did not conteſt the matter very obſtinately on their ſide. 'Sir,' ſaid Adams, 'may I crave the favour of your name?' The gentleman anſwered, 'his name was Wilſon,' and then proceeded.

I ſtay'd a very little while at ſchool after his death; for being a forward youth, I was extremely impatient to be in the world; for which I thought my parts, knowledge, and manhood, thoroughly qualified me. And to this early introduction into life, without a guide, I impute all my future miſfortunes; for, beſides the obvious miſchiefs which attend this, there is one which hath not been ſo generally obſerved. The firſt impreſſion which mankind receives of you, will be very difficult to eradicate. How unhappy, therefore, muſt it be to fix your character in life, before you can poſſibly know its value, or weigh the conſequences of thoſe

actions

actions which are to establish your future reputation.

A little after seventeen I left my school, and went to London, with no more than six pounds in my pocket. A great sum as I then conceived; and which I was afterwards surprized to find so soon consumed.

The character I was ambitious of attaining, was that of a fine gentleman; the first requisites to which I apprehended were to be supplied by a taylor, a perriwig-maker, and some few more tradesmen, who deal in furnishing out the human body. Notwithstanding the lowness of my purse, I found credit with them more easily than I expected, and was soon equipped to my wish. This I own then agreeably surprized me; but I have since learned, that it is a maxim among many tradesmen at the polite end of the town to deal as largely as they can, reckon as high as they can, and arrest as soon as they can.

The next qualifications, namely, dancing, fencing, riding the great horse, and music, came into my head: but as they required expence and time, I comforted myself with regard to dancing, that I had learned a little in my youth, and could walk a minuet genteelly enough; as to fencing, I thought my good-humour would preserve me from the danger of a quarrel; as to the horse, I hoped it would not be thought of; and for music, I imagined I could easily acquire the reputation of it; for I had heard some of my school-fellows pretend to knowledge in operas, without being able to sing or play on the fiddle.

Knowledge of the town seemed another ingredient: this I thought I should arrive at by frequenting public places. Accordingly I paid constant attendance to them all; by which means I was soon master of the fashionable phrases, learning to cry up the fashionable diversions, and knew the

names

names and faces of the moſt faſhionable men and women.

Nothing now ſeemed to remain but an intrigue, which I was reſolved to have immediately; I mean the reputation of it; and indeed I was ſo ſucceſsful, that in a very ſhort time I had half a dozen with the fineſt women in town.

At theſe words Adams fetched a deep groan, and then, bleſſing himſelf, cried out, 'Good Lord! 'What wicked times theſe are!'

Not ſo wicked as you imagine, continued the gentleman: for I aſſure you, they were all veſtal virgins for any thing which I knew to the contrary. The reputation of intriguing with them was all I ſought, and was what I arrived at; and perhaps I only flattered myſelf even in that; for very probably the perſons to whom I ſhewed their billets, knew as well as I, that they were counterfeits, and that I had written them to myſelf.

'Write letters to yourſelf?' ſaid Adams, ſtaring.

O Sir, anſwered the gentleman, it is the very error of the times. Half our modern plays have one of theſe characters in them. It is incredible the pains I have taken, and the abſurd methods I employed, to traduce the characters of women of diſtinction. When another had ſpoken in raptures of any one, I have anſwered, 'D—n her, 'ſhe! We ſhall have her at H———d's very ſoon.' When he hath replied, 'he thought her virtuous,' I have anſwered, 'Aye, thou wilt always think a 'woman virtuous, till ſhe is in the ſtreets; but you 'and I, Jack or Tom, (turning to another in company,) know better.' At which I have drawn a paper out of my pocket, perhaps a taylor's bill, and kiſſed it, crying at the ſame time, 'By Gad I 'was once fond of her.'

'Proceed, if you pleaſe; but do not ſwear any 'more,' ſaid Adams.

Sir,

Sir, ſaid the gentleman, I aſk your pardon. Well, Sir, in this courſe of life I continued full three years.——— 'What courſe of life?' anſwered Adams; 'I do not remember you have 'mentioned any.'—Your remark is juſt, ſaid the gentleman, ſmiling; I ſhould rather have ſaid in this courſe of doing nothing. I remember ſome time afterwards, I wrote the journal of one day, which would ſerve, I believe, as well for any other, during the whole time. I will endeavour to repeat it to you.

In the morning I aroſe, took my great ſtick, and walked out in my green frock with my hair in papers, (a groan from Adams,) and ſauntered about till ten.

Went to the auction; told Lady —— ſhe had a dirty face; laughed heartily at ſomething Captain —— ſaid; I can't remember what; for I did not very well hear it; whiſpered Lord ——; bowed to the Duke of ——; and was going to bid for a ſnuff-box; but did not, for fear I ſhould have had it.

From 2 to 4, Dreſt myſelf. A groan.
4 to 6, Dined. A groan.
6 to 8, Coffee-houſe.
8 to 9, Drury-lane play-houſe.
9 to 10, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.
10 to 12, Drawing-room.
A great groan.

At all which places nothing happened worth remark. At which Adams ſaid, with ſome vehemence, 'Sir, this is below the life of an animal, 'hardly above vegetation; and I am ſurprized what 'could lead a man of your ſenſe into it.' What leads us into more follies than you imagine, Doctor, anſwered the gentleman, vanity: for as contemptible a creature as I was, and I aſſure you, yourſelf cannot have more contempt for ſuch a wretch than I now

I now have, I then admired myſelf, and ſhould have deſpiſed a perſon of your preſent appearance (you will pardon me) with all your learning, and thoſe excellent qualities which I have remarked in you. Adams bowed, and begged him to proceed. After I had continued two years in this courſe of life, ſaid the gentleman, an accident happened which obliged me to change the ſcene. As I was one day at St. James's coffee-houſe, making very free with the character of a young lady of quality, an officer of the guards, who was preſent, thought proper to give me the lie. I anſwered, I might poſſibly be miſtaken; but I intended to tell no more than the truth. To which he made no reply, but by a ſcornful ſneer. After this I obſerved a ſtrange coldneſs in all my acquaintance; none of them ſpoke to me firſt, and very few returned me even the civility of a bow. The company I uſed to dine with left me out; and within a week I found myſelf in as much ſolitude at St. James's, as if I had been in a deſart. An honeſt elderly man, with a great hat and long ſword, at laſt told me, he had a compaſſion for my youth, and therefore adviſed me to ſhew the world I was not ſuch a raſcal as they thought me to be. I did not at firſt underſtand him: but he explained himſelf, and ended with telling me, if I would write a challenge to the captain, he would out of pure charity go to him with it. 'A 'very charitable perſon truly!' cried Adams. I deſired till the next day, continued the gentleman, to conſider on it; and, retiring to my lodgings, I weighed the conſequences on both ſides as fairly as I could. On the one, I ſaw the riſk of this alternative, either loſing my own life, or having on my hands the blood of a man with whom I was not in the leaſt angry. I ſoon determined that the good which appeared on the other, was not worth this hazard. I reſolved therefore to quit the ſcene, and preſently retired to the Temple, where I took cham-

bers. Here I soon got a fresh set of acquaintance, who knew nothing of what had happened to me. Indeed, they were not greatly to my approbation; for the beaus of the Temple are only the shadows of the others. They are the affectation of affectation. The vanity of these is still more ridiculous, if possible, than of the others. Here I met with smart fellows, who drank with lords they did not know, and intrigued with women they never saw. Covent-Garden was now the farthest stretch of my ambition, where I shone forth in the balconies at the play-houses, visited whores, made love to orange-wenches, and damn'd plays. This career was soon put a stop to by my surgeon, who convinced me of the necessity of confining myself to my room for a month. At the end of which, having had leisure to reflect, I resolved to quit all farther conversation with beaus and smarts of every kind, and to avoid, if possible, any occasion of returning to this place of confinement. 'I think,' said Adams, 'the advice 'of a month's retirement and reflection was very 'proper; but I should rather have expected it from 'a divine than a surgeon.' The gentleman smiled at Adams's simplicity, and, without explaining himself any farther on such an odious subject, went on thus: I was no sooner perfectly restored to health, than I found my passion for women, which I was afraid to satisfy as I had done, made me very uneasy; I determined therefore to keep a mistress. Nor was I long before I fixed my choice on a young woman, who had before been kept by two gentlemen, and to whom I was recommended by a celebrated bawd. I took her home to my chambers, and made her a settlement during cohabitation. This would perhaps have been very ill paid: however, she did not suffer me to be perplexed on that account; for before quarter-day I found her at my chambers in too familiar conversation with a young fellow, who was drest like an officer, but was indeed a city apprentice. Instead of excusing her inconstancy,

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ſhe rapped out half a dozen oaths, and, ſnapping her fingers at me, ſwore ſhe ſcorned to confine herſelf to the beſt man in England. Upon this we parted, and the ſame bawd preſently provided her another keeper. I was not ſo much concerned at our ſeparation, as I found within a day or two I had reaſon to be for our meeting; for I was obliged to pay a ſecond viſit to my ſurgeon. I was now forced to do penance for ſome weeks, during which time I contracted an acquaintance with a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a gentleman, who, after having been forty years in the army, and in all the campaigns under the Duke of Marlborough, died a lieutenant on half-pay; and had left a widow with this only child in very diſtreſt circumſtances: they had only a ſmall penſion from the government, with what little the daughter could add to it by her work; for ſhe had great excellence at her needle. This girl was, at my firſt acquaintance with her, ſolicited in marriage by a young fellow in good circumſtances. He was apprentice to a linen-draper, and had a little fortune ſufficient to ſet up his trade. The mother was greatly pleaſed with this match, as indeed ſhe had ſufficient reaſon. However, I ſoon prevented it. I repreſented him in ſo low a light to his miſtreſs, and made ſo good an uſe of flattery, promiſes, and preſents, that, not to dwell longer on this ſubject than is neceſſary, I prevailed with the poor girl, and conveyed her away from her mother! In a word, I debauched her.—(At which words Adams ſtarted up, fetched three ſtrides acroſs the room, and then replaced himſelf in his chair.) You are not more affected with this part of my ſtory than myſelf: I aſſure you it will never be ſufficiently repented of in my own opinion: but if you already deteſt it, how much more will your indignation be raiſed when you hear the fatal conſequences of this barbarous, this villainous action? If you pleaſe therefore I will here deſiſt.——' By no means,' cries Adams: ' Go on, I beſeech you: and Heaven

'grant you may sincerely repent of this and many 'other things you have related.'—I was now, continued the gentleman, as happy as the possession of a fine young creature, who had a good education, and was endued with many agreeable qualities, could make me. We lived some months with vast fondness together, without any company or conversation more than we found in one another: but this could not continue always; and though I still preserved a great affection for her, I began more and more to want the relief of other company, and consequently to leave her by degrees, at last whole days, to herself. She failed not to testify some uneasiness on these occasions, and complained of the melancholy life she led; to remedy which, I introduced her into the acquaintance of some other kept mistresses, with whom she used to play at cards, and frequent plays and other diversions. She had not lived long in this intimacy, before I perceived a visible alteration in her behaviour; all her modesty and innocence vanished by degrees, till her mind became thoroughly tainted. She affected the company of rakes, gave herself all manner of airs, was never easy but abroad, or when she had a party at my chambers. She was rapacious of money, extravagant to excess, loose in her conversation; and if ever I demurred to any of her commands, oaths, tears, and fits were the immediate consequences. As the first raptures of fondness were long since over, this behaviour soon estranged my affections from her: I began to reflect with pleasure that she was not my wife, and to conceive an intention of parting with her; of which having given her a hint, she took care to prevent me the pains of turning her out of doors, and accordingly departed herself, having first broke open my escrutore, and taken with her all she could find, to the amount of about 200l. In the first heat of my resentment, I resolved to pursue her with all the vengeance of the law: but as she had the good luck

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to escape me during that ferment, my passion afterwards cooled; and having reflected that I had been the first aggressor, and had done her an injury for which I could make her no reparation, by robbing her of the innocence of her mind, and hearing at the same time, that the poor old woman her mother had broke her heart on her daughter's elopement from her, I, concluding myself her murderer, ('as you very well might,' cries Adams, with a groan,) was pleased, that God Almighty had taken this method of punishing me, and resolved quietly to submit to the loss. Indeed, I could wish I had never heard more of the poor creature, who became in the end an abandoned profligate; and, after being some years a common prostitute, at last ended her miserable life in Newgate.——Here the gentleman fetched a deep sigh, which Mr. Adams echoed very loudly; and both continued silent, looking on each other for some minutes. At last the gentleman proceeded thus:—I had been perfectly constant to this girl during the whole time I kept her; but she had scarce departed before I discovered more marks of her infidelity to me than the loss of my money. In short, I was forced to make a third visit to my surgeon, out of whose hands I did not get a hasty discharge.

I now forswore all future dealings with the sex, complained loudly that the pleasure did not compensate for the pain; and railed at the beautiful creatures in as gross language as Juvenal himself formerly reviled them in. I looked on all the town-harlots with a detestation not easy to be conceived; their persons appeared to me as painted palaces, inhabited by disease and death; nor could their beauty make them more desirable objects in my eyes, than gilding could make me covet a pill, or golden plates a coffin. But though I was no longer the absolute slave, I found some reasons to own myself still the subject of love. My hatred for women de-

creafed daily; and I am not pofitive but time might have betrayed me again to fome common harlot, had I not been fecured by a paffion for the charming Sapphira; which having once entered upon, made a violent progrefs in my heart. Sapphira was wife to a man of fafhion and gallantry, and one who feemed, I own, every way worthy of her affections, which however he had not the reputation of having. She was indeed a *Coquette achevée*.

'Pray, Sir,' fays Adams, 'What is a coquette? 'I have met with the word in French authors, but 'never could affign any idea to it. I believe it is 'the fame with *une fotte*; Anglicè *a fool*.' Sir, anfwered the gentleman, perhaps you are not much miftaken: but as it is a particular kind of folly, I will endeavour to defcribe it. Were all creatures to be ranked in the order of creation according to their ufefulnefs, I know few animals that would not take place of a coquette; nor, indeed, hath this creature much pretence to any thing beyond inftinct: for though fometimes we might imagine it was animated by the paffion of vanity, yet far the greater part of its actions fall beneath even that low motive; for inftance, feveral abfurd geftures and tricks, infinitely more foolifh than what can be obferved in the moft ridiculous birds and beafts, and which would perfuade the beholder, that the filly wretch was aiming at our contempt. Indeed, its characteriftic is affectation, and this led and governed by whim only; for as beauty, wifdom, wit, good-nature, politenefs, and health, are fometimes affected by this creature, fo are uglinefs, folly, nonfenfe, ill-nature, ill-breeding, and ficknefs, likewife put on by it in their turn. Its life is one conftant lie; and the only rule by which you can form any judgment of them is, that they are never what they feem. If it was poffible for a coquette to love, (as it is not, for if ever it attains this paffion, the coquette ceafes inftantly,) it would

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wear the face of indifference, if not of hatred, to the beloved object; you may therefore be aſſured, when they endeavour to perſuade you of their liking, that they are indifferent to you at leaſt. And, indeed, this was the caſe of my Sapphira, who no ſooner ſaw me in the number of her admirers, than ſhe gave me what is commonly called encouragement: ſhe would often look at me; and when ſhe perceived me meet her eyes, would inſtantly take them off, diſcovering at the ſame time as much ſurprize and emotion as poſſible. Theſe arts failed not of the ſucceſs ſhe intended; and as I grew more particular to her than the reſt of her admirers, ſhe advanced, in proportion, more directly to me than to the others. She affected the low voice, whiſper, liſp, ſigh, ſtart, laugh, and many other indications of paſſion, which daily deceive thouſands. When I play'd at whiſt with her, ſhe would look earneſtly at me, and at the ſame time loſe deal or revoke; then burſt into a ridiculous laugh, and cry, 'La! 'I can't imagine what I was thinking of.' To detain you no longer, after I had gone through a ſufficient courſe of gallantry, as I thought, and was thoroughly convinced I had raiſed a violent paſſion in my miſtreſs, I ſought an opportunity of coming to an eclairciſſement with her. She avoided this as much as poſſible: however, great aſſiduity at length preſented me one. I will not deſcribe all the particulars of this interview; let it ſuffice, that when ſhe could no longer pretend not to ſee my drift, ſhe firſt affected a violent ſurprize, and immediately after as violent a paſſion. She wondered what I had ſeen in her conduct, which could induce me to affront her in this manner; and breaking from me the firſt moment ſhe could, told me, I had no other way to eſcape the conſequence of her reſentment, than by never ſeeing, or at leaſt ſpeaking to her more. I was not contented with this anſwer: I ſtill purſued her, but to no purpoſe, and

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was at length convinced that her hufband had the fole poffeffion of her perfon, and that neither he nor any other had made any impreffion on her heart. I was taken off from following this *ignis fatuus* by fome advances which were made me by the wife of a citizen, who, though neither very young nor handfome, was yet too agreeable to be rejected by my amorous conftitution. I accordingly foon fatisfied her, that fhe had not caft away her hints on a barren or cold foil; on the contrary, they inftantly produced her an eager and defiring lover. Nor did fhe give me any reafon to complain; fhe met the warmth fhe had raifed with equal ardour. I had no longer a coquette to deal with, but one who was wifer than to proftitute the noble paffion of love to the ridiculous luft of vanity. We prefently underftood one another; and as the pleafures we fought lay in a mutual gratification, we foon found and enjoyed them. I thought myfelf at firft greatly happy in the poffeffion of this new miftrefs, whofe fondnefs would have quickly furfeited a more fickly appetite; but it had a different effect on mine; fhe carried my paffion higher by it than youth or beauty had been able: but my happinefs could not long continue uninterrupted. The apprehenfions we lay under from the jealoufy of her hufband, gave us great uneafinefs. 'Poor wretch! I pity him,' cried Adams. He did indeed deferve it, faid the gentleman; for he loved his wife with great tendernefs; and I affure you it is a great fatisfaction to me that I was not the man who firft feduced her affections from him. Thefe apprehenfions appeared alfo too well grounded; for in the end he difcovered us, and procured witneffes of our careffes. He then profecuted me at law, and recovered 3000l. damages, which much diftreffed my fortune to pay: and what was worfe, his wife, being divorced, came upon my hands. I led a very uneafy life with her; for befides that my paffion was now much abated, her ex-

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cessive jealousy was very troublesome. At length death delivered me from an inconvenience, which the consideration of my having been the author of her misfortunes would never suffer me to take any other method of discarding.

I now bade adieu to love, and resolved to pursue other less dangerous and expensive pleasures. I fell into the acquaintance of a set of jolly companions, who slept all day, and drank all night: fellows who might be rather said to consume time than to live. Their best conversation was nothing but noise: singing, hallooing, wrangling, drinking, toasting, sp—wing, smoaking, were the chief ingredients of our entertainment. And yet, bad as these were, they were more tolerable than our graver scenes, which were either excessive tedious narratives of dull common matters of fact, or hot disputes about trifling matters, which commonly ended in a wager. This way of life the first serious reflection put a period to: and I became member of a club frequented by young men of great abilities. The bottle was now only called in to the assistance of our conversation, which rolled on the deepest points of philosophy. These gentlemen were engaged in a search after truth, in the pursuit of which they threw aside all the prejudices of education, and governed themselves only by the infallible guide of human reason. This great guide, after having shewn them the falshood of that very ancient but simple tenet, that there is such a being as a deity in the universe, helped them to establish in his stead a certain rule of right, by adhering to which they all arrived at the utmost purity of morals. Reflection made me as much delighted with this society, as it had taught me to despise and detest the former. I began now to esteem myself a being of a higher order than I had ever before conceived; and was the more charmed with this rule of right, as I really found in my own nature nothing repugnant to it.

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I held in utter contempt all perſons who wanted any other inducement to virtue beſides her intrinſic beauty and excellence; and had ſo high an opinion of my preſent companions, with regard to their morality, that I would have truſted them with whatever was neareſt and deareſt to me. Whilſt I was engaged in this delightful dream, two or three accidents happened ſucceſſively, which at firſt much ſurprized me. For one of our greateſt philoſophers, or rule of right men, withdrew himſelf from us, taking with him the wife of one of his moſt intimate friends. Secondly, another of the ſame ſociety left the club without remembering to take leave of his bail. A third, having borrowed a ſum of money of me, for which I received no ſecurity, when I aſked him to repay it, abſolutely denied the loan. Theſe ſeveral practices, ſo inconſiſtent with our golden rule, made me begin to ſuſpect its infallibility; but when I communicated my thoughts to one of the club, he ſaid, 'there was nothing abſolutely good 'or evil in itſelf; that actions were denominated 'good or bad by the circumſtances of the agent. That 'poſſibly the man who ran away with his neighbour's wife, might be one of very good inclinations, but over-prevailed on by the violence of 'an unruly paſſion, and in other particulars might 'be a very worthy member of ſociety: that if the 'beauty of any woman created in him an uneaſineſs, 'he had a right from nature to relieve himſelf;' with many other things, which I then deteſted ſo much, that I took leave of the ſociety that very evening, and never returned to it again.

Being now reduced to a ſtate of ſolitude which I did not like, I became a greater frequenter of the play-houſes, which indeed was almoſt my favourite diverſion, and moſt evenings paſt away two or three hours behind the ſcenes, where I met with ſeveral poets, with whom I made engagements at the taverns. Some of the players were likewiſe of our

parties.

parties. At these meetings we were generally entertained by the poets with reading their performances, and by the players with repeating their parts: upon which occasions I observed, the gentleman who furnished our entertainment was commonly the best pleased of the company; who, though they were pretty civil to him to his face, seldom failed to take the first opportunity of his absence to ridicule him. Now I made some remarks, which probably are too obvious to be worth relating. 'Sir,' says Adams, 'your remarks, if you please.' First then, says he, I concluded that the general observation, that wits are most inclined to vanity, is not true. Men are equally vain of riches, strength, beauty, honours, &c. But these appear of themselves to the eyes of the beholders, whereas the poor wit is obliged to produce his performance to shew you his perfection; and on his readiness to do this, that vulgar opinion I have before mentioned is grounded: but doth not the person who expends vast sums in the furniture of his house, or in the ornaments of his person, who consumes much time, and employs great pains, in dressing himself, or who thinks himself paid for self-denial, labour, or even villainy, by a title or a ribbon, sacrifice as much to vanity, as the poor wit who is desirous to read you his poem or his play? My second remark was, that vanity is the worst of passions, and more apt to contaminate the mind than any other: for as selfishness is much more general than we please to allow it, so it is natural to hate and envy those who stand between us and the good we desire. Now in lust and ambition these are few: and even in avarice we find many who are no obstacles to our pursuits: but the vain man seeks pre-eminence; and every thing which is excellent or praise-worthy in another, renders him the mark of his antipathy.

Adams now began to fumble in his pockets, and soon cried out, 'O, la! I have it not about me.'—

Upon this the gentleman aſking him what he was ſearching for? he ſaid, he ſearched after a ſermon, which he thought his maſter-piece, againſt vanity. 'Fie upon it, fie upon it,' cried he; 'why do I ever 'leave that ſermon out of my pocket? I wiſh it was 'within five miles; I would willingly fetch it, to 'read it to you.' The gentleman anſwered, that there was no need, for he was cured of the paſſion. 'And for that very reaſon,' quoth Adams, 'I 'would read it, for I am confident you would ad-'mire it: Indeed, I have never been a greater 'enemy to any paſſion than that ſilly one of va-'nity.' The gentleman ſmiled, and proceeded ——From this ſociety I eaſily paſt to that of the gameſters; where nothing remarkable happened, but the finiſhing my fortune, which thoſe gentlemen ſoon helped me to the end of. This opened ſcenes of life hitherto unknown; poverty and diſtreſs, with their horrid train of duns, attornies, bailiffs, haunted me day and night. My clothes grew ſhabby, my credit bad, my friends and acquaintance of all kinds cold. In this ſituation, the ſtrangeſt thought imaginable came into my head; and what was this, but to write a play! for I had ſufficient leiſure: fear of bailiffs confined me every day to my room; and having always had a little inclination, and ſomething of a genius, that way, I ſet myſelf to work, and within a few months produced a piece of five acts, which was accepted of at the theatre. I remembered to have formerly taken tickets of other poets for their benefits, long before the appearance of their performances; and reſolving to follow a precedent which was ſo well ſuited to my preſent circumſtances, I immediately provided myſelf with a large number of little papers. Happy indeed would be the ſtate of poetry, would theſe tickets paſs current at the bakehouſe, the alehouſe, and the chandler's ſhop: but alas! far otherwiſe; no taylor will take them in payment for buckram, ſtays, ſtay-

tape; nor no bailiff for civility-money. They are indeed no more than a paſſport to beg with, a certificate that the owner wants five ſhillings, which induces well-diſpoſed Chriſtians to charity. I now experienced what is worſe than poverty, or rather what is the worſt conſequence of poverty, I mean attendance and dependance on the great. Many a morning have I waited hours in the cold parlours of men of quality, where, after ſeeing the loweſt raſcals in lace and embroidery, the pimps and buffoons in faſhion, admitted, I have been ſometimes told, on ſending in my name, that my lord could not poſſibly ſee me that morning: a ſufficient aſſurance that I ſhould never more get entrance into that houſe. Sometimes I have been at laſt admitted; and the great man hath thought proper to excuſe himſelf, by telling me he was tied up. 'Tied up,' ſays Adams, 'pray what's that?' Sir, ſays the gentleman, the profit which bookſellers allowed authors for the beſt works, was ſo very ſmall, that certain men of birth and fortune, ſome years ago, who were the patrons of wit and learning, thought fit to encourage them farther, by entering into voluntary ſubſcriptions for their encouragement. Thus Prior, Rowe, Pope, and ſome other men of genius, received large ſums for their labours from the public. This ſeemed ſo eaſy a method of getting money, that many of the loweſt ſcribblers of the times ventured to publiſh their works in the ſame way; and many had the aſſurance to take in ſubſcriptions for what was not writ, nor ever intended. Subſcriptions in this manner growing infinite, and a kind of tax on the public, ſome perſons, finding it not ſo eaſy a taſk to diſcern good from bad authors, or to know what genius was worthy encouragement, and what was not, to prevent the expence of ſubſcribing to ſo many, invented a method to excuſe themſelves from all ſubſcriptions whatever; and this was to receive a ſmall ſum of money in conſideration of giving a

large one if ever they fubfcribed; which many have done, and many more have pretended to have done, in order to filence all folicitation. The fame method was likewife taken with playhoufe tickets, which were no lefs a public grievance; and this is what they call being tied up from fubfcribing. 'I can't fay but the term is apt enough, 'and fomewhat typical,' faid Adams; 'for a man 'of large fortune, who ties himfelf up, as you 'call it, from the encouragement of men of merit, 'ought to be tied up in reality.' Well, Sir, fays the gentleman, to return to my ftory: fometimes I have received a guinea from a man of quality, given with as ill a grace as alms are generally to the meaneft beggar, and purchafed too with as much time fpent in attendance, as, if it had been fpent in honeft induftry, might have brought me more profit, with infinitely more fatisfaction. After about two months fpent in this difagreeable way with the utmoft mortification, when I was pluming my hopes on the profpect of a plentiful harveft from my play, upon applying to the prompter to know when it came into rehearfal, he informed me he had received orders from the managers to return me my play again, for that they could not poffibly act it that feafon; but if I would take it, and revife it againft the next, they would be glad to fee it again. I fnatched it from him with great indignation, and retired to my room, where I threw myfelf on the bed in a fit of defpair. ——'You fhould rather have thrown yourfelf on 'your knees,' fays Adams; 'for defpair is finful.' As foon, continued the gentleman, as I had indulged the firft tumult of my paffion, I began to confider coolly what courfe I fhould take, in a fituation without friends, money, credit, or reputation of any kind. After revolving many things in my mind, I could fee no other poffibility of furnifhing myfelf with the miferable neceffaries of life, than to retire to a garret near the Temple, and commence hackney-writer to the lawyers; for which I was well

qualified

qualified, being an excellent penman. This purpose I resolved on, and immediately put it in execution. I had an acquaintance with an attorney who had formerly transacted affairs for me, and to him I applied: but instead of furnishing me with any business, he laughed at my undertaking, and told me, 'he was afraid I should turn his deeds into 'plays, and he should expect to see them on the 'stage.' Not to tire you with instances of this kind from others, I found that Plato himself did not hold poets in greater abhorrence than these men of business do. Whenever I durst venture to a coffee-house, which was on Sundays only, a whisper ran round the room, which was constantly attended with a sneer—That's Poet Wilson: for I know not whether you have observed it, but there is a malignity in the nature of man, which, when not weeded out, or at least covered by a good education and politeness, delights in making another uneasy or dissatisfied with himself. This abundantly appears in all assemblies, except those which are filled by people of fashion, and especially among the younger people of both sexes, whose birth and fortunes place them just without the polite circles; I mean the lower class of the gentry, and the higher of the mercantile world, who are in reality the worst bred part of mankind. Well, Sir, whilst I continued in this miserable state, with scarce sufficient business to keep me from starving, the reputation of a poet being my bane, I accidentally became acquainted with a bookseller, who told me, 'it was a pity a man of my 'learning and genius should be obliged to such 'a method of getting his livelihood; that he had a 'compassion for me, and if I would engage with him, 'he would undertake to provide handsomely for 'me.' A man in my circumstances, as he very well knew, had no choice. I accordingly accepted his proposal with his conditions, which were none of the most favourable, and fell to translating with

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all my might. I had no longer reaſon to lament the want of buſineſs; for he furniſhed me with ſo much, that in half a year I almoſt writ myſelf blind. I likewiſe contracted a diſtemper by my ſedentary life, in which no part of my body was exerciſed but my right arm, which rendered me incapable of writing for a long time. This unluckily happening to delay the publication of a work, and my laſt performance not having ſold well, the bookſeller declined any farther engagement, and aſperſed me to his brethren as a careleſs, idle fellow. I had, however, by having half worked and half ſtarved myſelf to death, during the time I was in his ſervice, ſaved a few guineas, with which I bought a lottery ticket, reſolving to throw myſelf into Fortune's lap, and try if ſhe would make me amends for the injuries ſhe had done me at the gaming-table. This purchaſe being made, left me almoſt pennyleſs; when, as if I had not been ſufficiently miſerable, a bailiff in woman's clothes got admittance to my chamber, whither he was directed by the bookſeller. He arreſted me at my taylor's ſuit for thirty-five pounds; a ſum for which I could not procure bail, and was therefore conveyed to his houſe, where I was locked up in an upper chamber. I had now neither health, (for I was ſcarce recovered from my indiſpoſition,) liberty, money, or friends; and had abandoned all hopes, and even the deſire of life. 'But this could not laſt long,' ſaid Adams; 'for doubtleſs the taylor releaſed you the moment 'he was truly acquainted with your affairs, and 'knew that your circumſtances would not permit 'you to pay him.' Oh, Sir, anſwered the gentleman, he knew that before he arreſted me; nay, he knew that nothing but incapacity could prevent me paying my debts; for I had been his cuſtomer many years, had ſpent vaſt ſums of money with him, and had always paid moſt punctually in my proſperous days: but when I reminded him of this, with aſſu-

rances,

rances, that if he would not moleſt my endeavours, I would pay him all the money I could, by my utmoſt labour and induſtry, procure, reſerving only what was ſufficient to preſerve me alive, he anſwered, his patience was worn out; that I had put him off from time to time; that he wanted the money; that he had put it into a lawyer's hands; and if I did not pay him immediately, or find ſecurity, I muſt lie in goal, and expect no mercy. 'He may 'expect mercy,' cries Adams, ſtarting from his chair, 'where he will find none. How can ſuch a 'wretch repeat the Lord's prayer, where the word, 'which is tranſlated (I know not for what reaſon) '*Treſpaſſes*, is in the orignal *Debts*? And as ſurely 'as we do not forgive others their debts when they 'are unable to pay them, ſo ſurely ſhall we ourſelves 'be unforgiven, when we are in no condition of 'paying.' He ceaſed, and the gentleman proceeded. While I was in this deplorable ſituation, a former acquaintance, to whom I had communicated my lottery-ticket, found me out, and, making me a viſit, with great delight in his countenance, ſhook me heartily by the hand, and wiſhed me joy of my good fortune: for, ſays he, your ticket is come up a prize of 3000l. Adams ſnapt his fingers at theſe words in an extaſy of joy; which, however did not continue long: for the gentleman thus proceeded. Alas! Sir, this was only a trick of Fortune to ſink me the deeper: for I had diſpoſed of this lottery-ticket two days before to a relation, who refuſed to lend me a ſhilling without it, in order to procure myſelf bread. As ſoon as my friend was acquainted with my unfortunate ſale, he began to revile me, and remind me of the ill conduct and miſcarriages of my life. He ſaid, 'I was one 'whom fortune could not ſave, if ſhe would; that 'I was now ruined without any hopes of retrieval, 'nor muſt expect any pity from my friends; that it 'would be extreme weakneſs to compaſſionate the

'misfortunes of a man who ran headlong to his own 'destruction.' He then painted to me, in as lively colours as he was able, the happineſs I ſhould have now enjoyed, had I not fooliſhly diſpoſed of my ticket. I urged the plea of neceſſity: but he made no anſwer to that, and began again to revile me, till I could bear it no longer, and deſired him to finiſh his viſit. I ſoon exchanged the bailiff's houſe for a priſon; where, as I had not money ſufficient to procure me a ſeparate apartment, I was crowded in with a great number of miſerable wretches, in common with whom I was deſtitute of every convenience of life, even that which all the brutes enjoy, wholeſome air. In theſe dreadful circumſtances I applied by letter to ſeveral of my old acquaintance, and ſuch to whom I had formerly lent money, without any great proſpect of its being returned, for their aſſiſtance; but in vain. An excuſe, inſtead of a denial, was the gentleſt anſwer I received.—— Whilſt I languiſhed in a condition too horrible to be deſcribed, and which, in a land of humanity, and, what is much more, Chriſtianity, ſeems a ſtrange puniſhment for a little inadvertency and indiſcretion, whilſt I was in this condition, a fellow came into the priſon, and, enquiring me out, delivered me the following letter:—

'Sir,

'My father, to whom you ſold your ticket in the laſt lottery, died the ſame day in which it came up a prize, as you have poſſibly heard, and left me ſole heireſs of all his fortune. I am ſo much touched with your preſent circumſtances, and the uneaſineſs you muſt feel at having been driven to diſpoſe of what might have made you happy, that I muſt deſire your acceptance of the incloſed, and am,

'Your humble Servant,

'Harriet Hearty.'

And

And what do you think was inclofed? 'I don't 'know,' cried Adams: 'Not lefs than a guinea, I 'hope.'—Sir, it was a bank-note for 200l.—— '200l.' fays Adams, in a rapture!——No lefs, I affure you, anfwered the gentleman: a fum I was not half fo delighted with, as with the dear name of the generous girl that fent it me; and who was not only the beft, but the handfomeft, creature in the univerfe; and for whom I had long had a paffion, which I never durft difclofe to her. I kiffed her name a thoufand times, my eyes overflowing with tendernefs and gratitude. I repeated———But not to detain you with thefe raptures, I immediately acquired my liberty, and, having paid all my debts, departed with upwards of fifty pounds in my pocket, to thank my kind deliverer. She happened to be then out of town, a circumftance which, upon reflection, pleafed me; for by that means I had an opportunity to appear before her in a more decent drefs. At her arrival in town, within a day or two, I threw myfelf at her feet with the moft ardent acknowledgments, which fhe rejected with an unfeigned greatnefs of mind, and told me, I could not oblige her more than by never mentioning, or, if poffible, thinking on a circumftance which muft bring to my mind an accident that might be grievous to me to think on. She proceeded thus: 'What I have done 'is in my own eyes a trifle, and perhaps infinitely 'lefs than would have become me to do. And if 'you think of engaging in any bufinefs, where a 'larger fum may be ferviceable to you, I fhall not 'be over-rigid, either as to the fecurity or intereft.' I endeavoured to exprefs all the gratitude in my power to this profufion of goodnefs, though perhaps it was my enemy, and began to afflict my mind with more agonies than all the miferies I had underwent; it affected me with feverer reflections than poverty, diftrefs, and prifons united, had been able to make me feel: for, Sir, thefe acts and profeffions of

of kindneſs, which were ſufficient to have raiſed in a good heart the moſt violent paſſion of friendſhip to one of the ſame, or to age and uglineſs in a different ſex, came to me from a woman, a young and beautiful woman, one whoſe perfections I had long known; and for whom I had long conceived a violent paſſion, though with a deſpair which made me endeavour rather to curb and conceal, than to nouriſh and acquaint her with it. In ſhort, they came upon me united with beauty, ſoftneſs, and tenderneſs: ſuch bewitching ſmiles—O, Mr. Adams, in that moment I loſt myſelf, and forgetting our different ſituations, nor conſidering what return I was making to her goodneſs, by deſiring her, who had given me ſo much, to beſtow her all, I laid gently hold on her hand, and, conveying it to my lips, I preſt it with inconceivable ardour; then lifting up my ſwimming eyes, I ſaw her face and neck overſpread with one bluſh: ſhe offered to withdraw her hand, yet not ſo as to deliver it from mine, though I held it with the gentleſt force. We both ſtood trembling, her eyes caſt on the ground, and mine ſteadfaſtly fixed on her. Good G—, what was then the condition of my ſoul! burning with love, deſire, admiration, gratitude, and every tender paſſion, all bent on one charming object. Paſſion at laſt got the better of both reaſon and reſpect, and ſoftly letting go her hand, I offered madly to claſp her in my arms; when a little recovering herſelf, ſhe ſtarted from me, aſking me, with ſome ſhew of anger, 'If ſhe had 'any reaſon to expect this treatment from me?' I then fell proſtrate before her, and told her, 'If I had 'offended her, my life was abſolutely in her power, 'which I would in any manner loſe for her ſake. 'Nay, Madam, ſaid I, you ſhall not be ſo ready to 'puniſh me, as I to ſuffer. I own my guilt. I deteſt the reflection that I would have ſacrificed your 'happineſs to mine. Believe me, I ſincerely repent 'my ingratitude; yet believe me too, it was my paſ-

'ſion,

'ſion, my unbounded paſſion for you, which hur-'ried me ſo far. I have loved you long and ten-'derly; and the goodneſs you have ſhewn me, hath 'innocently weighed down a wretch undone before. 'Acquit me of all mean, mercenary views; and, 'before I take my leave of you for ever, which I 'am reſolved inſtantly to do, believe me, that For-'tune could have raiſed me to no height to which I 'could not have gladly lifted you. O curſt be For-'tune.'——' Do not,' ſays ſhe, interrupting me with the ſweeteſt voice; ' Do not curſe Fortune, 'ſince ſhe hath made me happy; and if ſhe hath 'put your happineſs in my power, I have told you, 'you ſhall aſk nothing in reaſon which I will refuſe.' 'Madam,' ſaid I, ' you miſtake me, if you imagine, 'as you ſeem, my happineſs is in the power of For-'tune now. You have obliged me too much already: 'if I have any wiſh, it is for ſome bleſt accident, by 'which I may contribute with my life to the leaſt 'augmentation of your felicity. As for myſelf, 'the only happineſs I can ever have, will be hear-'ing of your's; and if Fortune will make that com-'plete, I will forgive her all her wrongs to me.' 'You may indeed,' anſwered ſhe ſmiling; ' for your 'own happineſs muſt be included in mine. I have 'long known your worth; nay, I muſt confeſs,' ſaid ſhe bluſhing, ' I have long diſcovered that paſ-'ſion for me you profeſs, notwithſtanding thoſe en-'deavours, which I am convinced were unaffected, 'to conceal it; and if all I can give with reaſon 'will not ſuffice,——take reaſon away,——and 'now I believe you cannot aſk me what I will deny.' ——She uttered theſe words with a ſweetneſs not to be imagined. I immediately ſtarted; my blood, which lay freezing at my heart, ruſhed tumultuouſly through every vein. I ſtood for a moment ſilent; then, flying to her, I caught her in my arms, no longer reſiſting,——and ſoftly told her, ſhe muſt give me then herſelf.———O, Sir,

——Can

——Can I describe her look? She remained silent, and almost motionless, several minutes. At last, recovering herself a little, she insisted on my leaving her, and in such a manner, that I instantly obeyed: You may imagine, however, I soon saw her again.——But I ask pardon; I fear I have detained you too long in relating the particulars of the former interview. 'So far otherwise,' said Adams, licking his lips, 'that I could willingly 'hear it over again.' Well, Sir, continued the gentleman, to be as concise as possible, within a week she consented to make me the happiest of mankind. We were married shortly after; and when I came to examine the circumstances of my wife's fortune, (which I do assure you I was not presently at leisure enough to do) I found it amounted to about six thousand pounds, most part of which lay in effects; for her father had been a wine-merchant, and she seemed willing, if I liked it, that I should carry on the same trade. I readily, and too inconsiderately, undertook it; for not having been bred up to the secrets of the business, and endeavouring to deal with the utmost honesty and uprightness, I soon found our fortune in a declining way, and my trade decreasing by little and little; for my wines, which I never adulterated after their importation, and were sold as neat as they came over, were universally decried by the vintners, to whom I could not allow them quite as cheap as those who gained double the profit by a less price. I soon began to despair of improving our fortune by these means; nor was I at all easy at the visits and familiarity of many who had been my acquaintance in my prosperity, but denied and shunned me in my adversity, and now very forwardly renewed their acquaintance with me. In short, I had sufficiently seen, that the pleasures of the world are chiefly folly, and the business of it mostly knavery; and both, nothing better than vanity: the men of pleasure tearing one another

another to pieces, from the emulation of ſpending money; and the men of buſineſs from envy in getting it. My happineſs conſiſted entirely in my wife, whom I loved with an inexpreſſible fondneſs, which was perfectly returned; and my proſpects were no other than to provide for our growing family; for ſhe was now big of her ſecond child: I therefore took an opportunity to aſk her opinion of entering into a retired life, which, after hearing my reaſons, and perceiving my affection for it, ſhe readily embraced. We ſoon put our ſmall fortune, now reduced under three thouſand pounds, into money, with part of which we purchaſed this little place, whither we retired, ſoon after her delivery, from a world full of buſtle, noiſe, hatred, envy, and ingratitude, to eaſe, quiet, and love. We have here lived almoſt twenty years, with little other converſation than our own, moſt of the neighbourhood taking us for very ſtrange people; the 'ſquire of the pariſh repreſenting me as a madman, and the parſon as a preſbyterian; becauſe I will not hunt with the one, nor drink with the other. 'Sir,' ſaid Adams, 'Fortune hath, I think, paid you all her 'debts in this ſweet retirement.' Sir, replied the gentleman, I am thankful to the great author of all things for the bleſſings I here enjoy. I have the beſt of wives, and three pretty children, for whom I have the true tenderneſs of a parent; but no bleſſings are pure in this world. Within three years of my arrival here I loſt my eldeſt ſon—(Here he ſighed bitterly.) 'Sir,' ſays Adams, 'we muſt ſubmit to Providence, and conſider death as common 'to all.' We muſt ſubmit, indeed, anſwered the gentleman; and if he had died, I could have borne the loſs with patience; but, alas! Sir, he was ſtolen away from my door by ſome wicked travelling people whom they call Gipſies; nor could I ever with the moſt diligent ſearch recover him. Poor child! he had the ſweeteſt look, the exact picture of his mother;

mother; at which some tears unwittingly dropt from his eyes, as did likewise from those of Adams, who always sympathised with his friends on those occasions. Thus, Sir, said the gentleman, I have finished my story; in which, if I have been too particular, I ask your pardon; and now, if you please, I will fetch you another bottle; which proposal the parson thankfully accepted.

CHAP. IV.

A Description of Mr. Wilson's Way of Living. The tragical Adventure of the Dog, and other grave Matters.

THE gentleman returned with the bottle; and Adams and he sat some time silent, when the former started up and cried, 'No, that won't do.' The gentleman enquired into his meaning; he answered, 'He had been considering that it was possible the late famous king Theodore might have been that very son whom he had lost;' but added, 'that his age could not answer that imagination. However,' says he, 'G—— disposes all things for the best, and very probably he may be some great man, or duke, and may, one day or other, revisit you in that capacity.' The gentleman answered, he should know him among ten thousand; for he had a mark on his left breast of a strawberry, which his mother had given him by longing for that fruit.

That beautiful young lady, the morning, now rose from her bed, and, with a countenance blooming with fresh youth and sprightliness, like Miss* ———, with soft dews hanging on her pouting lips, began to take her early walk over the eastern hills;

* Whoever the reader pleases.

hills; and presently after, that gallant person the sun stole softly from his wife's chamber, to pay his addresses to her; when the gentleman asked his guest if he would walk forth and survey his little garden, which he readily agreed to; and Joseph at the same time awaking from a sleep in which he had been two hours buried, went with them. No parterres, no fountains, no statues, embellished this little garden. Its only ornament was a short walk, shaded on each side by a filberd hedge, with a small alcove at one end, whither in hot weather the gentleman and his wife used to retire, and divert themselves with their children, who played in the walk before them. But tho' vanity had no votary in this little spot, here was variety of fruit, and every thing useful for the kitchen, which was abundantly sufficient to catch the admiration of Adams, who told the gentleman he had certainly a good gardener. Sir, answered he, that gardener is now before you; whatever you see here, is the work solely of my own hands. Whilst I am providing necessaries for my table, I likewise procure myself an appetite for them. In fair seasons, I seldom pass less than six hours of the twenty-four in this place, where I am not idle; and by these means I have been able to preserve my health ever since my arrival here without assistance from physic. Hither I generally repair at the dawn, and exercise myself, whilst my wife dresses her children and prepares our breakfast; after which we are seldom asunder during the residue of the day; for when the weather will not permit them to accompany me here, I am usually within with them; for I am neither ashamed of conversing with my wife, nor of playing with my children: to say the truth, I do not perceive that inferiority of understanding which the levity of rakes, the dulness of men of business, or the austerity of the learned, would persuade us of in women. As for my woman, I declare I have found none of my

own ſex capable of making juſter obſervations on life, or of delivering them more agreeably; nor do I believe any one poſſeſſed of a faithfuller or braver friend. And ſure, as this friendſhip is ſweetened with more delicacy and tenderneſs, ſo it is confirmed by dearer pledges than can attend the cloſeſt male alliance: for what union can be ſo faſt as our common intereſts in the fruits of our embraces? Perhaps, Sir, you are not yourſelf a father; if you are not, be aſſured you cannot conceive the delight I have in my little ones. Would you not deſpiſe me, if you ſaw me ſtretched on the ground, and my children playing round me? 'I ſhould reverence 'the ſight,' quoth Adams. 'I myſelf am now the 'father of ſix, and have been of eleven, and I can 'ſay I never ſcourged a child of my own, unleſs 'as his ſchool-maſter, and then have felt every 'ſtroke on my own poſteriors. And as to what 'you ſay concerning women, I have often lamented 'my own wife did not underſtand Greek.'—The gentleman ſmiled, and anſwered, he would not be apprehended to inſinuate that his own had an underſtanding above the care of her family; on the contrary, ſays he, my Harriet, I aſſure you, is a notable houſewife, and the houſekeepers of few gentlemen underſtand cookery or confectionary better; but theſe are arts which ſhe hath no great occaſion for now: however, the wine you commended ſo much laſt night at ſupper, was of her own making, as is indeed all the liquor in my houſe, except my beer, which falls to my province. (And I aſſure you it is as excellent, quoth Adams, as ever I taſted.) We formerly kept a maid-ſervant, but ſince my girls have been growing up, ſhe is unwilling to indulge them in idleneſs; for as the fortunes I ſhall give them will be very ſmall, we intend not to breed them above the rank they are likely to fill hereafter, nor to teach them to deſpiſe or ruin a plain huſband. Indeed, I could wiſh a man of my

own temper, and a retired life, might fall to their lot; for I have experienced, that the calm serene happineſs which is ſeated in content, is inconſiſtent with the hurry and buſtle of the world. He was proceeding thus, when the little things, being juſt riſen, ran eagerly towards him, and aſked his bleſſing. They were ſhy to the ſtrangers; but the eldeſt acquainted her father, that her mother and the young gentlewoman were up, and that breakfaſt was ready. They all went in, where the gentleman was ſurpriſed at the beauty of Fanny, who had now recovered herſelf from her fatigue, and was entirely clean dreſt; for the rogues who had taken away her purſe had left her her bundle. But if he was ſo much amazed at the beauty of this young creature, his gueſts were no leſs charmed at the tenderneſs which appeared in the behaviour of the huſband and wife to each other, and to their children, and at the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of theſe to their parents. Theſe inſtances pleaſed the well diſpoſed mind of Adams equally with the readineſs which they expreſſed to oblige their gueſts, and their forwardneſs to offer them the beſt of every thing in their houſe; and what delighted him ſtill more, was an inſtance or two of their charity: for whilſt they were at breakfaſt, the good woman was called for to aſſiſt her ſick neighbour, which ſhe did with ſome cordials made for the public uſe; and the good man went into his garden at the ſame time, to ſupply another with ſomething which he wanted thence; for they had nothing which thoſe who wanted it were not welcome to. Theſe good people were in the utmoſt chearfulneſs, when they heard the report of a gun: and immediately afterwards a little dog, the favourite of the eldeſt daughter, came limping in all bloody, and laid himſelf at his miſtreſs's feet. The poor girl, who was about eleven years old, burſt into tears at the ſight; and preſently

fently one of the neighbours came in and informed them, that the young fquire, the fon of the lord of the manor, had fhot him as he paffed by, fwearing at the fame time, he would profecute the mafter of him for keeping a fpaniel; for that he had given notice he would not fuffer one in the parifh. The dog, whom his miftrefs had taken into her lap, died in a few minutes, licking her hand. She expreft great agony at her lofs; and the other children began to cry for their fifter's misfortune, nor could Fanny herfelf refrain. Whilft the father and mother attempted to comfort her, Adams grafped his crabftick, and would have fallied out after the fquire, had not Jofeph with-held him. He could not however bridle his tongue—He pronounced the word *rafcal* with great emphafis; faid he deferved to be hanged more than a highwayman, and wifhed he had the fcourging him. The mother took her child, lamenting and carrying the dead favourite in her arms, out of the room, when the gentleman faid, this was the fecond time this fquire had endeavoured to kill the little wretch, and had wounded him fmartly once before; adding, he could have no motive but ill-nature; for the little thing, which was not near as big as one's fift, had never been twenty yards from the houfe in the fix years his daughter had had it. He faid he had done nothing to deferve this ufage, but his father had too great a fortune to contend with; that he was as abfolute as any tyrant in the univerfe, and had killed all the dogs, and taken away all the guns in the neighbourhood; and not only that, but he trampled down hedges, and rode over corn and gardens, with no more regard than if they were the highway. 'I wifh I 'could catch him in my garden,' fays Adams; 'though I would rather forgive him riding through 'my houfe than fuch an ill-natured act as this.'

The chearfulnefs of their converfation being interrupted by this accident, in which the guefts could

could be of no ſervice to their kind entertainer, and as the mother was taken up in adminiſtering conſolation to the poor girl, whoſe diſpoſition was too good haſtily to forget the ſudden loſs of her little favourite, which had been fondling with her a few minutes before, and as Joſeph and Fanny were impatient to get home, and begin thoſe previous ceremonies to their happineſs, which Adams had inſiſted on, they now offered to take their leave. The gentleman importuned them much to ſtay dinner: but when he found their eagerneſs to depart, he ſummoned his wife, and accordingly having performed all the uſual ceremonies of bows and curtſies, more pleaſant to be ſeen than to be related, they took their leave; the gentleman and his wife heartily wiſhing them a good journey, and they as heartily thanking them for their kind entertainment. They then departed; Adams declaring, that this was the manner in which the people had lived in the golden age.

CHAP. V.

A Difputation on Schools, held on the Road between Mr. Abraham Adams and Jofeph; and a Difcovery not unwelcome to them both.

OUR travellers having well refrefhed themfelves at the gentleman's houfe, Jofeph and Fanny with fleep, and Mr. Abraham Adams with ale and tobacco, renewed their journey with great alacrity; and purfuing the road into which they were directed, travelled many miles before they met with any adventure worth relating. In this interval we fhall prefent our readers with a very curious difcourfe, as we apprehend it, concerning public fchools, which paffed between Mr. Jofeph Andrews and Mr. Abraham Adams.

They had not gone far, before Adams calling to Jofeph, afked him if he had attended to the gentleman's ftory? He anfwered, 'to all the former part.' 'And don't you think,' fays he, 'he was a very 'unhappy man in his youth?' 'A very unhappy 'man indeed,' anfwered the other. 'Jofeph,' cries Adams, fcrewing up his mouth, 'I have found it; 'I have difcovered the caufe of all the misfortunes 'which befel him. A public fchool, Jofeph, was 'the caufe of all the calamities which he afterwards 'fuffered. Public fchools are the nurferies of all 'vice and immorality. All the wicked fellows 'whom I remember at the univerfity were bred at 'them.——Ah, Lord! I can remember as well as if 'it was but yefterday, a knot of them; they called 'them king's fcholars, I forget why,——very 'wicked fellows! Jofeph, you may thank the Lord 'you were not bred at a public fchool, you would 'never have preferved your virtue as you have. The 'firft care I always take, is of a boy's morals: I 'had rather he fhould be a blockhead than an atheift

'or

'or a presbyterian. What is all the learning in the 'world compared to his immortal soul? What shall 'a man take in exchange for his soul? But the 'masters of great schools trouble themselves about 'no such thing. I have known a lad of eighteen 'at the university, who hath not been able to say 'his catechism: but for my own part, I always 'scourged a lad sooner for missing that than any 'other lesson. Believe me, child, all that gentle-'man's misfortunes arose from his being educated 'at a public school.'

'It doth not become me,' answered Joseph, 'to 'dispute any thing, Sir, with you, especially a mat-'ter of this kind; for to be sure you must be al-'lowed by all the world to be the best teacher of a 'school in all our county.' 'Yes, that,' says Adams, 'I believe is granted me; that I may without much 'vanity pretend to——nay, I believe I may go to 'the next county too——But *gloriari non est meum*.' 'However, Sir, as you are pleased to bid me speak,' says Joseph, 'you know my late master, Sir Tho-'mas Booby, was bred at a public school, and he 'was the finest gentleman in all the neighbourhood. 'And I have often heard him say, if he had a hun-'dred boys he would breed them all at the same 'place. It was his opinion, and I have often heard 'him deliver it, that a boy taken from a public 'school, and carried into the world, will learn more 'in one year there, than one of a private educa-'tion will in five. He used to say, the school itself 'initiated him a great way; (I remember that was 'his very expression;) for great schools are little so-'cieties, where a boy of any observation may see 'in epitome what he will afterwards find in the 'world at large.' '*Hinc illæ lachrymæ*; for that 'very reason,' quoth Adams, 'I prefer a private 'school, where boys may be kept in innocence and 'ignorance; for, according to that fine passage in 'the play of Cato, the only English tragedy I ever 'read,

'If knowledge of the world muſt make men villains,
'May Juba ever live in ignorance.'

'Who would not rather preſerve the purity of his 'child, than wiſh him to attain the whole circle of 'arts and ſciences? which, by the bye, he may 'learn in the claſſes of a private ſchool. For I 'would not be vain, but I eſteem myſelf to be ſe-'cond to none, *nulli ſecundum*, in teaching theſe 'things; ſo that a lad may have as much learning 'in a private as in a public education.' 'And with 'ſubmiſſion,' anſwered Joſeph, 'he may get as much 'vice; witneſs ſeveral country gentleman, who 'were educated within five miles of their own 'houſes, and are as wicked as if they had known 'the world from their infancy. I remember when 'I was in the ſtable, if a young horſe was vicious 'in his nature, no correction would make him other-'wiſe: I take it to be equally the ſame amongſt men: 'if a boy be of a miſchievous, wicked inclination, 'no ſchool, though ever ſo private, will ever make 'him good: on the contrary, if he be of a righte-'ous temper, you may truſt him to London, or 'wherever elſe you pleaſe, he will be in no danger 'of being corrupted. Beſides, I have often heard 'my maſter ſay, that the diſcipline practiſed in 'public ſchools was much better than that in pri-'vate.'—'You talk like a jackanapes,' ſays Adams, 'and ſo did your maſter. Diſcipline, indeed! Be-'cauſe one man ſcourges twenty or thirty boys 'more in a morning than another, is he therefore a 'better diſciplinarian? I do preſume to confer in 'this point with all who have taught from Chiron's 'time to this day; and if I was maſter of ſix boys 'only, I would preſerve as good diſcipline amongſt 'them, as the maſter of the greateſt ſchool in the 'world. I ſay nothing, young man; remember, 'I ſay nothing: but if Sir Thomas himſelf had 'been educated nearer home, and under the tuition

'of

'of ſomebody, (remember I name nobody,) it 'might have been better for him——But his father 'muſt inſtitute him in the knowledge of the world. '*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis ſapit.*' Joſeph, ſeeing him run on in this manner, aſked pardon many times, aſſuring him he had no intention to offend. 'I believe you had not, child,' ſaid he, 'and I am 'not angry with you: but for maintaining good diſ- 'cipline in a ſchool; for this'——And then he ran on as before, named all the maſters who are recorded in old books, and preferred himſelf to them all. Indeed, if this good man had any enthuſiaſm, or what the vulgar call a blind-ſide, it was this: he thought a ſchoolmaſter the greateſt character in the world, and himſelf the greateſt of all ſchoolmaſters, neither of which points he would have given up to Alexander the Great at the head of his army.

Adams continued his ſubject till they came to one of the beautifuleſt ſpots of ground in the univerſe. It was a kind of natural amphitheatre, formed by the winding of a ſmall rivulet, which was planted with thick woods, and the trees roſe gradually above each other by the natural aſcent of the ground they ſtood on; which aſcent as they hid with their boughs, they ſeemed to have been diſpoſed by the deſign of the moſt ſkilful planter. The ſoil was ſpread with a verdure which no painter could imitate; and the whole place might have raiſed romantic ideas, in older minds than thoſe of Joſeph and Fanny, without the aſſiſtance of love.

Here they arrived about noon, and Joſeph propoſed to Adams that they ſhould reſt a while in this delightful place, and refreſh themſelves with ſome proviſions which the good-nature of Mrs. Wilſon had provided them with. Adams made no objection to the propoſal; ſo down they ſat, and pulling out a cold fowl, and a bottle of wine, they made a repaſt with a chearfulneſs which might have attracted the envy of more ſplendid tables. I ſhould not omit

omit, that they found among their proviſion a little paper, containing a piece of gold, which Adams imagining had been put there by miſtake, would have returned back to reſtore it; but he was at laſt convinced by Joſeph, that Mr. Wilſon had taken this handſome way of furniſhing them with a ſupply for their journey, on his having related the diſtreſs which they had been in when they were relieved by the generoſity of the pedlar. Adams ſaid, he was glad to ſee ſuch an inſtance of goodneſs; not ſo much for the conveniency which it brought them, as for the ſake of the doer, whoſe reward would be great in Heaven. He likewiſe comforted himſelf with a reflection, that he ſhould ſhortly have an opportunity of returning it him; for the gentleman was within a week to make a journey into Somerſetſhire, to paſs through Adams's pariſh, and had faithfully promiſed to call on him; a circumſtance which we thought too immaterial to mention before; but which thoſe who have as great an affection for that gentleman as ourſelves, will rejoice at, as it may give them hopes of ſeeing him again. Then Joſeph made a ſpeech on charity, which the reader, if he is ſo diſpoſed, may ſee in the next chapter; for we ſcorn to betray him into any ſuch reading, without firſt giving him warning.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Moral Reflections by Joseph Andrews; with the hunting Adventure, and Parson Adams's miraculous Escape.

I HAVE often wondered, Sir, said Joseph, to observe so few instances of charity among mankind; for though the goodness of a man's heart did not incline him to relieve the distresses of his fellow-creatures, methinks the desire of honour should move him to it. What inspires a man to build fine houses, to purchase fine furniture, pictures, clothes, and other things, at a great expence, but an ambition to be respected more than other people? Now, would not one great act of charity, one instance of redeeming a poor family from all the miseries of poverty, restoring an unfortunate tradesman by a sum of money to the means of procuring a livelihood by his industry, discharging an undone debtor from his debts or a goal, or any such like example of goodness, create a man more honour and respect, than he could acquire by the finest house, furniture, pictures, or clothes, that were ever beheld? for not only the object himself, who was thus relieved, but all who heard the name of such a person, must, I imagine, reverence him infinitely more than the possessor of all those other things; which, when we so admire, we rather praise the builder, the workman, the painter, the lacemaker, the taylor, and the rest, by whose ingenuity they are produced, than the person who by his money makes them his own. For my own part, when I have waited behind my lady in a room hung with fine pictures, while I have been looking at them, I have never once thought of their owner, nor hath any one else, as I ever observed; for when it hath been asked whose picture that was, it was never once answered, the master's of the house;

houſe; but Ammyconni, Paul Varniſh, Hannibal Scratchi, or Hogarthi, which I ſuppoſe were the names of the painters: but if it was aſked, who redeemed ſuch a one out of priſon? who lent ſuch a ruined tradeſman money to ſet up? who cloathed that family of poor ſmall children? it is very plain what muſt be the anſwer. And beſides, theſe great folks are miſtaken, if they imagine they get any honour at all by theſe means: for I do not remember I ever was with my lady at any houſe where ſhe commended the houſe or furniture, but I have heard her, at her return home, make ſport, and jeer at whatever ſhe had before commended: and I have been told by other gentlemen in livery, that it is the ſame in their families: but I defy the wiſeſt man in the world to turn a true good action into ridicule. I defy him to do it. He who ſhould endeavour it, would be laughed at himſelf, inſtead of making others laugh. Nobody ſcarce doth any good, yet they all agree in praiſing thoſe who do. Indeed it is ſtrange, that all men ſhould conſent in commending goodneſs, and no man endeavour to deſerve that commendation; whilſt, on the contrary, all rail at wickedneſs, and all are as eager to be what they abuſe. This I know not the reaſon of; but it is as plain as daylight to thoſe who converſe in the world, as I have done theſe three years. ‘Are all ‘the great folks wicked then?’ ſays Fanny. To be ſure there are ſome exceptions, anſwered Joſeph. Some gentlemen of our cloth report charitable actions done by their lords and maſters; and I have heard Squire Pope, the great poet, at my lady's table, tell ſtories of a man that lived at a place called Roſs, and another at the Bath, one Al—— Al——I forgot his name, but it is in the book of verſes. This gentleman hath built up a ſtately houſe too, which the ſquire likes very well; but his charity is ſeen farther than his houſe, though it ſtands on a hill, aye, and brings him more honour too.

too. It was his charity that put him in the book, where the ſquire ſays he put all thoſe who deſerve it; and to be ſure, as he lives among all the great people, if there were any ſuch, he would know them. —This was all of Mr. Joſeph Andrews's ſpeech, which I could get him to recollect, which I have delivered as near as was poſſible in his own words, with a very ſmall embelliſhment. But I believe the reader hath not been a little ſurprized at the long ſilence of Parſon Adams, eſpecially as ſo many occaſions offered themſelves to exert his curioſity and obſervation. The truth is, he was faſt aſleep, and had been ſo from the beginning of the preceding narrative: and indeed, if the reader conſiders that ſo many hours had paſt ſince he had cloſed his eyes, he will not wonder at his repoſe, though even Henley himſelf, or as great an orator, (if any ſuch be,) had been in his roſtrum or tub before him.

Joſeph, who, whilſt he was ſpeaking, had continued in one attitude, with his head reclining on one ſide, and his eyes caſt on the ground, no ſooner perceived, on looking up, the poſition of Adams, who was ſtretched on his back, and ſnored louder than the uſual braying of the animal with long ears, than he turned towards Fanny, and taking her by the hand, began a dalliance, which, though conſiſtent with the pureſt innocence and decency, neither he would have attempted, nor ſhe permitted, before any witneſs. Whilſt they amuſed themſelves in this harmleſs and delightful manner, they heard a pack of hounds approaching in full cry towards them; and preſently afterwards ſaw a hare pop forth from the wood, and, croſſing the water, land within a few yards of them in the meadow. The hare was no ſooner on ſhore, than it ſeated itſelf on its hinder legs, and liſtened to the ſound of the purſuers. Fanny was wonderfully pleaſed with the little wretch, and eagerly longed to have it in her arms, that ſhe might preſerve it

it from the dangers which seemed to threaten it: but the rational part of the creation do not always aptly distinguish their friends from their foes; what wonder then if this silly creature, the moment it beheld her, fled from the friend who would have protected it, and, traversing the meadows again, past the little rivulet on the opposite side. It was however so spent and weak, that it fell down twice or thrice in its way. This affected the tender heart of Fanny, who exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, against the barbarity of worrying a poor innocent defenceless animal out of its life, and putting it to the extremest torture for diversion. She had not much time to make reflections of this kind; for on a sudden the hounds rushed through the wood, which resounded with their throats, and the throats of their retinue, who attended them on horseback. The dogs now past the rivulet, and pursued the footsteps of the hare. Five horsemen attempted to leap over, three of whom succeeded, and two were in the attempt thrown from their saddles into the water. Their companions, and their own horses too, proceeded after their sport, and left their friends and riders to invoke the assistance of Fortune, or employ the more active means of strength and agility for their deliverance. Joseph, however, was not so unconcerned on this occasion; he left Fanny for a moment to herself, and ran to the gentlemen, who were immediately on their legs, shaking their ears, and easily with the help of his hand attained the bank, (for the rivulet was not at all deep,) and, without staying to thank their kind assister, ran dripping across the meadow, calling to their brother sportsmen to stop their horses: but they heard them not.

The hounds were now very little behind their poor reeling staggering prey, which, fainting almost at every step, crawled through the wood, and had almost got round to the place where Fanny stood,

when

when it was overtaken by its enemies, and, being driven out of the covert, was caught, and inſtantly torn to pieces before Fanny's face, who was unable to aſſiſt it with any aid more powerful than pity: nor could ſhe prevail on Joſeph, who had been himſelf a ſportſman in his youth, to attempt any thing contrary to the laws of hunting, in favour of the hare, which he ſaid was killed fairly.

The hare was caught within a yard or two of Adams, who lay aſleep at ſome diſtance from the lovers; and the hounds, in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it ſo cloſe to him, that ſome of them (by miſtake perhaps for the hare's ſkin) had laid hold of the ſkirts of his caſſock: others at the ſame time applying their teeth to his wig, which he had with a handkerchief faſtened to his head, began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more effect on him than ſeemed to be wrought by the noiſe, they muſt certainly have taſted his fleſh, which delicious flavour might have been fatal to him: but being rouſed by theſe tuggings, he inſtantly awaked, and with a jerk delivering his head from his wig, he with a moſt admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now ſeemed the only members he could entruſt his ſafety to. Having therefore eſcaped likewiſe from at leaſt a third part of his caſſock, which he willingly left as his *exuviæ* or ſpoils to the enemy, he fled with the utmoſt ſpeed he could ſummon to his aſſiſtance. Nor let this be any detraction from the bravery of his character; let the number of his enemies, and the ſurprize in which he was taken, be conſidered; and if there be any modern ſo outrageouſly brave, that he cannot admit of flight in any circumſtance whatever, I ſay, (but I whiſper that ſoftly, and I ſolemnly declare, without any intention of giving offence to any brave man in the nation,) I ſay, or rather I whiſper, that he is an ignorant fellow, and

hath never read Homer nor Virgil, nor knows he any thing of Hector or Turnus; nay, he is unacquainted with the hiftory of fome great men living, who, though as brave as lions, aye, as tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the furprize of their friends, and the entertainment of their enemies. But if perfons of fuch heroic difpofitions are a little offended at the behaviour of Adams, we affure them they fhall be as much pleafed with what we fhall immediately relate of Jofeph Andrews. The mafter of the pack was juft arrived, or, as the fportfmen call it, come in, when Adams fet out, as we have before mentioned. This gentleman was generally faid to be a great lover of humour; but not to mince the matter, efpecially as we are upon this fubject, he was a great hunter of men: indeed, he had hitherto followed the fport only with dogs of his own fpecies; for he kept two or three couple of barking curs for that ufe only. However, as he thought he had now found a man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himfelf with other fport, and accordingly crying out, Stole away, encouraged the hounds to purfue Mr. Adams, fwearing it was the largeft jack hare he ever faw; at the fame time hallooing and hooping as if a conquered foe was flying before him: in which he was imitated by thofe two or three couple of human, or rather two-legged, curs on horfeback, which we have mentioned before.

Now thou, whoever thou art, whether a mufe, or by what other name foever thou choofeft to be called, who prefideft over biography, and haft infpired all the writers of lives in thefe our wonderful times: Thou who didft infufe fuch wonderful humour into the pen of immortal Gulliver; who haft carefully guided the judgment, whilft thou haft exalted the nervous manly ftyle of thy Mallet: Thou who hadft no hand in that dedication and preface, or the tranflations which thou wouldft

wouldst willingly have struck out of the life of Cicero: Lastly, Thou who, without the assistance of the least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced Colly Cibber to write English; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to; do thou introduce on the plain, the young, the gay, the brave Joseph Andrews, whilst men shall view him with admiration and envy; tender virgins with love and anxious concern for his safety.

No sooner did Joseph Andrews perceive the distress of his friend, when first the quick-scented dogs attacked him, than he grasped his cudgel in his right hand, a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent had given it for a present in that day when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr. Deard's best workmen, whom no other artificer can equal; and who hath made all those sticks which the beaus have lately walked with about the Park in a morning; but this was far his master-piece; on its head was engraved a nose and chin, which might have been mistaken for a pair of nut-crackers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon; but it was in fact copied from the face of a certain old English baronet, of infinite wit, humour, and gravity. He did intend to have engraved here many histories; as the first night of Captain B———'s play, where you would have seen critics in embroidery transplanted from the boxes to the pit, whose ancient inhabitants were exalted to the galleries, where they played on catcalls. He did intend to have painted an auction-room, where Mr. Cock would have appeared aloft in his pulpit, trumpeting forth the praises of a china bason; and with astonishment wondering that nobody bids more for that fine, that superb—He did intend to have engraved many other things, but was forced to leave out all for want of room.

No fooner had Jofeph grafped his cudgel in his hands, than lightning darted from his eyes; and the heroic youth, fwift of foot, ran with the utmoft fpeed to his friend's affiftance. He overtook him juft as Rockwood had laid hold of the fkirt of his caffock, which, being torn, hung to the ground. Reader, we would make a fimile on this occafion, but for two reafons: the firft is, it would interrupt the defcription, which fhould be rapid in this part; but that doth not weigh much, many precedents occurring for fuch an interruption: the fecond, and much the greater reafon is, that we could find no fimile adequate to our purpofe: for, indeed, what inftance could we bring to fet before our reader's eye at once the idea of friendfhip, courage, youth, beauty, ftrength, and fwiftnefs? all which blazed in the perfon of Jofeph Andrews. Let thofe therefore that defcribe lions and tigers, and heroes fiercer than both, raife their poems or plays with the fimile of Jofeph Andrews, who is himfelf above the reach of any fimile.

Now Rockwood had laid faft hold on the parfon's fkirt, and ftopt his flight; which Jofeph no fooner perceived, than he levelled his cudgel at his head, and laid him fprawling. Jowler and Ringwood then fell on his great-coat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not Jofeph, collecting all his force, given Jowler fuch a rap on the back, that, quitting his hold, he ran howling over the plain. A harder fate remained for thee, O Ringwood, Ringwood! the beft hound that ever purfued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the fcent was undoubtedly true; good at *trailing*, and *fure in a highway*; no *babbler*, no *over-runner*, refpected by the whole pack; for, whenever he opened, they knew the game was at hand. He fell by the ftroke of Jofeph. Thunder, and Plunder, and Wonder, and Blunder, were the next victims of his wrath, and meafured their lengths on the ground.

Then

Then Fairmaid, a bitch which Mr. John Temple had bred up in his houſe, and fed at his own table, and lately ſent the ſquire fifty miles as a preſent, ran fiercely at Joſeph, and bit him by the leg. No dog was ever fiercer than ſhe, being deſcended from an Amazonian breed, and had worried bulls in her own country, but now waged an unequal fight; and had ſhared the fate of thoſe we have mentioned before, had not Diana—for the reader may believe it or not, as he pleaſes—in that inſtant interpoſed, and in the ſhape of the huntſman ſnatched her favourite up in her arms.

The parſon now faced about, and with his crab-ſtick felled many to the earth, and ſcattered others, till he was attacked by Cæſar, and pulled to the ground. Then Joſeph flew to his reſcue, and with ſuch might fell on the victor, that, O eternal blot to his name! Cæſar ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the moſt dreadful violence, when lo! the huntſman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight; telling them, in a language they underſtood, that it was in vain to contend longer; for that fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

Thus far the muſe hath with her uſual dignity related this prodigious battle; a battle, we apprehend, never equalled by any poet, romance, or life writer, whatever; and having brought it to a concluſion, ſhe ceaſed; we ſhall therefore proceed in our ordinary ſtyle with the continuation of this hiſtory. The ſquire and his companions, whom the figure of Adams, and the gallantry of Joſeph, had at firſt thrown into a violent fit of laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the engagement with more delight than any chace, ſhooting-match, race, cock-fighting, bull or bear-baiting, had ever given them, began now to apprehend the danger of their hounds, many of which lay ſprawling in the fields. The ſquire therefore, having firſt called his friends about him, as guards for the ſafety of his perſon, rode manfully

manfully up to the combatants, and ſummoning all the terror he was maſter of into his countenance, demanded with an authoritative voice of Joſeph, what he meant by aſſaulting his dogs in that manner? Joſeph anſwered with great intrepidity, that they had firſt fallen on his friend; and if they had belonged to the greateſt man in the kingdom, he would have treated them in the ſame way; for whilſt his veins contained a ſingle drop of blood, he would not ſtand idle by, and ſee that gentleman (pointing to Adams) abuſed either by man or beaſt; and having ſo ſaid, both he and Adams brandiſhed their wooden weapons, and put themſelves into ſuch a poſture, that the ſquire and his company thought proper to preponderate, before they offered to revenge the cauſe of their four-footed allies.

At this inſtant Fanny, whom the apprehenſion of Joſeph's danger had alarmed ſo much, that, forgetting her own, ſhe had made the utmoſt expedition, came up. The ſquire and all the horſemen were ſo ſurprized with her beauty, that they immediately fixed both their eyes and thoughts ſolely on her, every one declaring he had never ſeen ſo charming a creature. Neither mirth nor anger engaged them a moment longer; but all ſat in ſilent amaze. The huntſman only was free from her attraction, who was buſy in cutting the ears of the dogs, and endeavouring to recover them to life, in which he ſucceeded ſo well, that only two of no great note remained ſlaughtered on the field of action. Upon this the huntſman declared, 'Twas well it was no worſe: For his part, he could not blame the gentleman, and wondered his maſter would encourage the dogs to hunt Chriſtians; that it was the ſureſt way to ſpoil them, to make them follow *vermin* inſtead of ſticking to a hare.'

The ſquire, being informed of the little miſchief that had been done, and perhaps having more miſchief of another kind in his head, accoſted Mr. Adams

Adams with a more favourable aſpect than before: he told him he was ſorry for what had happened; that he had endeavoured all he could to prevent it the moment he was acquainted with his cloth, and greatly commended the courage of his ſervant; for ſo he imagined Joſeph to be. He then invited Mr. Adams to dinner, and deſired the young woman might come with him. Adams refuſed a long while; but the invitation was repeated with ſo much earneſtneſs and courteſy, that at length he was forced to accept it. His wig and hat, and other ſpoils of the field, being gathered together by Joſeph (for otherwiſe probably they would have been forgotten) he put himſelf into the beſt order he could; and then the horſe and foot moved forwards in the ſame pace towards the ſquire's houſe, which ſtood at a very little diſtance.

Whilſt they were on the road, the lovely Fanny attracted the eyes of all: they endeavoured to outvie one another in encomiums on her beauty; which the reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not any thing new or uncommon in them: ſo muſt he likewiſe my not ſetting down the many curious jeſts which were made on Adams; ſome of them declaring that parſon-hunting was the beſt ſport in the world; others commending his ſtanding at bay, which they ſaid he had done as well as any badger; with ſuch like merriment, which, though it would ill become the dignity of this hiſtory, afforded much laughter and diverſion to the ſquire and his facetious companions.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A Scene of Roasting, very nicely adapted to the present Taste and Times.

THEY arrived at the squire's house just as his dinner was ready. A little dispute arose on the account of Fanny; whom the squire, who was a batchelor, was desirous to place at his own table: but she would not consent; nor would Mr. Adams permit her to be parted from Joseph; so that she was at length, with him, consigned over to the kitchen, were the servants were ordered to make him drunk; a favour which was likewise intended for Adams; which design being executed, the squire thought he should easily accomplish what he had, when he first saw her, intended to perpetrate with Fanny.

It may not be improper, before we proceed farther, to open a little the character of this gentleman, and that of his friends. The master of this house then, was a man of a very considerable fortune; a batchelor, as we have said, and about forty years of age: He had been educated (if we may here use the expression) in the country, and at his own home, under the care of his mother, and a tutor, who had orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his childhood; for from the age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to hunting, and other rural amusements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horses, hounds, and all other necessaries: and his tutor, endeavouring to ingratiate himself with his young pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at their exercises, but likewise over a bottle, which the young squire had a very early relish for. At the age of

'twenty

twenty, his mother began to think ſhe had not fulfilled the duty of a parent; ſhe therefore reſolved to perſuade her ſon, if poſſible, to that which ſhe imagined would well ſupply all that he might have learned at a public ſchool or univerſity. This is what they commonly call travelling; which, with the help of a tutor, who was fixed on to attend him, ſhe eaſily ſucceeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europe, as they term it, and returned home well furniſhed with French clothes, phraſes and ſervants, with a hearty contempt for his own country, eſpecially what had any ſavour of the plain ſpirit and honeſty of our anceſtors. His mother greatly applauded herſelf at his return; and now being maſter of his own fortune, he ſoon procured himſelf a ſeat in parliament, and was in the common opinion one of the fineſt gentlemen of his age: but what diſtinguiſhed him chiefly, was a ſtrange delight which he took in every thing which is ridiculous, odious, and abſurd in his own ſpecies; ſo that he never choſe a companion without one or more of theſe ingredients; and thoſe who were marked by nature in the moſt eminent degree with them, were moſt his favourites: If he ever found a man who either had not, or endeavoured to conceal, theſe imperfections, he took great pleaſure in inventing methods of forcing him into abſurdities, which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and expoſing thoſe that were: for which purpoſe he was always provided with a ſet of fellows whom we have before called curs; and who did indeed no great honour to the canine kind: their buſineſs was to hunt out and diſplay every thing that had any ſavour of the above-mentioned qualities, and eſpecially in the graveſt and beſt characters: but if they failed in their ſearch, they were to turn even virtue and wiſdom themſelves into ridicule for the diverſion of their maſter and feeder. The gentlemen of cur-like diſpoſition, who were now at his houſe, and whom he

he had brought with him from London, were an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack-doctor, a ſcraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing maſter.

As ſoon as dinner was ſerved, while Mr. Adams was ſaying grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him; ſo that when he endeavoured to ſeat himſelf, he fell down on the ground: and this compleated joke the firſt, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The ſecond joke was performed by the poet, who ſat next to him on the other ſide, and took an opportunity, while poor Adams was reſpectfully drinking to the maſter of the houſe, to overturn a plate of ſoup into his breeches; which, with the many apologies he made, and the parſon's gentle anſwers, cauſed much mirth in the company. Joke the third was ſerved up by one of the waiting-men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr. Adams's ale, which he declaring to be the beſt liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter. Mr. Adams, from whom we had moſt of this relation, could not recollect all the jeſts of this kind practiſed on him, which the inoffenſive diſpoſition of his own heart made him ſlow in diſcovering; and indeed, had it not been for the information which we received from a ſervant in the family, this part of our hiſtory, which we take to be none of the leaſt curious, muſt have been deplorably imperfect; though we muſt own it probable, that ſome more jokes were (as they call it) cracked during their dinner; but we have by no means been able to come at the knowledge of them. When dinner was removed, the poet began to repeat ſome verſes, which he ſaid were made *extempore*. The following is a copy of them, procured with the greateſt difficulty.

An extempore poem on Parſon Adams.

Did ever mortal ſuch a parſon view;
His caſſock old, his wig not over-new?
Well might the hounds have him for fox miſtaken,
In ſmell more like to that than ruſty bacon*.
But would not it make any mortal ſtare,
To ſee this parſon taken for a hare?
Could Phœbus err thus groſly, even he,
For a good player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whipp'd off the player's wig, and received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, inſtead of retorting the jeſt on the poet, began to diſplay his talents on the ſame ſubject. He repeated many ſcraps of wit out of plays, reflecting on the whole body of the clergy, which were received with great acclamations by all preſent. It was now the dancing-maſter's turn to exhibit his talents; he therefore, addreſſing himſelf to Adams in broken Engliſh, told him, 'He 'was a man ver well made for de dance, and he 'ſuppoſe by his walk, dat he had learn of ſome 'great maſter. He ſaid it was ver pritty quality 'in clergyman to dance;' and concluded with deſiring him to dance a minuet, telling him, 'his 'caſſock would ſerve for petticoats; and that he 'would himſelf be his partner.' At which words, without waiting for an anſwer, he pulled out his gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing-maſter wagers that the parſon out-danced him, which he refuſed, ſaying, 'He believed ſo too; for he had never ſeen 'any man in his life who looked de dance ſo well 'as de gentleman.' He then ſtepped forwards to take Adams by the hand, which the latter haſtily withdrew; and at the ſame time clenching his fiſt,

* *All hounds that will hunt fox, or other vermin, will hunt a piece of ruſty bacon trailed on the ground.*

vifed him not to carry the jeft too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The dancing-mafter no fooner faw the fift, than he prudently retired out of its reach, and ftood aloof mimicking Adams, whofe eyes were fixed on him, not gueffing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the mean while, the captain perceiving an opportunity, pinned a cracker or devil to the caffock, and then lighted it with their little fmoaking candle. Adams being a ftranger to this fport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, ftarted up from his chair, and jumped about the room to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the beft dancer in the univerfe. As foon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confufion, he returned to the table, ftanding up in the pofture of one who intended to make a fpeech. They all cried out, Hear him, hear him: and he then fpoke in the following manner: 'Sir, I am forry to fee one, to 'whom Providence hath been fo bountiful in be-'ftowing his favours, make fo ill and ungrateful 'a return for them; for tho' you have not in-'fulted me yourfelf, it is vifible you have delighted 'in thofe that do it, nor have once difcouraged 'the many rudeneffes which have been fhewn to-'wards me; indeed, towards yourfelf, if you rightly 'underftood them; for I am your gueft, and by 'the laws of hofpitality entitled to your protection. 'One gentleman hath thought proper to produce 'fome poetry upon me, of which I fhall only fay, 'that I had rather be the fubject than the com-'pofer. He hath been pleafed to treat me with 'difrefpect as a parfon. I apprehend my order is 'not the fubject of fcorn, nor that I can become 'fo, unlefs by being a difgrace to it, which I hope 'poverty will never be called. Another gentleman 'indeed hath repeated fome fentences where the 'order itfelf is mentioned with contempt. He fays 'they are taken from plays. I am fure fuch plays are

'are a ſcandal to the government which permits 'them, and curſed will be the nation where they 'are repreſented. How others have treated me, I 'need not obſerve; they themſelves, when they 'reflect, muſt allow the behaviour to be as impro-'per to my years as to my cloth. You found me, 'Sir, travelling with two of my pariſhioners (I omit 'your hounds falling on me; for I have quite for-'given it, whether it proceeded from the wanton-'neſs or negligence of the huntſman) my appearance 'might very well perſuade you that your invitation 'was an act of charity, tho' in reality we are well 'provided; yes, Sir, if we had an hundred miles 'to travel, we had ſufficient to bear our expences in 'a noble manner.' (At which words he produced the half guinea which was found in the baſket) 'I 'do not ſhew you this out of oſtentation of riches, 'but to convince you I ſpeak truth. Your ſeating 'me at your table was an honour which I did not 'ambitiouſly affect. When I was here, I endea-'voured to behave towards you with the utmoſt re-'ſpect; if I have failed, it was not with deſign, 'nor could I, certainly, ſo far be guilty as to deſerve 'the inſults I have ſuffered. If they were meant 'therefore either to my order or my poverty, (and 'you ſee I am not very poor) the ſhame doth not 'lie at my door, and I heartily pray that the ſin 'may be averted from yours.' He thus finiſhed, and received a general clap from the whole company. Then the gentleman of the houſe told him, 'he was ſorry for what had happened; that 'he could not accuſe him of any ſhare in it; that 'the verſes were, as himſelf had well obſerved, ſo 'bad, that he might eaſily anſwer them, and for 'the ſerpent, it was undoubtedly a very great affront 'done him by the dancing maſter, for which if he 'well thraſhed him, as he deſerved, the gentleman 'ſaid he ſhould be very much pleaſed to ſee it;' (in which probably he ſpoke truth.) Adams anſwered, 'Whoever had done it, it was not his profeſſion to

'punifh him that way; but for the perfon whom 'he had accufed, I am a witnefs,' fays he, 'of his 'innocence; for I had my eye on him all the while. 'Whoever he is, God forgive him, and beftow on 'him a little more fenfe as well as humanity.' The captain anfwered with a furly look and accent, 'That 'he hoped he did not mean to reflect on him; 'd—n him, he had as much *imanity* as another, 'and if any man faid he had not, he would con- 'vince him of his miftake by cutting his throat.' Adams, fmiling, faid, 'He believed he had fpoken 'right by accident.' To which the captain return- 'ed, What do you mean by my fpeaking right? If 'you was not a parfon, I would not take thefe 'words; but your gown protects you. If any man 'who wears a fword had faid fo much, I had pulled 'him by the nofe before this.' Adams replied, 'If 'he attempted any rudenefs to his perfon, he would 'not find any protection for himfelf in his gown;' and clenching his fift, declared he had threfhed many a ftouter man. The gentleman did all he could to encourage his warlike difpofition in Adams, and was in hopes to have produced a battle: but he was difappointed; for the captain made no other anfwer than, 'It is very well you are a parfon;' and fo drinking off a bumper to old mother church, ended the difpute.

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been filent, and who was the graveft, but moft mifchievous dog of all, in a very pompous fpeech, highly applauded what Adams had faid; and as much difcommended the behaviour to him. He proceeded to encomium on the church and poverty; and laftly, recommended forgivenefs for what had paft to Adams, who immediately anfwered, 'That every thing was for'given;' and in the warmth of his goodnefs he filled a bumper of ftrong beer, (a liquor he preferred to wine) and drank a health to the whole company, fhaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addreffing himfelf with great refpect to the

the doctor; who indeed had not laughed outwardly at any thing that paſt, as he had a perfect command of his muſcles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the leaſt ſymptoms in his countenance. The doctor now began a ſecond formal ſpeech, in which he declaimed againſt all levity of converſation, and what is uſually called mirth. He ſaid, 'There 'were amuſements fitted for perſons of all ages and 'degrees, from the rattle to the diſcuſſing a point of 'philoſophy, and that men diſcovered themſelves 'in nothing more than in the choice of their amuſe-'ments; for,' ſays he, 'as it muſt greatly raiſe our 'expectation of the future conduct in life of boys, 'whom in their tender years we perceive, inſtead 'of taw or balls, or other childiſh play-things, to 'chuſe, at their leiſure hours, to exerciſe their ge-'nius in contentions of wit, learning, and ſuch 'like; ſo muſt it inſpire one with equal contempt 'of a man, if we ſhould diſcover him playing at 'taw or other childiſh play.' Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and ſaid, 'He had 'often wondered at ſome paſſages in ancient authors, 'where Scipio, Lælius, and other great men, were 'repreſented to have paſſed many hours in amuſe-'ments of the moſt trifling kind.' The doctor replied, 'He had by him an old Greek manuſcript 'where a favourite diverſion of Socrates was record-'ed.' 'Aye,' ſays the parſon eargerly, 'I ſhould 'be moſt infinitely obliged to you for the favour of 'peruſing it.' The doctor promiſed to ſend it him, and farther ſaid, 'that he believed he could deſcribe 'it. I think,' ſays he, 'as near as I can remember, 'it was this. There was a throne erected, on one 'ſide of which ſat a king, and on the other a queen, 'with their guards and attendants ranged on both 'ſides; to them was introduced an ambaſſador, 'which part Socrates always uſed to perform him-'ſelf, and when he was led up to the footſteps of 'the throne, he addreſſed himſelf to the monarchs 'in ſome grave ſpeech, full of virtue and good-

 neſs,

'ness, and morality and such like. After which 'he was seated between the king and queen, 'and royally entertained. This I think was the 'chief part.——Perhaps I may have forgot some 'particulars; for it is long since I read it.' Adams said, 'It was indeed a diversion worthy the relaxa-'tion of so great a man; and thought something re-'sembling it should be instituted among our great men, 'instead of cards and other idle pastimes, in which he 'was informed they trifled away too much of their 'lives.'' He added, 'The Christian religion was a 'nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates 'could have invented.' The gentleman of the house approved what Mr. Adams said, and declared, 'He 'was resolved to perform the ceremony this very 'evening.' To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, 'unless,' said he, (turning to Adams with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man) 'you have a sermon about you, doctor.'——'Sir,' says Adams, 'I never travel without one, for fear 'of what may happen.' He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of an ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected; which was performed before they had drank two bottles: and perhaps the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants. Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this; there was a great tub of water provided, on each side of which were placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket; on these stools were placed the king and queen, namely the master of the house, and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced, between the poet and the doctor, who, having read his sermon to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place, and seated between their majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket, wanting its support

ſupport at either end, gave way, and ſouſed Adams over head and ears in the water; the captain made his eſcape, but unluckily the gentleman himſelf not being as nimble as he ought, Adams caught hold of him before he deſcended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire ſecret ſatisfaction of all the company. Adams, after ducking the ſquire twice or thrice, leaped out of the tub, and looked ſharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the ſame place of honour; but he had wiſely withdrawn: he then ſearched for his crab-ſtick, and having found that, as well as his fellow-travellers, he declared he would not ſtay a moment longer in ſuch a houſe. He then departed, without taking leave of his hoſt, whom he had exacted a more ſevere revenge on than he intended: for as he did not uſe ſufficient care to dry himſelf in time, he caught a cold by the accident, which threw him into a fever, that had like to have coſt him his life.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Which some readers will think too short, and others too long.

ADAMS, and Joseph, who was no less enraged than his friend at the treatment he met with, went out with their sticks in their hands, and carried off Fanny, notwithstanding the opposition of the servants, who did all, without proceeding to violence, in their power to detain them. They walked as fast as they could, not so much from any apprehension of being pursued, as that Mr. Adams might by exercise prevent any harm from the water. The gentleman, who had given such orders to his servants concerning Fanny, that he did not in the least fear her getting away, no sooner heard that she was gone, than he began to rave, and immediately dispatched several with orders, either to bring her back, or never return. The poet, the player, and all but the dancing-master and doctor, went on this errand.

The night was very dark, in which our friends began their journey; however, they made such expedition, that they soon arrived at an inn, which was at seven miles distance. Here they unanimously consented to pass the evening, Mr. Adams being now as dry as he was before he had set out on his embassy.

This inn, which indeed we might call an ale-house, had not the words, The New Inn, been writ on the sign, afforded them no better provision than bread and cheese, and ale: on which, however, they made a very comfortable meal; for hunger is better than a French cook.

They had no sooner supped than Adams, returning thanks to the Almighty for his food, declared he had eat his homely commons with much greater satisfaction than his splendid dinner, and expressed great contempt for the folly of mankind, who sacrifice their

their hopes of Heaven to the acquisition of vast wealth; since so much comfort was to be found in the humblest state and the lowest provision. 'Very true, sir,' says a grave man, who sat smoaking his pipe by the fire, and who was a traveller as well as himself; 'I have often been as much surprised as you are, when I consider the value which mankind in general set on riches; since every day's experience shews us how little is in their power; for what indeed truly desirable can they bestow on us? Can they give beauty to the deformed, strength to the weak, or health to the infirm? surely if they could, we should not see so many ill-favoured faces haunting the assemblies of the great, nor would such numbers of feeble wretches languish in their coaches and palaces. No, not the wealth of a kingdom can purchase any paint to dress pale ugliness in the bloom of that young maiden, nor any drugs to equip disease with the vigour of that young man. Do not riches bring us solicitude instead of rest, envy instead of affection, and danger instead of safety? Can they prolong their own possession, or lengthen his days who enjoys them? So far otherwise, that the sloth, the luxury, the care which attend them, shorten the lives of millions, and bring them with pain and misery to an untimely grave. Where then is their value, if they can neither embellish, or strengthen our forms, sweeten or prolong our lives? Again ——can they adorn the mind more than the body? Do they not rather swell the heart with vanity, puff up the cheeks with pride, shut our ears to every call of virtue, and our bowels to every motive of compassion!' 'Give me your hand, brother,' said Adams in a rapture; 'for I suppose you are a clergyman.' 'No, truly,' answered the other (indeed he was a priest of the church of Rome; but those who understand our laws will not wonder he was not over-ready to own it) 'Whatever you are,' cries Adams, 'you have spoken my sentiments: I believe I have preached every syllable of your speech

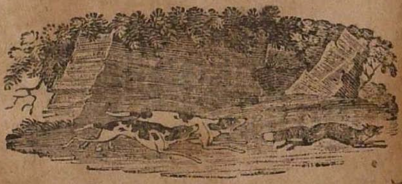
'ſpeech twenty times over: for it hath always ap-'peared to me eaſier for a cable rope (which by the 'way is the true rendering of that word we have 'tranſlated camel) to go through the eye of a needle, 'than for a rich man to get into the kingdom of 'Heaven.' That, ſir,' ſaid the other, 'will be eaſily 'granted you by divines, and is deplorably true; 'but as the proſpect of our good at a diſtance doth 'not ſo forcibly affect us, it might be of ſome ſer-'vice to mankind to be made thoroughly ſenſible, 'which I think they might be with very little ſerious 'attention, that even the bleſſings of this world are 'not to be purchaſed with riches. A doctrine, in my 'opinion, not only metaphyſically, but, if I may ſo 'ſay, mathematically demonſtrable; and which I 'have been always ſo perfectly convinced of, that I 'have a contempt for nothing ſo much as for gold.' Adams now began a long diſcourſe; but as moſt which he ſaid occurs among many authors who have treated this ſubject, I ſhall omit inſerting it. During its continuance, Joſeph and Fanny retired to reſt, and the hoſt likewiſe left the room. When the Engliſh parſon had concluded, the Romiſh reſumed the diſcourſe, which he continued with great bitterneſs and invective; and at laſt ended by deſiring Adams to lend him eighteen-pence to pay his reckoning; promiſing, if he never paid him, he might be aſſured of his prayers. The good man anſwered, that eighteen-pence would be too little to carry him any very long journey; that he had half a guinea in his pocket, which he would divide with him. He then fell to ſearching his pockets, but could find no money: for indeed the company, with whom he dined, had paſt one jeſt upon him which he did not then enumerate, and had picked his pocket of all that treaſure which he had ſo oſtentatiouſly produced.

'Bleſs me,' cried Adams, 'I have certainly loſt 'it; I can never have ſpent it. Sir, as I am a Chriſ-'tian, I had a whole half guinea in my pocket this 'morning, and have not now a ſingle half-penny of it 'left.

'left. Sure the the devil muſt have taken it from 'me.' 'Sir,' anſwered the prieſt ſmiling, 'you need 'make no excuſes; if you are not willing to lend 'me the money, I am contented.' 'Sir,' cries Adams' 'if I had the greateſt ſum in the world; aye, 'if I had ten pounds about me, I would beſtow it 'all to reſcue any chriſtian from diſtreſs. I am more 'vexed at my loſs on your account than my own. 'Was ever any thing ſo unlucky? becauſe I have no 'money in my pocket, I ſhall be ſuſpected to be no 'chriſtian.' 'I am more unlucky, 'quoth the other, 'if you are as generous as you ſay: for really a 'crown would have made me happy, and conveyed 'me in plenty to the place I am going, which is not 'above twenty miles off, and where I can arrive by 'to-morrow night. I aſſure you I am notaccuſtom-'ed to travel pennyleſs. I am but juſt arrived in 'England; and we were forced by a ſtorm in our 'paſſage to throw all we had overboard. I do not 'ſuſpect but this fellow will take my word for the 'trifle I owe him; but I hate to appear ſo mean as 'to confeſs myſelf without a ſhilling to ſuch people: 'for theſe, and indeed too many others, know little 'difference in their eſtimation between a beggar and 'a thief.' However, he thought he ſhould deal better with the hoſt that evening than the next morning; he therefore reſolved to ſet out immediately notwithſtanding the darkneſs; and accordingly, as ſoon as the hoſt returned, he communicated to him the ſituation of his affairs; upon which the hoſt, ſcratching his head, anſwered, 'Why, I do not know, maſter, if 'it be ſo, and you have no money, I muſt truſt, I 'think, tho' I had rather always have ready money if 'I could; but, marry, you look like ſo honeſt a gen-'tleman, that I do not fear you paying me, if it was 'twenty times as much.' The prieſt made no reply, but taking leave of him and Adams as faſt as he could, not without confuſion, and perhaps with ſome diſtruſt of Adams's ſincerity, departed.

He

He was no fooner gone, than the hoft fhook his head, and declared, if he had fufpected the fellow had no money, he would not have drawn him a fingle drop of drink; faying, he defpaired of ever feeing his face again; for that he look'd like a confounded rogue. 'Rabbit the fellow,' cries he, 'I thought by his talking fo much about riches, 'that he had a hundred pounds at leaft in his 'pockets.' Adams chid him for his fufpicions, which he faid were not becoming a chriftian; and then, without reflecting on his lofs, or confidering how he himfelf fhould depart in the morning, he retired to a very homely bed, as his companions had before; however, health and fatigue gave them a fweeter repofe than is often in the power of velvet and down to beftow.



CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Containing as ſurpriſing and bloody adventures as can be found in this, or perhaps any other authentic hiſtory.

IT was almoſt morning, when Joſeph Andrews, whoſe eyes the thoughts of his dear Fanny had opened, as he lay fondly meditating on that lovely creature, heard a violent knocking at the door over which he lay. He preſently jumped out of bed, and opening the window, was aſked if there were no travellers in the houſe; and preſently by another voice, if two men and a young woman had not taken up their lodgings there that night. Tho' he knew not the voices, he began to entertain a ſuſpicion of the truth; for indeed he had received ſome information from one of the ſervants at the ſquire's houſe, of his deſign; and anſwered in the negative. One of the ſervants, who knew the hoſt well, called out to him by his name, juſt as he had opened another window, and aſked him the ſame queſtion: to which he anſwered in the affirmative. O ho! ſaid another, have we found you? and ordered the hoſt to come down and open his door. Fanny, who was as wakeful as Joſeph, no ſooner heard all this, than ſhe leaped from her bed, and haſtily putting on her gown and petticoats, ran as faſt as poſſible to Joſeph's room, who then was almoſt dreſt; he immediately let her in, and embracing her with the moſt paſſionate tenderneſs, bid her fear nothing; for he would die in her defence. 'Is that a reaſon why I ſhould not fear,' ſays ſhe, 'when I ſhould loſe what is dearer to me than the 'whole world?' Joſeph then kiſſing her hand, ſaid he could almoſt thank the occaſion which had extorted from her a tenderneſs ſhe would never indulge him with before. He then ran and waked his bedfellow Adams, who was yet faſt aſleep, notwithſtanding many calls from Joſeph: but was no ſooner made ſenſible of their danger than he leaped

from his bed, without confidering the prefence of Fanny, who haftily turned her face from him, and enjoyed a double benefit from the dark, which as it would have prevented any offence to an innocence lefs pure, or a modefty lefs delicate, fo it concealed even thofe blufhes which were raifed in her.

Adams had foon put on all his clothes but his breeches, which in the hurry he forgot; however, they were pretty well fupplied by the length of his other garments: And now the houfe door being opened, the captain, the poet, the player, and three fervants came in. The captain told the hoft, that the two fellows who were in his houfe had run away with a young woman; and defired to know in which room fhe lay. The hoft, who prefently believed the ftory, directed them, and inftantly the captain and poet, joftling one another, ran up. The poet, who was the nimbleft, entering the chamber firft, fearched the bed and every other part, but to no purpofe; the bird was flown, as the impatient reader, who might otherwife have been in pain for her, was before advertifed. They then enquired where the men lay, and were approaching the chamber, when Jofeph roared out in a loud voice, that he would fhoot the firft man who offered to attack the door. The captain enquired what fire-arms they had; to which the hoft anfwered, he believed they had none; nay, he was almoft convinced of it: for he had heard one afk the other in the evening, what they fhould have done, if they had been overtaken when they had no arms; to which the other anfwered, they would have defended themfelves with their fticks as long as they were able, and God would affift a juft caufe. This fatisfied the captain, but not the poet, who prudently retreated down ftairs, faying, it was his bufinefs to record great actions, and not to do them. The captain was no fooner well fatisfied, that there were no fire-arms, than bidding defiance to gunpowder, and fwearing he loved the fmell of it, he ordered

ordered the servants to follow him, and marching boldly up, immediately attempted to force the door, which the servants soon helped him to accomplish. When it was opened, they discovered the enemy drawn up three deep; Adams in the front, and Fanny in the rear. The captain told Adams, that if they would go all back to the house again, they should be civilly treated: but unless they consented, he had orders to carry the young lady with him, whom there was great reason to believe they had stolen from her parents; for notwithstanding her disguise, her air, which she could not conceal, sufficiently discovered her birth to be infinitely superior to theirs. Fanny bursting into tears, solemnly assured him he was mistaken; that she was a poor helpless foundling, and had no relation in the world which he knew of; and throwing herself on her knees, begged that he would not attempt to take her from her friends, who she was convinced would die before they would lose her; which Adams confirmed with words not far from amounting to an oath. The captain swore he had no leisure to talk, and bidding them thank themselves for what happened, he ordered the servants to fall on, at the same time endeavouring to pass by Adams, in order to lay hold on Fanny; but the parson interrupting him, received a blow from one of them, which, without considering whence it came, he returned to the captain, and gave him so dexterous a knock in that part of the stomach which is vulgarly called the pit, that he staggered some paces backwards. The captain, who was not accustomed to this kind of play, and who wisely apprehended the consequence of such another blow, two of them seeming to him equal to a thrust through the body, drew forth his hanger, as Adams approached him, and was levelling a blow at his head, which would probably have silenced the preacher for ever, had not Joseph in that instant lifted up a certain huge stone pot of the chamber with one hand, which six beaus

 could

could not have lifted with both, and discharged it, together with the contents, full in the captain's face. The uplifted hanger dropped from his hand, and he fell prostrate on the floor with a lumpish noise, and his halfpence rattled in his pocket; the red liquor which his veins contained, and the white liquor which the pot contained, ran in one stream down his face and his clothes. Nor had Adams quite escaped, some of the water having in its passage shed its honours on his head, and began to trickle down the wrinkles or rather furrows of his cheeks, when one of the servants snatching a mop out of a pail of water which had already done its duty in washing the house, pushed it in the parson's face; yet could not he bear him down; for the parson wresting the mop from the fellow with one hand, with the other brought his enemy as low as the earth, having given him a stroke over that part of the face, where, in some men of pleasure, the natural and artificial noses are conjoined.

Hitherto fortune seemed to incline the victory on the travellers side, when, according to her custom, she began to shew the fickleness of her disposition: for now the host entering the field, or rather chamber of battle, flew directly at Joseph, and darting his head into his stomach (for he was a stout fellow, and an expert boxer) almost staggered him; but Joseph stepping one leg back, did with his left hand so chuck him under the chin, that he reeled. The youth was pursuing his blow with his right hand, when he received from one of the servants such a stroke with a cudgel on his temples, that it instantly deprived him of sense, and he measured his length on the ground.

Fanny rent the air with her cries, and Adams was coming to the assistance of Joseph: but the two serving men and the host now fell on him, and soon subdued him, though he fought like a madman, and looked so black with the impressions he had received from the mop, that Don Quixote would certainly

certainly have taken him for an inchanted moor. But now follows the moſt tragical part; for the captain was riſen again; and ſeeing Joſeph on the floor, and Adams ſecured, he inſtantly laid hold on Fanny, and with the aſſiſtance of the poet and player, who hearing the battle was over, were now come up, dragged her, crying and tearing her hair, from the ſight of her Joſeph, and with a perfect deafneſs to all her entreaties, carried her down ſtairs by violence, and faſtened her on the player's horſe, and the captain mounting his own, and leading that, on which this poor miſerable wretch was, departed without any more conſideration of her cries than a butcher hath of thoſe of a lamb; for indeed his thoughts were entertained only with the degree of favour which he promiſed himſelf from the ſquire on the ſucceſs of this adventure.

The ſervants, who were ordered to ſecure Adams and Joſeph as ſafe as poſſible, that the ſquire might receive no interruption to his deſign on poor Fanny, immediately, by the poet's advice, tied Adams to one of the bed-poſts, as they did Joſeph on the other ſide, as ſoon as they could bring him to himſelf; and then leaving them together, back to back, and deſiring the hoſt not to ſet them at liberty, nor to go near them till he had further orders, they departed towards their maſter; but happened to take a different road from that which the captain had fallen into.

CHAP. X.

A discourse between the poet and player; of no other use in this history, but to divert the reader.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in this tragedy, we shall leave Mr. Joseph and Mr. Adams to themselves, and imitate the wise conductors of the stage; who, in the midst of a grave action, entertain you with some excellent piece of satire or humour, called a dance. Which piece, indeed, is therefore danced, and not spoke, as it is delivered to the audience by persons, whose thinking faculty is by most people held to lie in their heels; and to whom, as well as heroes, who think with their hands, nature hath only given heads for the sake of conformity, and as they are of use in dancing, to hang their hats on.

The poet, addressing the player, proceeded thus: 'As I was saying,' (for they had been at this discourse all the time of the engagement above stairs) 'the reason you have no good new plays is evident; 'it is from your discouragement of authors. Gentlemen will not write, Sir; they will not write 'without the expectation of fame or profit, or perhaps both. Plays are like trees, which will not 'grow without nourishment: but, like mushrooms, 'they shoot up spontaneously, as it were, in a rich 'soil. The muses, like vines, may be pruned, but 'not with a hatchet. The town, like a peevish 'child, knows not what it desires, and is always 'best pleased with a rattle. A farce-writer hath indeed some chance for success; but they have lost 'all taste for the sublime. Though I believe one 'reason of their depravity is the badness of the actors. If a man writes like an angel, Sir, those fellows know not how to give a sentimental utterance.' 'Not so fast,' says the player; 'the modern actors are as good at least as their authors; 'nay, they come nearer their illustrious predecessors,

'fors, and I expect a Booth on the ftage again, 'fooner than a Shakefpear or an Otway; and indeed 'I may turn your obfervation againft you, and with 'truth fay, that the reafon no authors are encou-'raged, is, becaufe we have no good new plays.' 'I have not affirmed the contrary,' faid the poet; 'but I am furprifed you grow fo warm; you cannot 'imagine yourfelf interefted in this difpute; I hope 'you have a better opinion of my tafte, than to ap-'prehend I fquinted at yourfelf. No, Sir, if we 'had fix fuch actors as you, we fhould foon rival 'the Bettertons and Sandfords of former times; for 'without a compliment to you, I think it impoffible 'for any one to have excelled you in moft of your 'parts. Nay, it is a folemn truth, and I have heard 'many, and all great judges, exprefs as much; and 'you will pardon me if I tell you, I think every 'time I have feen you lately, you have conftantly 'acquired fome new excellence, like a fnow-ball. 'You have deceived me in my eftimation of perfec-'tion, and have outdone what I thought inimitable.' 'You are as little interefted,' anfwered the player, 'in what I have faid of other poets: for d—n me 'if there are not many ftrokes, aye whole fcenes, in 'your laft tragedy, which at leaft equal Shakefpear. 'There is a delicacy of fentiment, a dignity of ex-'preffion in it, which I will own many of our gen-'tlemen did not do adequate juftice to. To con-'fefs the truth, they are bad enough, and I pity an 'author who is prefent at the murder of his works.' 'Nay, it is but feldom that it can happen,' returned the poet; 'the works of moft modern authors, like 'dead-born children, cannot be murdered. It is 'fuch wretched, half-begotten, half-writ, lifelefs, 'fpiritlefs, low, groveling ftuff, that I almoft pity 'the actor who is obliged to get it by heart, which 'muft be almoft as difficult to remember as words in 'in a language you don't underftand.' 'I am fure,' faid the player, 'if the fentences have little mean-'ing when they are writ, when they are fpoken they

have

'have leſs. I know ſcarce one who ever lays an em-'phaſis right, and much leſs adapts his action to his 'character. I have ſeen a tender lover in an atti-'tude of fighting with his miſtreſs, and a brave hero 'ſuing to his enemy with his ſword in his hand.— 'I don't care to abuſe my profeſſion, but rot me if 'in my heart I am not inclined to the poet's ſide.' 'It is rather generous in you than juſt,' ſaid the poet; 'and though I hate to ſpeak ill of any per-'ſon's production; nay, I never do it, nor will— 'but yet, to do juſtice to the actors, what could 'Booth or Betterton have made of ſuch horrible 'ſtuff as Fenton's Mariamne, Frowd's Philotas, or 'Mallet's Eurydice, or thoſe low, dirty, laſt dying 'ſpeeches, which a fellow in the city, or Wapping, 'your Dillo or Lillo, what was his name, called tra-'gedies?'—'Very well,' ſays the player; 'and 'pray what do you think of ſuch fellows as Quin and 'Delane, or that face-making puppy young Cib-'ber, that ill-looked dog Macklin, or that ſaucy 'ſlut Mrs. Clive? What work would they make 'with your Shakeſpears, Otways, and Lees? How 'would thoſe harmonious lines of the laſt come 'from their tongues?

' ——— No more; for I diſdain
' All pomp when thou art by—far be the noiſe
' Of kings and crowns from us, whoſe gentle ſouls
' Our kinder fates have ſteer'd another way.
' Free as the foreſt birds we'll pair together,
' Without rememb'ring who our fathers were:
' Fly to the arbors, grots, and flow'ry meads;
' There in ſoft murmurs interchange our ſouls,
' Together drink the chryſtal of the ſtream,
' Or taſte the yellow fruit which Autumn yields,
' And when the golden evening calls us home,
' Wing to our downy neſts, and ſleep till morn.
' Or how would this diſdain of Otway,
' Who'd be that fooliſh, ſordid thing, call'd man?

'Hold,

'Hold, hold, hold,' said the Poet: 'Do repeat 'that tender speech in the third act of my play, 'which you made such a figure in.'—I would willingly,' said the player, 'but I have forgot it.'—'Ay, you was not quite perfect enough in it when 'you play'd it,' cries the poet, 'or you would have 'had such applause as was never given on the 'stage, an applause I was extremely concerned for 'your losing.'———'Sure,' says the player, 'if I 'remember, that was hiss'd more than any passage 'in the whole play.'———'Ay, your speaking it 'was hiss'd,' said the poet. 'My speaking it!' said the player.———'I mean your not speaking it,' said the poet. 'You was out, and then they hiss'd.' —'They hiss'd, and then I was out, if I remember,' answered the player; 'and I must say this for my'self, that the whole audience allowed I did your 'part justice: So don't lay the damnation of your 'play to my account.' 'I don't know what you 'mean by damnation,' replied the poet. 'Why, 'you know it was acted but one night,' cried the player. 'No,' said the poet, 'you and the whole 'town were my enemies; the pit were all my ene'mies, fellows that would cut my throat, if the 'fear of hanging did not restrain them. All tay'lors, sir, all taylors.'———'Why should the tay'lors be so angry with you?' cries the player. 'I 'suppose you don't employ so many in making your 'clothes.' 'I admit your jest,' answered the poet; 'but you remember the affair as well as myself; 'you know there was a party in the pit and upper'gallery, that would not suffer it to be given out 'again; though much, ay infinitely the majority, 'all the boxes in particular, were desirous of it; 'nay, most of the ladies swore, they never would 'come to the house till it was acted again.——In'deed, I must own their policy was good, in not 'letting it be given out a second time; for the ras'cals knew if it had gone a second night, it would 'have run fifty: For if ever there was distress in

a tragedy

' a tragedy—I am not fond of my own performance; ' but if I ſhould tell you what the beſt judges ſaid ' of it——Nor was it entirely owing to my enemies ' neither, that it did not ſucceed on the ſtage as well ' as it hath ſince among the polite readers; for you ' can't ſay it had juſtice done it by the performers.' ——' I think,' anſwered the player, ' the per- ' formers did the diſtreſs of it juſtice: for I am ſure ' we were in diſtreſs enough, who were pelted with ' oranges all the laſt act; we all imagined it would ' have been the laſt act of our lives.'

The poet, whoſe fury was now raiſed, had juſt attempted to anſwer, when they were interrupted, and an end put to their diſcourſe by an accident; which, if the reader is impatient to know, he muſt ſkip over the next chapter, which is a ſort of counterpart to this, and contains ſome of the beſt and graveſt matters in the whole book, being a diſcourſe between Parſon Abraham Adams and Mr. Joſeph Andrews.

CHAP. XI.

Containing the exhortations of Parson Adams to his friend in affliction; calculated for the instruction and improvement of the reader.

JOSEPH no sooner came perfectly to himself, than perceiving his mistress gone, he bewailed her loss with groans, which would have pierced any heart but those which are possessed by some people, and are made of a certain composition not unlike flint in its hardness and other properties; for you may strike fire from them which will dart through the eyes, but they can never distil one drop of water the same way. His own, poor youth, was of a softer composition; and at those words, O my dear Fanny! O my love! shall I never, never see thee more! his eyes overflowed with tears, which would have become any but a hero. In a word, his despair was more easy to be conceived than related.

Mr. Adams, after many groans, sitting with his back to Joseph, began thus in a sorrowful tone: 'You cannot imagine, my good child, that I entirely blame these first agonies of your grief; for 'when misfortunes attack us by surprise, it must 'require infinitely more learning than you are master of to resist them: but it is the business of a 'man and a christian, to summon reason as quickly 'as he can to his aid; and she will presently teach 'him patience and submission. Be comforted, 'therefore, child. I say be comforted. It is true 'you have lost the prettiest, kindest, loveliest, 'sweetest, young woman, one with whom you 'might have expected to live in happiness, virtue, 'and innocence. By whom you might have promised yourself many little darlings, who would 'have been the delight of your youth, and the 'comfort of your age. You have not only lost 'her, but have reason to fear the utmost violence 'which lust and power can inflict upon her. Now, 'indeed,

' indeed, you may eaſily raiſe ideas of horror, which
' might drive you to deſpair-'—' O I ſhall run
' mad,' cries Joſeph; ' O that I could but com-
' mand my hands to tear my eyes out, and my fleſh
' off.'—If you would uſe them to ſuch purpoſes, I
' am glad you can't,' anſwered Adams. ' I have
' ſtated your misfortune as ſtrong as I poſſibly can;
' but on the other ſide, you are to conſider you are
' a chriſtian; that no accident happens to us with-
' out the divine permiſſion, and that it is the duty
' of a man, much more of a chriſtian, to ſubmit.
' We did not make ourſelves; but the ſame power
' which made us rules over us, and we are abſo-
' lutely at his diſpoſal; he may do with us what he
' pleaſes, nor have we any right to complain. A
' ſecond reaſon againſt our complaint is our igno-
' rance; for as we know not future events, ſo nei-
' ther can we tell to what purpoſe any accident
' tends; and that which at firſt threatens us with
' evil, may in the end produce our good. I ſhould
' indeed have ſaid our ignorance is twofold (but I
' have not at preſent time to divide properly) for
' as we know not to what purpoſe any event is ulti-
' mately directed, ſo neither can we affirm from
' what cauſe it originally ſprung. You are a man,
' and conſequently a ſinner; and this may be a pu-
' niſhment to you for your ſins; indeed in this ſenſe
' it may be eſteemed as a good, yea, as the greateſt
' good, which ſatisfies the anger of Heaven, and
' averts that wrath which cannot continue without
' our deſtruction. Thirdly, our impotency of re-
' lieving ourſelves demonſtrates the folly and ab-
' ſurdity of our complaints: for whom do we re-
' ſiſt? or againſt whom do we complain, but a
' power from whoſe ſhafts no armour can guard us,
' no ſpeed can fly? A power which leaves us no
' hope but in ſubmiſſion.'—' O Sir,' cried Joſeph,
' all this is very true and very fine, and I could
' hear you all day, if I was not ſo grieved at heart as
' now I am.' ' Would you take phyſic,' ſays
Adams,

Adams, 'when you are well, and refuse it when you 'are sick? Is not comfort to be administered to the 'afflicted, and not to those who rejoice, or those who 'are at ease?'—'O you have not spoke one word of 'comfort to me yet,' returned Joseph. 'No!' cries 'Adams; What am I then doing? what can I say to 'comfort you?'—'O tell me,' cries Joseph, 'that 'Fanny will escape back to my arms, that they shall 'again inclose that lovely creature, with all her 'sweetness, all her untainted innocence about her.' '—Why, perhaps you may,' cries Adams; 'but I 'can't promise you what's to come. You must with 'perfect resignation wait the event; if she be re-'stored to you again, it is your duty to be thank-'ful, and so it is if she be not: Joseph, if you are 'wise, and truly know your own interest, you will 'peaceably and quietly submit to all the dispensa-'tions of Providence, being thoroughly assured, 'that all the misfortunes, how great soever, which 'happen to the righteous, happen to them for their 'own good.——Nay, it is not your interest only, 'but your duty to abstain from immoderate grief; 'which if you indulge, you are not worthy the 'name of a christian.'——He spoke these last words with an accent a little severer than usual; upon which Joseph begged him not to be angry, saying, he mistook him if he thought he denied it was his duty; for he had known that long ago. 'What 'signifies knowing your duty, if you do not perform 'it?' answered Adams. 'Your knowledge increases 'your guilt.——O Joseph, I never thought you 'had this stubbornness in your mind.' Joseph re-plied, 'he fancied he misunderstood him, which, 'I assure you,' says he, 'you do, if you imagine I 'endeavour to grieve; upon my soul I don't.' Adams rebuked him for swearing, and then pro-ceeded to enlarge on the folly of grief, telling him, all the wise men and philosophers, even among the heathens, had written against it, quoting several paf-

fages from Seneca, and the Confolation, which, though it was not Cicero's, was, he faid, as good almoft as any of his works, and concluded all by hinting, that immoderate grief in this cafe might incenfe that power which alone could reftore him his Fanny. This reafon, or indeed rather the idea, which is raifed of the reftoration of his miftrefs, had more effect than all which the parfon had faid before, and for a moment abated his agonies: but when his fears fufficiently fet before his eyes the danger that poor creature was in, his grief returned again with repeated violence, nor could Adams in the leaft affwage it; though it may be doubted in his behalf, whether Socrates himfelf could have prevailed any better.

They remained fome time in filence; and groans and fighs iffued from them both; at length Jofeph burft out into the following foliloquy:

> Yes, I will bear my forrows like a man,
> But I muft alfo feel them as a man,
> I cannot but remember fuch things were,
> And were moft dear to me.——————

Adams afked him what fluff that was he repeated?—To which he anfwered, they were fome lines he had gotten by heart out of a play.——'Aye, 'there is nothing but heathenifm to be learn'd from 'plays,' replied he—'I never heard of any plays 'fit for a chriftian to read, but Cato and the Con-'fcious Lovers; and I muft own in the latter there 'are fome things almoft folemn enough for a fer-'mon.' But we fhall now leave them a little, and enquire after the fubject of their converfation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

More adventures, which we hope will as much pleafe as furprife the reader.

NEITHER the facetious dialogue which paffed between the poet and the player, nor the grave and truly folemn difcourfe of Mr. Adams, will, we conceive, make the reader fufficient amends for the anxiety which he muft have felt on the account of poor Fanny, whom we left in fo deplorable a condition. We fhall therefore now proceed to the relation of what happened to that beautiful and innocent virgin, after fhe fell into the wicked hands of the captain.

The man of war having conveyed his charming prize out of the inn a little before day, made the utmoft expedition in his power towards the fquire's houfe, where this delicate creature was to be offered up a facrifice to the luft of a ravifher. He was not only deaf to all her bewailings and entreaties on the road, but accofted her ears with impurities, which having been never before accuftomed to them, fhe happily for herfelf very little underftood. At laft he changed his note, and attempted to footh and mollify her, by fetting forth the fplendor and luxury which would be her fortune with a man who would have the inclination and power too, to give her whatever her utmoft wifhes could defire; and told her he doubted not but fhe would foon look kinder on him as the inftrument of her happinefs, and defpife that pitiful fellow, whom her ignorance could only make her fond of. She anfwered, fhe knew not whom he meant; fhe never was fond of any pitiful fellow. 'Are you affronted, madam,' fays he, 'at my calling him fo? but what better can be faid 'of one in livery, notwithftanding your fondnefs 'for him;' She returned, that fhe did not underftand him, that the man had been her fellow-fervant, and fhe believed was as honeft a creature as any

any alive: but as for fondness for men.—'I warrant ye,' cries the captain, 'we shall find means 'to persuade you to be fond; and I advise you to 'yield to gentle ones; for you may be assured, that 'it is not in your power, by any struggles whatever, to preserve your virginity two hours longer. 'It will be your interest to consent: for the squire 'will be much kinder to you if he enjoys you willingly, than by force.'—At which words she began to call aloud for assistance (for it was now open day) but finding none, she lifted her eyes up to heaven, and supplicated the divine assistance to preserve her innocence. The captain told her, if she persisted in her vociferation, he would find a means of stopping her mouth. And now the poor wretch perceiving no hopes of succour, abandoned herself to despair, and sighing out the name of Joseph! Joseph! a river of tears ran down her lovely cheeks, and wet the handkerchief which covered her bosom. A horseman now appeared in the road, upon which the captain threatened her violently if she complained: however, the moment they approached each other, she begged him with the utmost earnestness to relieve a distressed creature who was in the hands of a ravisher. The fellow stopt at those words; but the captain assured him it was his wife, and that he was carrying her home from her adulterer: which so satisfied the fellow, who was an old one, (and perhaps a married one too,) that he wished him a good journey, and rode on. He was no sooner past, than the captain abused her violently for breaking his commands, and threatened to gagg her, when two more horsemen, armed with pistols, came into the road just before them. She immediately solicited their assistance, and the captain told the same story as before. Upon which one said to the other —'That's a charming wench! Jack! I wish I had 'been in the fellow's place, whoever he is.' But the other, instead of answering him, cried out eagerly, 'Zounds, I know her:' and then turning to

to her, ſaid, ‘ Sure you are not Fanny Goodwill.’ ——‘ O John, I know you now——‘ Heaven hath ‘ ſent you to my aſſiſtance, to deliver me from this ‘ wicked man, who is carrying me away for his ‘ vile purpoſes.——O for God’s ſake reſcue me ‘ from him.’ A fierce dialogue immediately enſued between the captain and theſe two men, who being both armed with piſtols, and the chariot which they attended being now arrived, the captain ſaw both force and ſtratagem were vain, and endeavoured to make his eſcape; in which, however, he could not ſucceed. The gentleman who rode in the chariot ordered it to ſtop, and with an air of authority examined into the merits of the cauſe; of which being advertiſed by Fanny, whoſe credit was confirmed by the fellow who knew her, he ordered the captain, who was all bloody from his encounter at the inn, to be conveyed as a priſoner behind the chariot, and very gallantly took Fanny into it; for to ſay the truth, this gentleman (who was no other than the celebrated Mr. Peter Pounce, and who preceded the Lady Booby only a few miles, by ſetting out earlier in the morning) was a very gallant perſon, and loved a pretty girl better than any thing, beſides his own money, or the money of other people.

The chariot now proceeded towards the inn, which, as Fanny was informed, lay in their way, and where it arrived at that very time while the poet and player were diſputing below ſtairs, and Adams and Joſeph were diſcourſing back to back above: juſt at that period to which we brought them both in the two preceding chapters, the chariot ſtopt at the door, and in an inſtant Fanny leaping from it, ran up to her Joſeph.— O reader, conceive, if thou canſt, the joy which fired the breaſts of theſe lovers on this meeting; and if thy own heart doth not ſympathetically aſſiſt thee in this conception, I pity thee ſincerely from my own; for let the hard-hearted villain know

this, that there is a pleaſure in a tender ſenſation beyond any which he is capable of taſting.

Peter being informed by Fanny of the preſence of Adams, ſtopt to ſee him, and receive his homage; for, as Peter was an hypocrite, a ſort of people whom Mr. Adams never ſaw through, the one paid that reſpect to his ſeeming goodneſs which the other believed to be paid to his riches; hence Mr. Adams was ſo much his favourite, that he once lent him four pounds thirteen ſhillings and ſixpence, to prevent his going to gaol, on no greater ſecurity than a bond and judgment, which probably he would have made no uſe of, tho' the money had not been (as it was) paid exactly at the time.

It is not perhaps eaſy to deſcribe the figure of Adams; he had riſen in ſuch violent hurry, that he had on neither breeches nor ſtockings; nor had he taken from his head a red ſpotted handkerchief, which by night bound his wig, that was turned inſide out, around his head. He had on his torn caſſock, and his great coat; but as the remainder of his caſſock hung down below his great coat, ſo did a ſmall ſtripe of white, or rather whitiſh linen, appear below that; to which we may add the ſeveral colours which appeared on his face, where a long piſſburnt beard ſerved to retain the liquor of the ſtone pot, and that of a blacker hue, which diſtilled from the mop.—This figure, which Fanny had delivered from his captivity, was no ſooner ſpied by Peter, than it diſordered the compoſed gravity of his muſcles; however, he adviſed him immediately to make him clean, nor would accept his homage in that pickle.

The poet and player no ſooner ſaw the captain in captivity, than they began to conſider of their own ſafety, of which flight preſented itſelf as the only means; they therefore both of them mounted the poet's horſe, and made the moſt expeditious retreat in their power.

The hoſt, who well knew Mr. Pounce, and the Lady

Lady Booby's livery, was not a little ſurpriſed at this change of the ſcene, nor was his confuſion much helped by his wife, who was now juſt riſen, and having heard from him the account of what had paſt, comforted him with a decent number of fools and blockheads; aſked him why he did not conſult her; and told him, he would never leave following the nonſenſical dictates of his own numſcull, till ſhe and her family were ruined.

Joſeph being informed of the captain's arrival, and ſeeing his Fanny now in ſafety, quitted her a moment, and, running down ſtairs, went directly to him, and, ſtripping off his coat challenged him to fight; but the captain refuſed, ſaying, he did not underſtand boxing. He then graſped a cudgel in one hand, and catching the captain by the collar with the other, gave him a moſt ſevere drubbing, and ended with telling him, he had now had ſome revenge for what his dear Fanny had ſuffered.

When Mr. Pounce had a little regaled himſelf with ſome proviſion which he had in his chariot, and Mr. Adams had put on the beſt appearance his clothes would allow him, Pounce ordered the captain into his preſence; for he ſaid he was guilty of felony, and the next juſtice of peace ſhould commit him: but the ſervants (whoſe appetite for revenge is ſoon ſatisfied) being ſufficiently contented with the drubbing which Joſeph had inflicted on him, and which was indeed of no very moderate kind, had ſuffered him to go off, which he did, threatening a ſevere revenge againſt Joſeph, which I have never heard he thought proper to take.

The miſtreſs of the houſe made her voluntary appearance before Mr. Pounce, and with a thouſand curt'ſies told him, 'ſhe hoped his honour would pardon her huſband, who was a very nonſenſe man, 'for the ſake of his poor family; that indeed if he 'could be ruined alone, ſhe would be very willing 'of it; for becauſe as why, his worſhip very well 'knew, he deſerved it; but ſhe had three poor ſmall 'children,

'children, who were not capable to get their own 'living; and if her hufband was fent to gaol, they 'muft all come to the parifh; for fhe was a poor 'weak woman, continually a breeding, and had no 'time to work for them. She therefore hoped his 'honour would take it into his worfhip's confidera-'tion, and forgive her hufband this time; for fhe 'was fure he never intended any harm to man, wo-'man, or child: and if it was not for that block-'head of his own, the man in fome things was well 'enough; for fhe had had three children by him in 'lefs than three years, and was almoft ready to cry 'out the fourth time.' She would have proceeded in this manner much longer, had not Peter ftopt her tongue, by telling her, he had nothing to fay to her hufband, nor her neither. So, as Adams, and the reft had affured her of forgivenefs, fhe cried and curt'fied out of the room.

Mr. Pounce was defirous that Fanny fhould continue her journey with him in the chariot: but fhe abfolutely refufed, faying fhe would ride behind Jofeph, on a horfe which one of Lady Booby's fervants had equipped him with. But alas! when the horfe appeared, it was found to be no other than that identical beaft which Mr. Adams had left behind him at the inn, and which thefe honeft fellows, who knew him, had redeemed. Indeed, whatever horfe they had provided for Jofeph, they would have prevailed with him to mount none, no, not even to ride before his beloved Fanny, till the Parfon was fupplied; much lefs would he deprive his friend of the beaft which belonged to him, and which he knew the moment he faw, though Adams did not: however, when he was reminded of the affair, and told that they had brought the horfe with them which he had left behind, he anfwered—Blefs me! and fo I did.

Adams was very defirous that Jofeph and Fanny fhould mount his horfe, and declared he could very eafily walk home. 'If I walked alone,' fays he, 'I would wage a fhilling, that the Pedeftrian

'out

'out ſtripped the Equeſtrian travellers: but as I 'intend to take the company of a pipe, perad- 'venture I may be an hour later.' One of the ſervants whiſpered Joſeph to take him at his word, and ſuffer the old put to walk if he would: This propoſal was anſwered with an angry look, and a peremptory refuſal by Joſeph, who catching Fanny up in his arms, averred he would rather carry her home in that manner, than take away Mr. Adams's horſe, and permit him to walk on foot.

Perhaps, reader, thou haſt ſeen a conteſt between two gentlemen or two ladies quickly decided, tho' they have both aſſerted they would not eat ſuch a nice morſel, and each inſiſted on the other's accepting it; but in reality both were very deſirous to ſwallow it themſelves. Do not therefore conclude hence, that this diſpute would have come to a ſpeedy deciſion; for here both parties were heartily in earneſt, and it is very probable they would have remained in the inn-yard to this day, had not the good Peter Pounce put a ſtop to it: for finding he had no longer hopes of ſatisfying his old appetite with Fanny, and being deſirous of having ſome one to whom he might communicate his grandeur, he told the parſon he would convey him home in his chariot. This favour was by Adams, with many bows and acknowledgements, accepted, though he afterwards ſaid, 'he aſcended the chariot rather 'that he might not offend, than from any deſire of 'riding in it, for that in his heart he preferred the 'pedeſtrian even to the vehicular expedition.' All matters being now ſettled, the chariot in which rode Adams and Pounce, moved forwards; and Joſeph having borrowed a pillion from the hoſt, Fanny had juſt ſeated herſelf thereon, and had laid hold of the girdle which her lover wore for that purpoſe, when the wiſe beaſt, who concluded that one at a time was ſufficient, that two to one were odds, &c. diſcovered much uneaſineſs at his double load, and began to conſider his hinder as his fore-

fore-legs, moving the direct contrary way to that which is called forward. Nor could Joſeph, with all his horſemanſhip, perſuade him to advance: but without having any regard to the lovely part of the lovely girl which was on his back, he uſed ſuch agitations, that had not one of the men came immediately to her aſſiſtance, ſhe had, in plain Engliſh, tumbled backwards on the ground. This inconvenience was preſently remedied by an exchange of horſes; and then Fanny being again placed on her pillion, on a better natured, and ſomewhat a better fed beaſt, the parſon's horſe, finding he had no longer odds to contend with, agreed to march; and the whole proceſſion ſet forward for Booby-Hall, where they arrived in a few hours without any thing remarkable happening on the road, unleſs it was a curious dialogue between the parſon and the ſteward; which, to uſe the language of a late apologiſt, a pattern to all biographers, waits for the reader in the next chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

A curious dialogue which passed between Mr. Abraham Adams, and Mr. Peter Pounce, better worth reading than all the work of Colley Cibber and many others.

THE chariot had not proceeded far, before Mr. Adams obferved, it was a very fine day. 'Aye, 'and a very fine country too,' anfwered Pounce. 'I fhould think fo more,' returned Adams, 'if I 'had not lately travelled over the downs, which I 'take to exceed this and all other profpects in the 'univerfe.' 'A fig for profpects,' anfwered Pounce, 'one acre here is worth ten there; for my 'own part, I have no delight in the profpect of 'any land but my own.' 'Sir,' faid Adams, 'you 'can indulge yourfelf in many fine profpects of 'that kind.' 'I thank G— I have a little,' replied the other, 'with which I am content, and 'envy no man: I have a little, Mr. Adams, with 'which I do as much good as I can.' Adams anfwered, that riches without charity were nothing worth; for that they were a bleffing only to him who made them a bleffing to others. 'You and I,' faid Peter, 'have different notions of charity. I 'own, as it is generally ufed, I do not like the word, 'nor do I think it becomes one of us gentlemen; 'it is a mean parfon-like quality; though I would 'not infer many parfons have it neither.' 'Sir,' faid Adams, 'my definition of charity is a generous 'difpofition to relieve the diftreffed.' 'There 'is fomething in that definition,' anfwered Peter, 'which I like well enough; it is, as you fay, a dif-'pofition,——and does not fo much confift in the 'act, as in the difpofition to do it; but alas, Mr. 'Adams, who are meant by the diftreffed? believe 'me, the diftreffes of mankind are moftly imaginary, 'and it would be rather folly than goodnefs to re-'lieve them.' 'Sure, Sir,' replied Adams, 'Hunger 'and thirft, cold and nakednefs, and other diftreffes 'which attend the poor, can never be faid to be

'imaginary

'imaginary evils.' 'How can any man complain 'of hunger,' said Peter, 'in a country where such 'excellent sallads are to be gathered in almost 'every field? or of thirst, where every river and 'stream produce such delicious potations? and as 'for cold and nakedness, they are evils introduced 'by luxury and custom. A man naturally wants 'clothes no more than a horse or any other animal; 'and there are whole nations who go without them: 'but these are things perhaps which you, who do 'not know the world'——'You will pardon me, 'Sir,' returned Adams; 'I have read of the *Gym-'nosophists*.' 'A plague of your *Jehosaphats*,' cried Peter; 'the greatest fault in our constitution is the 'provision made for the poor, except that perhaps 'made for some others. Sir, I have not an estate 'which doth not contribute almost as much again 'to the poor as to the land tax, and I do assure you 'I do expect to come to the parish in the end.' To which Adams, giving a dissenting smile, Peter thus proceeded: 'I fancy Mr. Adams, you are one of 'those who imagine I am a lump of money; for 'there are many who, I fancy, believe that not 'only my pockets, but my whole clothes, are lined 'with bank bills; but I assure you, you are all mis-'taken: I am not the man the world esteems me. 'If I can hold my head above water, it is all I 'can. I have injured myself by purchasing; I have 'been too liberal of my money. Indeed I fear my 'heir will find my affairs in a worse situation than 'they are reputed to be. Ah! he will have rea-'son to wish I had loved money more, and land 'less. Pray, my good neighbour, where should I 'have that quantity of riches the world is so liberal 'to bestow on me? Where could I possibly, with-'out I had stole it, acquire such a treasure?' 'Why 'truly,' says Adams, 'I have been always of your 'opinion; I have wondered as well as yourself with 'what confidence they could report such things of 'you, which have to me appeared as mere impos-

sibilities

'fibilities; for you know, Sir, and I have often 'heard you fay it, that your wealth is of your own 'acquifition: and can it be credible that in your fhort 'time you fhould have amaffed fuch a heap of trea-'fure as thefe people will have you worth? Indeed, 'had you inherited an eftate like Sir Thomas Booby, 'which had defcended in your family for many ge-'nerations, they might have had a colour for their 'affertions.' 'Why, what do they fay I am worth?' cries Peter, with a malicious fneer. 'Sir,' anfwer-ed Adams, 'I have heard fome aver you are not 'worth lefs than twenty thoufand pounds.' At which Peter frowned. 'Nay, Sir,' faid Adams, 'you afk me only the opinion of others; for my 'own part, I have always denied it, nor did I ever 'believe you could poffibly be worth half that 'fum.' 'However, Mr. Adams,' faid he, fqueez-ing him by the hand, 'I would not fell them all I 'am worth for double that fum; and as to what 'you believe, or they believe, I care not a fig; no, 'not a f—t. I am not poor, becaufe you think me 'fo, nor becaufe you attempt to undervalue me in 'the country. I know the envy of mankind very 'well; but I thank Heaven I am above them. It 'is true, my wealth is of my own acquifition. I 'have not an eftate like Sir Thomas Booby, that 'hath defcended in my family through many gene-'rations; but I know heirs of fuch eftates, who are 'forced to travel about the country, like fome peo-'ple, in torn caffocks, and might be glad to accept 'of a pitiful curacy, for what I know. Yes, Sir, 'as fhabby fellows as yourfelf, whom no man of my 'figure, without that vice of good-nature about 'him, would fuffer to ride in a chariot with him.' 'Sir,' faid Adams, 'I value not your chariot of 'a rufh; and if I had known you had intended to 'affront me, I would have walked to the world's 'end on foot, ere I would have accepted a place in 'it. However, Sir, I will foon rid you of that in-'convenience!'

'convenience!' And so saying, he opened the chariot-door, without calling to the coachman, and leaped out into the highway, forgetting to take his hat along with him; which, however, Mr. Pounce threw after him with great violence. Joseph and Fanny stopped to bear him company the rest of the way, which was not above a mile.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

JOSEPH ANDREWS,

AND HIS FRIEND

Mr. ABRAHAM ADAMS.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

The arrival of Lady Booby and the reſt at Booby-Hall.

THE coach and ſix, in which Lady Booby rode, overtook the other travellers as they entered the pariſh. She no ſooner ſaw Joſeph, than her cheeks glowed with red, and immediately after became as totally pale. She had in her ſurprize almoſt ſtopped her coach; but recollected herſelf timely enough to prevent it. She entered the pariſh amidſt the ringing of bells, and the acclamations of the poor, who were rejoiced to ſee their patroneſs returned after ſo long an abſence, during which time all her rents had been drafted to London, without a ſhilling being ſpent among them, which tended not a little to their utter impoveriſhment; for if the court would be ſeverely miſſed in ſuch a city as London, how much more muſt the abſence of a perſon of great fortune be felt in a little country

village, for whose inhabitants such a family finds a constant employment and supply; and with the offals of whose table the infirm, aged, and infant poor, are abundantly fed, with a generosity which hath scarce a visible effect on their benefactor's pockets!

But if their interest inspired so publick a joy into every countenance, how much more forcibly did the affection which they bore Parson Adams operate upon all who beheld his return! They flocked about him like dutiful children round an indulgent parent, and vied with each other in demonstrations of duty and love. The parson on his side shook every one by the hand, enquired heartily after the healths of all that were absent, of their children and relations, and exprest a satisfaction in his face, which nothing but benevolence made happy by its objects could infuse.

Nor did Joseph and Fanny want a hearty welcome from all who saw them. In short, no three persons could be more kindly received, as indeed none ever more deserved to be universally beloved.

Adams carried his fellow-travellers home to his house, where he insisted on their partaking whatever his wife, whom, with his children, he found in health and joy, could provide. Where we shall leave them enjoying perfect happiness, over a homely meal, to view scenes of greater splendor, but infinitely less bliss.

Our more intelligent readers will doubtless suspect, by this second appearance of Lady Booby on the stage, that all was not ended by the dismission of Joseph; and, to be honest with them, they are in the right; the arrow had pierced deeper than she imagined; nor was the wound so easily to be cured. The removal of the object soon cooled her rage, but it had a different effect on her love: that departed with his person; but this remained lurking in her mind with his image. Restless, interrupted slumbers,

slumbers, and confused horrible dreams, were her portion the first night. In the morning, fancy painted her a more delicious scene; but to delude, not to delight her: for, before she could reach the promised happiness, it vanished, and left her to curse, not bless, the vision.

She started from her sleep, her imagination being all on fire with the phantom, when her eyes accidentally glancing towards the spot where yesterday the real Joseph had stood, that little circumstance raised his idea in the liveliest colours in her memory. Each look, each word, each gesture rushed back on her mind with charms which all his coldness could not abate. Nay, she imputed that to his youth, his folly, his awe, his religion, to every thing but what would instantly have produced contempt, want of passion for the sex; or that which would have roused her hatred, want of liking to her.

Reflection then hurried her farther, and told her, she must see this beautiful youth no more; nay, suggested to her, that she herself had dismissed him for no other fault than probably that of too violent an awe and respect for herself; and which she ought rather to have esteemed a merit, the effects of which were besides so easily and surely to have been removed: she then blamed, she cursed the hasty rashness of her temper; her fury was vented all on herself; and Joseph appeared innocent in her eyes. Her passion at length grew so violent, that it forced her on seeking relief, and now she thought of recalling him; but pride forbade that; pride, which soon drove all softer passions from her soul, and represented to her the meanness of him she was fond of. That thought soon began to obscure his beauties; contempt succeeded next, and then disdain, which presently introduced her hatred of the creature who had given her so much uneasiness. These enemies of Joseph had no sooner taken possession of her mind, than they insinuated to her

 a thousand

a thousand things in his disfavour; every thing but dislike of her person; a thought which, as it would have been intolerable to bear, she checked the moment it endeavoured to arise. Revenge came now to her assistance; and she considered her dismission of him, stripped and without a character, with the utmost pleasure. She rioted in the several kinds of misery, which her imagination suggested to her, might be his fate; and with a smile composed of anger, mirth, and scorn, viewed him in the rags in which her fancy had drest him.

Mrs. Slipslop being summoned, attended her mistress, who had now in her own opinion totally subdued this passion. Whilst she was dressing, she asked if that fellow had been turned away according to her orders. Slipslop answered, she had told her ladyship so; (as indeed she had.) ‘And how did ‘he behave?’ replied the lady. ‘Truly, Madam,’ cries Slipslop, ‘in such a manner that *infected* every ‘body who saw him. The poor lad had but little ‘wages to receive: for he had constantly allowed ‘his father and mother half his income; so that ‘when your ladyship's livery was stripped off, he ‘had not wherewith to buy a coat, and must have ‘gone naked, if one of the footmen had not *incommodated* him with one; and whilst he was standing ‘in his shirt, (and, to say truth, he was an *amorous* ‘figure,) being told your ladyship would not give ‘him a character, he sighed, and said he had done ‘nothing willingly to offend; that for his part, he ‘should always give your ladyship a good character ‘wherever he went; and he prayed God to bless ‘you, for you was the best of ladies, though his ‘enemies had set you against him. I wish you had ‘not turned him away; for I believe you have not ‘a faithfuller servant in the house.’—‘How came ‘you then,’ replied the lady, ‘to advise me to turn ‘him away?’—‘I, Madam!’ said Slipslop: ‘I am ‘sure you will do me the justice to say, I did all in

my power to prevent it; but I saw your ladyship was angry; and it is not the business of us upper servants to *hinterfear* on these occasions.'—'And was it not you, audacious wretch,' cried the lady, who made me angry? Was it not your tittle-tattle, in which I believe you belied the poor fellow, which incensed me against him? He may thank you for all that hath happened; and so may I for the loss of a good servant, and one who had probably more merit than all of you. Poor fellow! I am charmed with his goodness to his parents. Why did not you tell me of that, but suffer me to dismiss so good a creature without a character? I see the reason of your whole behaviour now, as well as of your complaint; you was jealous of the wenches.'—'I jealous!' said Slipslop: 'I assure you, I look upon myself as his betters: I am not meat for a footman, I hope.' These words threw the lady into a violent passion, and she sent Slipslop from her presence; who departed, tossing her nose, and crying—'Marry come up! there are some people more jealous than I, I believe.' Her lady affected not to hear these words, though in reality she did, and understood them too. Now ensued a second conflict, so like the former, that it might savour of repetition to relate it minutely. It may suffice to say, that Lady Booby found good reason to doubt, whether she had so absolutely conquered her passion, as she had flattered herself; and, in order to accomplish it quite, took a resolution more common than wise, to retire immediately into the country. The reader hath long ago seen the arrival of Mrs. Slipslop, whom no pertness could make her mistress resolve to part with, lately that of Mr. Pounce, her forerunners, and lastly, that of the lady herself.

The morning after her arrival, being Sunday, she went to church, to the great surprize of every body, who wondered to see her ladyship, being no

very

very conſtant church-woman, there ſo ſuddenly upon her journey. Joſeph was likewiſe there; and I have heard it was remarked, that ſhe fixed her eyes on him much more than on the parſon; but this I believe to be only a malicious rumour. When the prayers were ended, Mr. Adams ſtood up, and with a loud voice pronounced—'I publiſh the banns 'of marriage between Joſeph Andrews and Frances 'Goodwill, both of this pariſh,' &c. Whether this had any effect on Lady Booby or no, who was then in her pew, which the congregation could not ſee into, I could never diſcover; but certain it is, that in about a quarter of an hour ſhe ſtood up, and directed her eyes to that part of the church where the women ſat, and perſiſted in looking that way during the remainder of the ſermon, in ſo ſcrutinizing a manner, and with ſo angry a countenance, that moſt of the women were afraid ſhe was offended at them.

The moment ſhe returned home, ſhe ſent for Slipſlop into her chamber, and told her ſhe wondered what that impudent fellow Joſeph did in that pariſh: upon which Slipſlop gave her an account of her meeting Adams with him on the road, and likewiſe the adventure with Fanny. At the relation of which, the lady often changed her countenance; and when ſhe had heard all, ſhe ordered Mr. Adams into her preſence, to whom ſhe behaved as the reader will ſee in the next chapter.

CHAP. II.

A Dialogue between Mr. Abraham Adams and the Lady Booby.

MR. Adams was not far off; for he was drinking her ladyſhip's health below, in a cup of her ale. He no ſooner came before her, than ſhe began in the following manner: 'I wonder, Sir, after 'the many great obligations you have had to this 'family,' (with all which the reader hath, in the courſe of this hiſtory, been minutely acquainted,) 'that you will ungratefully ſhew any reſpect to a fel-'low who hath been turned out of it for his miſdeeds. 'Nor doth it, I can tell you, Sir, become a man of 'your character, to run about the country with an 'idle fellow and wench. Indeed, as for the girl, 'I know no harm of her. Slipſlop tells me ſhe was 'formerly bred up in my houſe, and behaved as 'ſhe ought, till ſhe hankered after this fellow, and 'he ſpoiled her. Nay, ſhe may ſtill perhaps do very 'well if he will let her alone. You are therefore doing 'a monſtrous thing, in endeavouring to procure a 'match between theſe two people, which will be 'to the ruin of them both.' 'Madam,' ſaid Adams, 'if your ladyſhip will but hear me ſpeak, I proteſt I 'never heard any harm of Mr. Joſeph Andrews; 'if I had, I ſhould have corrected him for it: 'For I never have nor will encourage the faults 'of thoſe under my cure. As for the young wo-'man, I aſſure your ladyſhip, I have as good an 'opinion of her as your ladyſhip yourſelf, or any 'other can have. She is the ſweeteſt-tempered, 'honeſteſt, worthieſt young creature!—Indeed, as 'to her beauty, I do not commend her on that ac-'count, though all men allow ſhe is the handſomeſt 'woman, gentle or ſimple, that ever appeared in 'the pariſh.' 'You are very impertinent,' ſays

ſhe,

ſhe, ‘ to talk ſuch fulſome ſtuff to me. It is mighty ‘ becoming truly in a clergyman to trouble himſelf ‘ about handſome women; and you are a delicate ‘ judge of beauty, no doubt. A man who hath ‘ lived all his life in ſuch a pariſh as this, is a rare ‘ judge of beauty. Ridiculous! Beauty, indeed!—a ‘ country wench a beauty!—I ſhall be ſick whenever ‘ I hear beauty mentioned again. And ſo this ‘ wench is to ſtock the pariſh with beauties, I hope. ‘ But, Sir, our poor are numerous enough already: ‘ I will have no more vagabonds ſettled here.’ ‘ Madam,’ ſays Adams, ‘ your ladyſhip is offended ‘ with me, I proteſt, without any reaſon. This ‘ couple were deſirous to conſummate long ago, and ‘ I diſſuaded them from it; nay, I may venture to ‘ ſay, I believe, I was the ſole cauſe of their delay- ‘ ing it.’ ‘ Well,’ ſays ſhe, ‘ and you did very ‘ wiſely and honeſtly too, notwithſtanding ſhe is the ‘ greateſt beauty in the pariſh.’ ‘ And now, Madam,’ continued he, ‘ I only perform my office to Mr. Jo- ‘ ſeph.’ ‘ Pray, don't miſter ſuch fellows to me,’ cries the lady. ‘ He,’ ſaid the parſon, ‘ with the ‘ conſent of Fanny, before my face, put in the ‘ banns.’ ‘ Yes,’ anſwered the lady, ‘ I ſuppoſe ‘ the ſlut is forward enough: Slipſlop tells me how ‘ her head runs on fellows; that is one of her ‘ beauties, I ſuppoſe. But if they have put in the ‘ banns, I deſire you will publiſh them no more ‘ without my orders.’ ‘ Madam,’ cries Adams, ‘ if any one puts in a ſufficient caution, and aſſigns ‘ a proper reaſon againſt them, I am willing to ſur- ‘ ceaſe.’—‘ I tell you a reaſon,’ ſays ſhe; ‘ he is a ‘ vagabond, and he ſhall not ſettle here, and bring ‘ a neſt of beggars into the pariſh: it will make us ‘ but little amends that they will be beauties.’ ‘ Madam,’ anſwered Adams, ‘ with the utmoſt ſub- ‘ miſſion to your ladyſhip, ‘ I have been informed ‘ by lawyer Scout, that any perſon who ſerves a ‘ year, gains a ſettlement in the pariſh where he

‘ ſerves.’

'serves.' 'Lawyer Scout,' replied the lady, 'is an 'impudent coxcomb: I will have no lawyer Scout 'interfere with me. I repeat to you again, I will 'have no more incumbrances brought on us; so I 'desire you will proceed no farther.' 'Madam,' returned Adams, 'I would obey your ladyship in 'every thing that is lawful; but surely the parties 'being poor is no reason against their marrying. 'God forbid there should be any such law. The 'poor have little share enough of this world already; 'it would be barbarous indeed to deny them the 'common privileges, and innocent enjoyments, 'which nature indulges to the animal creation.' 'Since you understand yourself no better,' cries the lady, 'nor the respect due from such as you to 'a woman of my distinction, than to affront my 'ears by such loose discourse, I shall mention but 'one short word: it is my orders to you, that you 'publish these banns no more; and if you dare, I 'will recommend it to your master, the doctor, to 'discard you from his service. I will, Sir, not-'withstanding your poor family; and then you and 'the greatest beauty in the parish may go and beg 'together.' 'Madam,' answered Adams, 'I know 'not what your ladyship means by the terms master 'and service. I am in the service of a master who 'will never discard me for doing my duty: and if the 'doctor (for indeed I have never been able to pay 'for a licence) thinks proper to turn me out from 'my cure, God will provide me, I hope, another. At 'least, my family, as well as myself, have hands; 'and he will prosper, I doubt not, our endeavours 'to get our bread honestly with them. Whilst my 'conscience is pure, I shall never fear what man 'can do unto me.' 'I condemn my humility,' said 'the lady, 'for demeaning myself to converse with 'you so long. I shall take other measures; for I see 'you are a confederate with them. But the sooner 'you leave me the better; and I shall give orders

'that

'that my doors may no longer be open to you. I 'will suffer no parsons, who run about the country 'with beauties, to be entertained here.'—'Madam,' said Adams, 'I shall enter into no person's house 'against their will; but I am assured, when you 'have enquired farther into this matter, you will 'applaud, not blame, my proceeding; and so I 'humbly take my leave:' Which he did with many bows, or at least many attempts at a bow.

CHAP. III.

What past between the Lady and Lawyer Scout

IN the afternoon the lady sent for Mr. Scout, whom she attacked most violently for intermeddling with her servants; which he denied, and indeed with truth; for he had only asserted accidentally, and perhaps rightly, that a year's service gained a settlement; and so far he owned he might have formerly informed the parson, and believed it was law. 'I am resolved,' said the lady, 'to have no discarded servants of mine settled here; and so, if this be your law, I shall send to another lawyer.' Scout said, 'If she sent to a hundred lawyers, not one or all of them could alter the law. The utmost that was in the power of a lawyer, was to prevent the law's taking effect; and that he himself could do for her ladyship as well as any other: and I believe,' says he, 'Madam, your ladyship not being conversant in these matters, hath mistaken a difference: For I asserted only, that a man who served a year was settled. Now there is a material difference between being settled in law and settled in fact; and as I affirmed generally he was settled, and law is preferable to fact, my settlement must be understood in law, and not in fact. And suppose, Madam, we admit he was settled in law, what use will they make of it, how doth that relate to fact? He is not settled in fact; and if he be not settled in fact, he is not an inhabitant; and if he is not an inhabitant, he is not of this parish; and then undoubtedly he ought not to be published here; for Mr. Adams hath told me your ladyship's pleasure, and the reason, which is a very good one, to prevent burdening us with the poor: we have too many already: and I think we ought to have an act to hang or transport half of them. If we

'can prove in evidence, that he is not ſettled in fact, 'it is another matter. What I ſaid to Mr. Adams, 'was on a ſuppoſition that he was ſettled in fact; 'and indeed, if that was the caſe, I ſhould doubt.'— 'Don't tell me your facts, and your ifs,' ſaid the lady: 'I don't underſtand your gibberiſh: You take 'too much upon you, and are very impertinent in 'pretending to direct in this pariſh, and you ſhall 'be taught better; I aſſure you, you ſhall. But as 'to the wench, I am reſolved ſhe ſhall not ſettle here; 'I will not ſuffer ſuch beauties as theſe to produce 'children for us to keep.'—'Beauties, indeed! your 'ladyſhip is pleaſed to be merry,'—anſwered Scout. '——Mr. Adams deſcribed her ſo to me,' ſaid the lady—'Pray what ſort of dowdy is it, Mr. Scout?' '—The ugliest creature almoſt I ever beheld; a poor 'dirty drab; your ladyſhip never ſaw ſuch a wretch.' 'Well, but, dear Mr. Scout, let her be what ſhe 'will, theſe ugly women will bring children, you 'know; ſo that we muſt prevent the marriage.'— 'True, Madam,' replied Scout; 'for the ſubſe-'quent marriage co-operating with the law, will 'carry law into fact. When a man is married, he 'is ſettled in fact; and then he is not removeable. 'I will ſee Mr. Adams, and I make no doubt of 'prevailing with him. His only objection is, doubt-'leſs, that he ſhall loſe his fee: but that being once 'made eaſy, as it ſhall be, I am confident no other 'objection will remain. No, no, it is impoſſible: 'but your ladyſhip can't diſcommend his unwilling-'neſs to depart from his fee. Every man ought to 'have a proper value for his fee. As to the matter 'in queſtion, if your ladyſhip pleaſes to employ me 'in it, I will venture to promiſe you ſucceſs. The 'laws of this land are not ſo vulgar, to permit a 'mean fellow to contend with one of your ladyſhip's 'fortune. We have one ſure card, which is to 'carry him before Juſtice Frolick, who, upon hear-'ing your ladyſhip's name, will commit him with-

'out

'out any farther queſtions. As for the dirty ſlut, 'we ſhall have nothing to do with her; for if we 'get rid of the fellow, the ugly jade will—' 'Take 'what meaſures you pleaſe, good Mr. Scout,' anſwered the lady; 'but I wiſh you could rid the 'pariſh of both: for Slipſlop tells me ſuch ſtories 'of this wench, that I abhor the thoughts of her; 'and though you ſay ſhe is ſuch an ugly ſlut, yet 'you know, dear Mr. Scout, theſe forward crea-'tures, who run after men, will always find ſome 'as forward as themſelves: ſo that, to prevent the 'increaſe of beggars, we muſt get rid of her.'—— 'Your ladyſhip is very much in the right,' anſwered Scout; 'but I am afraid the law is a little deficient 'in giving us any ſuch power of prevention: how-'ever, the juſtice will ſtretch it as far as he is able, 'to oblige your ladyſhip. To ſay truth, it is a great 'bleſſing to the country that he is in the commiſſion; 'for he hath taken ſeveral poor off our hands that 'the law would never have laid hold on. I know 'ſome juſtices who make as much of committing a 'man to Bridewell, as his lordſhip at ſize would of 'hanging him: but it would do a man good to ſee 'his worſhip, our juſtice, commit a fellow to Bride-'well, he takes ſo much pleaſure in it: and when 'once we ha'un there, we ſeldom hear any more 'o'un. He's either ſtarved, or eat up by vermin, 'in a month's time.'—Here the arrival of a viſitor put an end to the converſation; and Mr. Scout, having undertaken the cauſe, and promiſed it ſucceſs, departed.

This Scout was one of thoſe fellows who, without any knowledge of the law, or being bred to it, take upon them, in defiance of an act of parliament, to act as lawyers in the country, and are called ſo. They are the peſts of ſociety, and a ſcandal to a profeſſion to which indeed they do not belong; and which owes to ſuch kind of raſcallions the ill-will which weak perſons bear towards it. With this fel-

low, to whom a little before ſhe would not have condeſcended to have ſpoken, did a certain paſſion for Joſeph, and the jealouſy and diſdain of poor innocent Fanny, betray the Lady Booby into a familiar diſcourſe, in which ſhe inadvertently confirmed many hints with which Slipſlop, whoſe gallant he was, had pre-acquainted him; and whence he had taken an opportunity to aſſert thoſe ſevere falſhoods of little Fanny, which poſſibly the reader might not have been well able to account for, if we had not thought proper to give him this information.

CHAP. IV.

A short Chapter, but very full of Matter; particularly the arrival of Mr. Booby and his Lady.

ALL that night, and the next day, the Lady Booby passed with the utmost anxiety; her mind was distracted, and her soul tossed up and down with many turbulent and opposite passions. She loved, hated, pitied, scorned, admired, despised the same person by fits, which changed in a very short interval. On Tuesday morning, which happened to be a holiday, she went to church, where, to her surprise, Mr. Adams published the banns again with as audible a voice as before. It was lucky for her, that as there was no sermon, she had an immediate opportunity of returning home to vent her rage, which she could not have concealed from the congregation five minutes; indeed, it was not then very numerous, the assembly consisting of no more than Adams, his clerk, his wife, the lady, and one of her servants. At her return she met Slipslop, who accosted her in these words:——'O Meam, what 'doth your ladyship think? To be sure lawyer 'Scout hath carried Joseph and Fanny both before 'the justice. All the parish are in tears, and say 'they will certainly be hanged: for nobody knows 'what it is for.'—'I suppose they deserve it,' says the lady. 'Why dost thou mention such wretches 'to me?'——'O dear Madam,' answered Slipslop, 'is it not a pity such a *graceless* young man should 'die a *virulent* death? I hope the judge will take '*commensuration* on his youth. As for Fanny, I 'don't think it signifies much what becomes of her; 'and if poor Joseph hath done any thing, I could 'venture to swear she *traduced* him to it: few men 'ever come to a *fragrant* punishment, but by those 'nasty creatures, who are a scandal to our *sect*.'

The lady was no more pleaſed at this news, after a moment's reflection, than Slipſlop herſelf: for though ſhe wiſhed Fanny far enough, ſhe did not deſire the removal of Joſeph, eſpecially with her. She was puzzled how to act, or what to ſay, on this occaſion, when a coach and ſix drove into the court, and a ſervant acquainted her with the arrival of her nephew Booby and his Lady. She ordered them to be conducted into a drawing-room, whither ſhe preſently repaired, having compoſed her countenance as well as ſhe could; being a little ſatisfied that the wedding would by theſe means be at leaſt interrupted, and that ſhe ſhould have an opportunity to execute any reſolution ſhe might take, for which ſhe ſaw herſelf provided with an excellent inſtrument in Scout.

The Lady Booby apprehended her ſervant had made a miſtake, when he mentioned Mr. Booby's Lady, for ſhe had never heard of his marriage; but how great was her ſurpriſe, when, at her entering the room, her nephew preſented his wife to her! ſaying, 'Madam, this is that charming Pamela, of 'whom I am convinced you have heard ſo much.' The lady received her with more civility than he expected; indeed, with the utmoſt: for ſhe was perfectly polite, nor had any vice inconſiſtent with good breeding. They paſſed ſome little time in ordinary diſcourſe, when a ſervant came and whiſpered Mr. Booby, who preſently told the ladies, he muſt deſert them a little on ſome buſineſs of conſequence; and as their diſcourſe during his abſence would afford little improvement to the reader, we will leave them for a while, to attend Mr. Booby.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Containing Juſtice Buſineſs; curious Precedents of Depoſitions, and other Matters neceſſary to be peruſed by all Juſtices of the Peace and their Clerks.

THE young ſquire and his lady were no ſooner alighted from their coach, than the ſervants began to enquire after Mr. Joſeph, from whom they ſaid their lady had not heard a word, to her great ſurprize, ſince he had left Lady Booby's. Upon this they were inſtantly informed of what had lately happened, with which they haſtily acquainted their maſter, who took an immediate reſolution to go himſelf, and endeavour to reſtore his Pamela her brother, before ſhe even knew ſhe had loſt him.

The juſtice, before whom the criminals were carried, and who lived within a ſhort mile of the lady's houſe, was luckily Mr. Booby's acquaintance, by his having an eſtate in his neighbourhood. Ordering therefore his horſes to his coach, he ſet out for the judgment ſeat, and arrived when the juſtice had almoſt finiſhed his buſineſs. He was conducted into a hall, where he was acquainted that his worſhip would wait on him in a moment; for he had only a man and a woman to commit to Bridewell firſt. As he was now convinced he had not a minute to loſe, he inſiſted on the ſervant's introducing him directly into the room where the juſtice was then executing his office, as he called it. Being brought thither, and the firſt compliments being paſt between the ſquire and his worſhip, the former aſked the latter what crime theſe two young people had been guilty of. 'No great crime,' anſwered the juſtice; 'I 'have only ordered them to Bridewell for a month.' 'But what is their crime?' repeated the ſquire. 'Larceny, an't pleaſe your Honour,' ſaid Scout. 'Aye,' ſays the juſtice, 'a kind of felonious, larce-'nous

'nous thing. I believe I must order them a little 'correction too, a little stripping and whipping.' (Poor Fanny, who had hitherto supported all with the thoughts of Joseph's company, trembled at that sound; but, indeed, without reason; for none but the devil himself would have executed such a sentence on her.) 'Still,' said the squire, 'I am 'ignorant of the crime; the fact, I mean.' 'Why, 'there it is in peaper,' answered the justice, shewing him a deposition, which, in the absence of his clerk, he had writ himself, of which we have with great difficulty procured an authentic copy; and here it follows *verbatim et literatim.*

The Depusition of James Scout, Layer, and Thomas Trotter, Yeoman, taken before mee, one of his Majesty's Justasses of the Piece for Zumersetshire.

'These deponents saith, and first Thomas Trotter for himself saith, that on the of this instant 'October, being Sabbath-day, betwin the ours of 2 'and 4 in the afternoon, he zeed Joseph Andrews 'and Francis Goodwill walk akross a certaine felde 'belunging to Layer Scout, and out of the path 'which ledes thru the said felde, and there he zede 'Joseph Andrews with a knife cut one hassel-twig, 'of the value, as he believes, of 3 half-pence, or 'thereabouts; and he saith, that the said Francis 'Goodwill was likewise walking on the grass, out 'of the said path in the said felde, and did receive 'and karry in her hand the said twig, and so was 'cumfarting, eading and abating to the said Joseph 'therein. And the said James Scout for himself 'says, that he verily believes the said twig to be his 'own proper twig, &c.'

'Jesu!' says the squire, 'would you commit 'two persons to Bridewell for a twig?' 'Yes,' said the lawyer, 'and with great lenity too; for if we 'had called it a young tree, they would have been

'both

'both hanged.'—'Harkee,' says the justice, (taking aside the squire,) 'I should not have been so severe on 'this occasion, but Lady Booby desires to get them 'out of the parish; so lawyer Scout will give the 'constable orders to let them run away, if they 'please: but it seems they intend to marry to- 'gether, and the lady hath no other means, as 'they are legally settled there, to prevent their 'bringing an incumbrance on her own parish.' 'Well,' said the squire, 'I will take care my aunt 'shall be satisfied in this point; and likewise I pro- 'mise you, Joseph here shall never be any incum- 'brance on her. I shall be obliged to you there- 'fore, if, instead of Bridewell, you will commit them 'to my custody.'—'O, to be sure, Sir, if you de- 'sire it,' answered the justice; and without more ado, Joseph and Fanny were delivered over to Squire Booby, whom Joseph very well knew; but little guessed how nearly he was related to him. The justice burnt his mittimus; the constable was sent about his business; the lawyer made no complaint for the want of justice; and the prisoners, with exulting hearts, gave a thousand thanks to his honour Mr. Booby, who did not intend their obligations to him should cease here; for ordering his man to produce a cloak bag, which he had ordered to be brought from Lady Booby's on purpose, he desired the justice that he might have Joseph with him into a room, where ordering his servant to take out a suit of his own clothes, with linen and other necessaries, he left Joseph to dress himself, who, not yet knowing the cause of all this civility, excused his accepting such a favour, as long as he decently could. Whilst Joseph was dressing, the squire repaired to the justice, whom he found talking with Fanny; for, during the examination, she had flapped her hat over her eyes, which were also bathed in tears, and had, by that means concealed from his worship what might perhaps have rendered the

the arrival of Mr. Booby unneceſſary at leaſt for herſelf. The juſtice no ſooner ſaw her countenance cleared up, and her bright eyes ſhining through her tears, than he ſecretly curſed himſelf for having once thought of Bridewell for her. He would willingly have ſent his own wife thither, to have had Fanny in her place. And conceiving almoſt at the ſame inſtant deſires and ſchemes to accompliſh them, he employed the minutes whilſt the ſquire was abſent with Joſeph, in aſſuring her how ſorry he was for having treated her ſo roughly before he knew her merit; and told her, that ſince Lady Booby was unwilling that ſhe ſhould ſettle in her pariſh, ſhe was heartily welcome to his, where he promiſed her his protection, adding, that he would take Joſeph and her into his own family, if ſhe liked it; which aſſurance he confirmed with a ſqueeze by the hand. She thanked him very kindly, and ſaid, 'She would acquaint Joſeph with the offer, which 'he would certainly be glad to accept; for that 'Lady Booby was angry with them both; though 'ſhe did not know either had done any thing to of-'fend her: but imputed it to Madam Slipſlop, 'who had always been her enemy.'

The ſquire now returned, and prevented any farther continuance of this converſation; and the juſtice, out of a pretended reſpect to his gueſt, but, in reality, from an apprehenſion of a rival, (for he knew nothing of his marriage,) ordered Fanny into the kitchen, whither ſhe gladly retired; nor did the ſquire, who declined the trouble of explaining the whole matter, oppoſe it.

It would be unneceſſary, if I was able, which indeed I am not, to relate the converſation between theſe two gentlemen, which rolled, as I have been informed, entirely on the ſubject of horſe-racing. Joſeph was ſoon dreſt in the plaineſt dreſs he could find, which was a blue coat and breeches, with a gold edging, and a red waiſtcoat with the ſame; and

and as this ſuit, which was rather too large for the ſquire, exactly fitted him, ſo he became it ſo well, and looked ſo genteel, that no perſon would have doubted its being as well adapted to his quality as his ſhape; nor have ſuſpected, as one might, when my Lord ——, or Sir ——, or Mr. ——, appear in lace or embroidery, that the taylor's man wore thoſe clothes home on his back, which he ſhould have carried under his arm.

The ſquire now took leave of the juſtice, and calling for Fanny, made her and Joſeph, againſt their wills, get into the coach with him, which he then ordered to drive to Lady Booby's.——It had moved a few yards only, when the ſquire aſked Joſeph, if he knew who that man was croſſing the field; for, added he, I never ſaw one take ſuch ſtrides before. Joſeph anſwered eagerly, 'O, Sir, 'it is Parſon Adams.'—'O la, indeed, and ſo it is,' ſaid Fanny. 'Poor man, he is coming to do what 'he could for us. Well, he is the worthieſt, beſt-'natured creature.'——'Aye,' ſaid Joſeph, 'God 'bleſs him; for there is not ſuch another in the 'univerſe.'—'The beſt creature living ſure,' cries Fanny. 'Is he?' ſays the ſquire, 'then I am re-'ſolved to have the beſt creature living in my coach;' and ſo ſaying, he ordered it to ſtop, while Joſeph, at his requeſt, hallooed to the parſon, who well knowing his voice, made all the haſte imaginable, and ſoon came up with them. He was deſired by the maſter, who could ſcarce refrain from laughter at his figure, to mount into the coach, which he with many thanks refuſed, ſaying he could walk by its ſide, and he'd warrant he kept up with it; but he was at length over-prevailed on. The ſquire now acquainted Joſeph with his marriage; but he might have ſpared himſelf that labour; for his ſervant, whilſt Joſeph was dreſſing, had performed that office before. He continued to expreſs the vaſt happineſs he enjoyed in his ſiſter, and the value he

had

had for all who belonged to her. Joseph made many bows, and exprest as many acknowledgements; and Parson Adams, who now first perceived Joseph's new apparel, burst into tears with joy, and fell to rubbing his hands and snapping his fingers, as if he had been mad.

They were now arrived at the Lady Booby's, and the squire, desiring them to wait a moment in the court, went in to his aunt, and calling her out from his wife, acquainted her with Joseph's arrival; saying, 'Madam, as I have married a virtuous and 'worthy woman, I am resolved to own her relations, 'and shew them all a proper respect; I shall think 'myself therefore infinitely obliged to all mine 'who will do the same. It is true her brother hath 'been your servant, but he is now become my bro'ther; and I have one happiness, that neither his 'character, his behaviour, or appearance, give 'me any reason to be ashamed of calling him so. In 'short, he is now below, dressed like a gentleman, 'in which light I intend he shall hereafter be seen; 'and you will oblige me beyond expression, if you 'will admit him to be of our party; for I know it 'will give great pleasure to my wife, though she 'will not mention it.'

This was a stroke of Fortune beyond the Lady Booby's hopes or expectations. She answered him 'eagerly, 'Nephew, you know how easily I am 'prevailed on to do any thing which Joseph An'drews desires.——'Phoo! I mean which you de'sire me; and as he is now your relation, I cannot 'refuse to entertain him as such.' The squire told her, he knew his obligation to her for her compliance; and going three steps, returned and told her, he had one more favour, which he believed she would easily grant, as she had accorded him the former. 'There is a young woman—'Nephew,' says she, 'don't let my good-nature make you de'sire, as is too commonly the case, to impose on

'me.

'Nor think, becauſe I have with ſo much condeſcenſion agreed to ſuffer your brother-in-law to come to my table, that I will ſubmit to the company of all my own ſervants, and all the dirty trollops in the country.' 'Madam,' anſwered the ſquire, 'I believe you never ſaw this young creature. I never beheld ſuch ſweetneſs and innocence, joined with ſuch beauty, and withal ſo genteel.' 'Upon my ſoul I won't admit her,' replied the lady in a paſſion: 'the whole world ſhan't prevail on me: I reſent even the deſire as an affront, and'——The ſquire, who knew her inflexibility, interrupted her, by aſking pardon, and promiſing not to mention it more. He then returned to Joſeph, and ſhe to Pamela. He took Joſeph aſide, and told him, he would carry him to his ſiſter; but could not prevail as yet for Fanny. Joſeph begged he might ſee his ſiſter alone, and then be with his Fanny; but the ſquire knowing the pleaſure his wife would have in her brother's company, would not admit it; telling Joſeph, there would be nothing in ſo ſhort an abſence from Fanny, whilſt he was aſſured of her ſafety; adding, he hoped he could not eaſily quit a ſiſter whom he had not ſeen ſo long, and who ſo tenderly loved him. Joſeph immediately complied; for indeed no brother could love a ſiſter more; and recommending Fanny, who rejoiced that ſhe was not to go before Lady Booby, to the care of Mr. Adams, he attended the ſquire up ſtairs, whilſt Fanny repaired with the parſon to his houſe, where ſhe thought herſelf ſecure of a kind reception.

CHAP. VI.

Of which you are desired to read no more than you like.

THE meeting between Joseph and Pamela was not without tears of joy on both sides: and their embraces were full of tenderness and affection. They were however regarded with much more pleasure by the nephew than by the aunt, to whose flame they were fuel only; and this was increased by the addition of dress, which was indeed not wanted to set off the lively colours in which nature had drawn health, strength, comeliness, and youth. In the afternoon Joseph, at their request, entertained them with the account of his adventures; nor could Lady Booby conceal her dissatisfaction at those parts in which Fanny was concerned, especially when Mr. Booby launched forth into such rapturous praises of her beauty. She said, applying to her niece, that she wondered her nephew, who had pretended to marry for love, should think such a subject proper to amuse his wife with; adding, that, for her part, she should be jealous of a husband who spoke so warmly in praise of another woman. Pamela answered, indeed she thought she had cause; but it was an instance of Mr. Booby's aptness to see more beauty in women than they were mistresses of. At which words both the women fixed their eyes on two looking-glasses: and Lady Booby replied, that men were, in general, very ill judges of beauty; and then, whilst both contemplated only their own faces, they paid a cross compliment to each other's charms. When the hour of rest approached, which the lady of the house deferred as long as decently she could, she informed Joseph (whom for the future we shall call Mr. Joseph, he having as good a title to that appellation as many others, I mean that incontested one

one of good clothes) that ſhe had ordered a bed to be provided for him. He declined this favour to his utmoſt; for his heart had long been with his Fanny; but ſhe inſiſted on his accepting it, alledging, that the pariſh had no proper accommodation for ſuch as he was now to eſteem himſelf. The ſquire and his lady both joining with her, Mr. Joſeph was at laſt forced to give over his deſign of viſiting Fanny that evening, who, on her ſide, as impatiently expected him till midnight, when, in complacence to Mr. Adams's family, who had ſat up two hours out of reſpect to her, ſhe retired to bed, but not to ſleep; the thoughts of her lover kept her waking; and his not returning according to his promiſe, filled her with uneaſineſs; of which, however, ſhe could not aſſign any other cauſe, than merely that of being abſent from him.

Mr. Joſeph roſe early in the morning, and viſited her in whom his ſoul delighted. She no ſooner heard his voice in the parſon's parlour, than ſhe leapt from her bed, and dreſſing herſelf in a few minutes, went down to him. They paſſed two hours with inexpreſſible happineſs together; and then having appointed Monday, by Mr. Adams's permiſſion, for their marriage, Mr. Joſeph returned, according to his promiſe, to breakfaſt at the Lady Booby's, with whoſe behaviour ſince the evening we ſhall now acquaint the reader.

She was no ſooner retired to her chamber, than ſhe aſked Slipſlop what ſhe thought of this wonderful creature her nephew had married. 'Madam!' ſaid Slipſlop, not yet ſufficiently underſtanding what anſwer ſhe was to make.' 'I aſk you,' anſwered the lady, 'what you think of the dowdy—my niece I think 'I am to call her?' Slipſlop, wanting no farther hint, began to pull her to pieces, and ſo miſerably defaced her, that it would have been impoſſible for any one to have known the perſon. The lady gave her all the aſſiſtance ſhe could, and ended with ſay-

ing, 'I think, Slipslop, you have done her justice; 'but yet, bad as she is, she is an angel, compared 'to this Fanny.' Slipslop then fell on Fanny, whom she hacked and hewed in the like barbarous manner, concluding with an observation, that there was always something in those low-life creatures which must eternally distinguish them from their betters. 'Really,' said the lady, 'I think there is one exception to the rule; I am certain you may guess 'whom I mean.' 'Not I, upon my word, Madam,' said Slipslop. 'I mean a young fellow—sure you 'are the dullest wretch,' said the lady.—'O la, I 'am, indeed. Yes, truly, Madam, he is an *accession*,' answered Slipslop.—'Aye, is he not, Slipslop?' returned the lady. 'Is he not so genteel that a prince 'might without a blush acknowledge him for his 'son. His behaviour is such that would not shame 'the best education. He borrows from his station 'a condescension in every thing to his superiors, 'yet unattended by that mean servility which is 'called good behaviour in such persons.——Every 'thing he doth hath no mark of the base motive 'of fear, but visibly shews some respect and gratitude, and carries with it the persuasion of love. '——And then for his virtues; such piety to his 'parents, such tender affection to his sister, such 'integrity in his friendship, such bravery, such 'goodness, that if he had been born a gentleman, 'his wife would have possessed the most invaluable 'blessings.'—'To be sure, Madam,' says Slipslop. ——'But as he is,' answered the lady, 'if he had 'a thousand more good qualities, it must render a 'woman of fashion contemptible even to be suspected of thinking of him: yes, I should despise 'myself for such a thought.' 'To be sure, Ma'am,' said Slipslop. 'And why to be sure?' replied the lady: 'thou art always one's echo. Is he not more 'worthy of affection than a dirty country clown, 'though born of a family as old as the flood; or

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'an idle worthlefs rake, or a little puifny beau of 'quality? And yet thefe we muft condemn our-'felves to, in order to avoid the cenfure of the world; 'to fhun the contempt of others, we muft ally our-'felves to thofe we defpife; we muft prefer birth, 'title, and fortune, to real merit. It is a tyranny 'of cuftom, a tyranny we muft comply with: for 'we people of fafhion are the flaves of cuftom.' 'Marry come up!' faid Slipflop, who now well knew which party to take, 'If I was a woman of 'your ladyfhip's fortune and quality, I would be a 'flave to nobody.' 'Me,' faid the lady; 'I am 'fpeaking, if a young woman of fafhion, who had 'feen nothing of the world, fhould happen to like 'fuch a fellow.—Me indeed! I hope thou didft not 'imagine'—'No, Ma'am, to be fure,' cries Slipflop. —'No! what no?' cries the lady. 'Thou art al-'ways ready to anfwer before thou haft heard one. 'So far I muft allow he is a charming fellow. Me 'indeed! No, Slipflop, all thoughts of men are 'over with me.——I have loft a hufband, who—— 'but if I fhould reflect, I fhould run mad.——My 'future eafe muft depend upon forgetfulnefs. Slip-'flop, let me hear fome of thy nonfenfe, to turn my 'thoughts another way. What doft thou think of 'Mr. Andrews?' Why I think,' fays Slipflop, 'he 'is the handfomeft, moft properest man I ever faw; 'and if I was a lady of the greateft degree, it would 'be well for fome folks. Your ladyfhip may talk 'of cuftom, if you pleafe; but I am *confidous* there 'is no more comparifon between young Mr. An-'drews, and moft of the young gentlemen who come 'to your ladyfhip's houfe in London—a parcel of '*whipper-fnapper* fparks—I would fooner marry our 'old Parfon Adams. Never tell me what people 'fay, whilft I am happy in the arms of him I love. 'Some folks rail againft other folks, becaufe other 'folks have what fome folks would be glad of.' 'And fo,' anfwered the lady, 'if you was a woman

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'of condition, you would really marry Mr. An-'drews?' 'Yes, I assure your ladyship,' replied Slipslop, 'if he would have me.' 'Fool, idiot,' cries the lady, 'if he would have a woman of fashion! 'Is that a question?' 'No, truly, Madam,' said Slipslop; 'I believe it would be none if Fanny was 'out of the way; and I am *confidous* if I was in your 'ladyship's place, and liked Mr. Joseph Andrews, 'she should not stay in the parish a moment. I am 'sure lawyer Scout would send her packing, if your 'ladyship would but say the word.'

This last speech of Slipslop raised a tempest in the mind of her mistress. She feared Scout had betrayed her, or rather that she had betrayed herself. After some silence, and a double change of her complexion, first to pale, and then to red, she thus spoke: 'I am astonished at the liberty you 'give your tongue. Would you insinuate, that I 'employed Scout against this wench on the account 'of the fellow?' 'La, Ma'am,' said Slipslop, frighted out of her wits; 'I *assassinate* such a thing!' 'I think you dare not,' answered the lady. 'I be-'lieve my conduct may defy malice itself to assert 'so cursed a slander. If I had ever discovered any 'wantonness, any lightness in my behaviour, if I 'had followed the example of some whom thou 'hast, I believe, seen, in allowing myself indecent 'liberties, even with a husband: but the dear man, 'who is gone,' (here she began to sob,) 'was he 'alive again,' (then she produced tears,) 'could not 'upbraid me with any one act of tenderness or 'passion. No, Slipslop, all the time I cohabited 'with him, he never obtained even a kiss from me, 'without my expressing reluctance in the granting 'it. I am sure he himself never suspected how 'much I loved him.—Since his death, thou knowest, 'though it is almost six weeks (it wants but a day) 'ago, I have not admitted one visitor, till this fool, 'my nephew, arrived. I have confined myself quite

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'to one party of friends.——And can ſuch a conduct as this fear to be arraigned? To be accuſed 'not only of a paſſion which I have always deſpiſed, 'but of fixing it on ſuch an object, a creature ſo 'much beneath my notice.' 'Upon my word, 'Ma'am,' ſays Slipſlop, 'I do not underſtand your 'ladyſhip, nor know I any thing of the matter.' 'I believe indeed thou doſt not underſtand me. 'Theſe are delicacies which exiſt only in ſuperior 'minds; thy coarſe ideas cannot comprehend them. 'Thou art a low creature, of the Andrews's breed, 'a reptile of the lower order, a weed that grows in 'the common garden of the creation.' 'I aſſure 'your ladyſhip,' ſays Slipſlop, whoſe paſſions were almoſt of as high an order as her lady's, 'I have 'no more to do with *Common Garden* than other 'folks. Really, your ladyſhip talks of ſervants as 'if they were not born of the Chriſtian *ſpecious*. 'Servants have fleſh and blood as well as quality; 'and Mr. Andrews himſelf is a proof that they 'have as good, if not better. And for my own 'part, I can't conceive my *dears* * are coarſer than 'other people's; and I am ſure, if Mr. Andrews 'was a *dear* of mine, I ſhould not be aſhamed 'of him in company with gentlemen; for who-'ever hath ſeen him in his new clothes, muſt con-'feſs he looks as much like a gentleman as any body. 'Coarſe, quotha! I can't bear to hear the poor 'young fellow run down neither: for I will ſay 'this, I never heard him ſay an ill word of any 'body in his life. I am ſure his coarſeneſs doth not 'lie in his heart; for he is the beſt natured man in 'the world; and as for his ſkin, it is no coarſer 'than other people's, I am ſure. His boſom, when 'a boy, was as white as driven ſnow; and where it 'is not covered with hairs, is ſo ſtill.' Ifakins! 'if I was Mrs. Andrews, with a hundred a year, I

* Meaning, perhaps, *ideas*.

'ſhould not envy the beſt ſhe who wears a head. 'A woman that could not be happy with ſuch a 'man, ought never to be ſo: for if he can't make 'a woman happy, I never yet beheld the man who 'could. I ſay again, I wiſh I was a great lady for 'his ſake. I believe when I had made a gentleman 'of him, he'd behave ſo, that nobody ſhould *de-'precate* what I had done; and I fancy few would 'venture to tell him he was no gentleman to his 'face, nor to mine neither.' At which words, taking up the candles, ſhe aſked her miſtreſs, who had been ſome time in her bed, if ſhe had any farther commands; who mildly anſwered, ſhe had none; and telling her, ſhe was a comical creature, bid her good night.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Philoſophical Reflections, the like not to be found in any light French Romance. Mr. Booby's grave Advice to Joſeph, and Fanny's Encounter with a Beau.

HABIT, my good reader, hath ſo vaſt a prevalence over the human mind, that there is ſcarce any thing too ſtrange or too ſtrong to be aſſerted of it. The ſtory of the miſer, who, from long accuſtoming to cheat others, came at laſt to cheat himſelf, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impoſſible nor improbable. In like manner it fares with the practiſers of deceit; who, from having long deceived their acquaintance, gain at laſt a power of deceiving themſelves, and acquire that very opinion (however falſe) of their own abilities, excellencies, and virtues, into which they have for years perhaps endeavoured to betray their neighbours. Now, reader, to apply this obſervation to my preſent purpoſe, thou muſt know, that as the paſſion, generally called love, exerciſes moſt of the talents of the female or fair world, ſo in this they now and then diſcover a ſmall inclination to deceit; for which thou wilt not be angry with the beautiful creatures, when thou haſt conſidered, that at the age of ſeven, or ſomething earlier, Miſs is inſtructed by her mother, that Maſter is a very monſtrous kind of animal, who will, if ſhe ſuffers him to come too near her, infallibly eat her up, and grind her to pieces. That ſo far from kiſſing or toying with him of her own accord, ſhe muſt not admit him to kiſs or toy with her. And, laſtly, that ſhe muſt never have any affection towards him; for if ſhe ſhould, all her friends in petticoats would eſteem her a traitreſs, point at her, and hunt her out of their ſociety. Theſe impreſſions being firſt received,

received, are farther and deeper inculcated by their school-mistresses and companions; so that by the age of ten, they have contracted such a dread and abhorrence of the above-named monster, that, whenever they see him, they fly from him as the innocent hare doth from the greyhound. Hence, to the age of fourteen or fifteen, they entertain a mighty antipathy to Master; they resolve, and frequently profess, that they will never have any commerce with him; and entertain fond hopes of passing their lives out of his reach, of the possibility of which they have so visible an example in their good maiden aunt. But when they arrive at this period, and have now passed their second climacterick, when their wisdom, grown riper, begins to see a little farther, and, from almost daily falling in Master's way, to apprehend the great difficulty of keeping out of it; and when they observe him look often at them, and sometimes very eagerly and earnestly too, (for the monster seldom takes any notice of them till at this age;) they then begin to think of their danger; and as they perceive they cannot easily avoid him, the wiser part bethink themselves of providing by other means for their security. They endeavour, by all the methods they can invent, to render themselves so amiable in his eyes, that he may have no inclination to hurt them; in which they generally succeed so well, that his eyes, by frequent languishing, soon lessen their idea of his fierceness, and so far abate their fears, that they venture to parley with him; and when they perceive him so different from what he hath been described, all gentleness, softness, kindness, tenderness, fondness, their dreadful apprehensions vanish in a moment: and now (it being usual with the human mind to skip from one extreme to its opposite, as easily, and almost as suddenly, as a bird from one bough to another) love instantly succeeds to fear; but as it happens to persons who have in their infancy been thoroughly frightened

frightened with certain no-perfons called ghofts, that they retain their dread of thofe beings after they are convinced that there are no fuch things, fo thefe young ladies, though they no longer apprehend devouring, cannot fo eafily fhake off all that hath been inftilled into them; they ftill entertain the idea of that cenfure which was fo ftrongly imprinted on their tender minds, to which the declarations of abhorrence they every day hear from their companions greatly contribute. To avoid this cenfure, therefore, is now their only care; for which purpofe they ftill pretend the fame averfion to the monfter, and the more they love him, the more ardently they counterfeit the antipathy. By the continual and conftant practice of which deceit on others, they at length impofe on themfelves, and really believe they hate what they love. Thus indeed it happened to Lady Booby, who loved Jofeph long before fhe knew it; and now loved him much more than fhe fufpected. She had indeed, from the time of his fifter's arrival in the quality of her niece, and from the inftant fhe viewed him in the drefs and character of a gentleman, began to conceive fecretly a defign which love had concealed from herfelf, till a dream betrayed it to her.

She had no fooner rifen, than fhe fent for her nephew. When he came to her, after many compliments on his choice, fhe told him, he might perceive in her condefcenfion to admit her own fervant to her table, that fhe looked on the family of Andrews as his relations, and indeed hers; that as he had married into fuch a family, it became him to endeavour by all methods to raife it as much as poffible. At length fhe advifed him to ufe all his art to diffuade Jofeph from his intended match, which would ftill enlarge their relation to meannefs and poverty; concluding, that by a commiffion in the army, or fome other genteel employment, he might foon put young Mr. Andrews on the

the foot of a gentleman; and that being once done, his accomplishments might quickly gain him an alliance which would not be to their discredit.

Her nephew heartily embraced this proposal; and finding Mr. Joseph with his wife, at his return to her chamber, he immediately began thus: 'My love to my dear Pamela, brother, will extend to all her relations; nor shall I shew them less respect than if I had married into the family of a duke. I hope I have given you some early testimonies of this, and shall continue to give you daily more. You will excuse me therefore, brother, if my concern for your interest makes me mention what may be, perhaps, disagreeable to you to hear: but I must insist upon it, that if you have any value for my alliance or my friendship, you will decline any thoughts of engaging farther with a girl, who is, as you are a relation of mine, so much beneath you. I know there may be at first some difficulty in your compliance, but that will daily diminish; and you will in the end sincerely thank me for my advice. I own, indeed, the girl is handsome; but beauty alone is a poor ingredient, and will make but an uncomfortable marriage.' 'Sir,' said Joseph, 'I assure you her beauty is her least perfection; nor do I know a virtue which that young creature is not possest of.' 'As to her virtues,' answered Mr. Booby, 'you can be yet but a slender judge of them: but if she had never so many, you will find her equal in these among her superiors in birth and fortune, which now you are to esteem on a footing with yourself; at least I will take care they shall shortly be so, unless you prevent me by degrading yourself with such a match; a match I have hardly patience to think of; and which would break the hearts of your parents, who now rejoice in the expectation of seeing you make a figure in the world.' 'I know not,' replied Joseph, 'that my

'parents have any power over my inclinations; nor 'am I obliged to ſacrifice my happineſs to their 'whim or ambition: beſides, I ſhall be very ſorry 'to ſee, that the unexpected advancement of my 'ſiſter ſhould ſo ſuddenly inſpire them with this 'wicked pride, and make them deſpiſe their equals. 'I am reſolved on no account to quit my dear 'Fanny; no, though I could raiſe her as high above 'her preſent ſtation as you have raiſed my ſiſter.' 'Your ſiſter, as well as myſelf,' ſaid Booby, 'are 'greatly obliged to you for the compariſon: but, Sir, 'ſhe is not worthy to be compared in beauty to my 'Pamela; nor hath ſhe half her merit. And be- 'ſides, Sir, as you civilly throw my marriage with 'your ſiſter in my teeth, I muſt teach you the wide 'difference between us: my fortune enabled me to 'pleaſe myſelf; and it would have been as over- 'grown a folly in me to have omitted it, as in you 'to do it.' 'My fortune enables me to pleaſe my- 'ſelf likewiſe,' ſaid Joſeph; 'for all my pleaſure 'is centered in Fanny; and, whilſt I have health, I 'ſhall be able to ſupport her with my labour, in that 'ſtation to which ſhe was born, and with which ſhe 'is content.' 'Brother,' ſaid Pamela, 'Mr. Booby 'adviſes you as a friend; and no doubt, my papa 'and mama will be of his opinion, and will have 'great reaſon to be angry with you for deſtroying 'what his goodneſs hath done, and throwing down 'our family again, after he hath raiſed it. It would 'become you better, brother, to pray for the aſ- 'ſiſtance of grace againſt ſuch a paſſion, than to in- 'dulge it.'—'Sure, ſiſter, you are not in earneſt: 'I am ſure ſhe is your equal at leaſt.'——'She was 'my equal,' anſwered Pamela; 'but I am no longer 'Pamela Andrews; I am now this gentleman's 'lady, and as ſuch am above her.—I hope I ſhall 'never behave with an unbecoming pride; but at 'the ſame time, I ſhall always endeavour to know 'myſelf, and queſtion not the aſſiſtance of grace to

'that purpose.' They were now summoned to breakfast, and thus ended their discourse for the present, very little to the satisfaction of any of the parties.

Fanny was now walking in an avenue at some distance from the house, where Joseph had promised to take the first opportunity of coming to her. She had not a shilling in the world, and had subsisted, ever since her return, entirely on the charity of Parson Adams. A young gentleman, attended by many servants, came up to her, and asked her if that was not the Lady Booby's house before him? This indeed he well knew, but had framed the question for no other reason than to make her look up, and discover if her face was equal to the delicacy of her shape. He no sooner saw it, than he was struck with amazement. He stopt his horse, and swore she was the most beautiful creature he ever beheld. Then instantly alighting, and delivering his horse to his servant, he rapt out half a dozen oaths that he would kiss her; to which she at first submitted, begging he would not be rude: but he was not satisfied with the civility of a salute, nor even with the rudest attack he could make on her lips, but caught her in his arms, and endeavoured to kiss her breasts, which with all her strength she resisted, and, as our spark was not of the Herculean race, with some difficulty prevented. The young gentleman being soon out of breath in the struggle, quitted her, and remounting his horse, called one of his servants to him, whom he ordered to stay behind with her, and make her any offers whatever, to prevail on her to return home with him in the evening; and to assure her, he would take her into keeping. He then rode on with his other servants, and arrived at the lady's house, to whom he was a distant relation, and was come to pay a visit.

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The trusty fellow, who was employed in an office he had been long accustomed to, discharged his part with all the fidelity and dexterity imaginable; but to no purpose. She was entirely deaf to his offers, and rejected them with the utmost disdain. At last the pimp, who had perhaps more warm blood about him than his master, began to solicit for himself; he told her, though he was a servant, he was a man of some fortune, which he would make her mistress of—and this without any insult to her virtue, for that he would marry her. She answered, if his master himself, or the greatest lord of the land, would marry her, she would refuse him. At last, being weary with persuasions, and on fire with charms, which would have almost kindled a flame in the bosom of an ancient philosopher, or modern divine, he fastened his horse to the ground, and attacked her with much more force than the gentleman had exerted. Poor Fanny would not have been able to resist his rudeness any long time, but the deity, who presides over chaste love, sent her Joseph to her assistance. He no sooner came within sight, and perceived her struggling with a man, than like a cannon-ball, or like lightning, or any thing that is swifter, if any thing be, he ran towards her; and coming up just as the ravisher had torn her handkerchief from her breast, before his lips had touched that seat of innocence and bliss, he dealt him so lusty a blow on that part of the neck, which a rope would have become with the utmost propriety, that the fellow staggered backwards; and perceiving he had to do with something rougher than the little, tender, trembling hand of Fanny, he quitted her, and turning about, saw his rival, with fire flashing from his eyes, again ready to assail him; and indeed, before he could well defend himself, or return the first blow, he received a second, which, had it fallen on that part of the stomach to which it was directed, would have been

probably the laſt he would have had any occaſion for; but the raviſher lifting up his hand, drove the blow upwards to his mouth, whence it diſlodged three of his teeth: and now not conceiving any extraordinary affection for the beauty of Joſeph's perſon, nor being extremely pleaſed with this method of ſalutation, he collected all his force, and aimed a blow at Joſeph's breaſt, which he artfully parried with one fiſt, ſo that it loſt its force entirely in air; and ſtepping one foot backward, he darted his fiſt ſo fiercely at his enemy, that had he not caught it in his hand, (for he was a boxer of no inferior fame,) it muſt have tumbled him on the ground. And now the raviſher meditated another blow, which he aimed at that part of the breaſt where the heart is lodged: Joſeph did not catch it as before, yet ſo prevented its aim, that it fell directly on his noſe, but with abated force. Joſeph then moving both fiſt and foot forwards at the ſame time, threw his head ſo dexterouſly into the ſtomach of the raviſher, that he fell a lifeleſs lump on the field, where he lay many minutes breathleſs and motionleſs.

When Fanny ſaw her Joſeph receive a blow on his face, and blood running in a ſtream from him, ſhe began to tear her hair, and invoke all human and divine power to his aſſiſtance. She was not, however, long under this affliction, before Joſeph, having conquered his enemy, ran to her, and aſſured her he was not hurt: She then inſtantly fell on her knees, and thanked God that he had made Joſeph the means of her reſcue, and at the ſame time preſerved him from being injured in attempting it. She offered with her handkerchief to wipe the blood from his face; but he ſeeing his rival attempting to recover his legs, turned to him, and aſked him, if he had enough: to which the other anſwered, he had; for he believed he had fought with the devil inſtead of a man; and looſening his horſe, ſaid, he ſhould not have attempted the wench, if he had known ſhe had been ſo well provided for.

Fanny

Fanny now begged Joſeph to return with her to Parſon Adams, and to promiſe that he would leave her no more. Theſe were propoſitions ſo agreeable to Joſeph, that, had he heard them, he would have given an immediate aſſent: but indeed his eyes were his now only ſenſe; for you may remember, reader, that the raviſher had torn her handkerchief from Fanny's neck, by which he had diſcovered ſuch a ſight, that Joſeph hath declared all the ſtatues he ever beheld were ſo much inferior to it in beauty, that it was more capable of converting a man into a ſtatue, than of being imitated by the greateſt maſter of that art. This modeſt creature, whom no warmth in ſummer could ever induce to expoſe her charms to the wanton ſun, (a modeſty to which perhaps they owed their inconceivable whiteneſs,) had ſtood many minutes bare-necked in the preſence of Joſeph, before her apprehenſion of his danger, and the horror of ſeeing his blood, would ſuffer her once to reflect on what concerned herſelf; till at laſt, when the cauſe of her concern had vaniſhed, an admiration at his ſilence, together with obſerving the fixed poſition of his eyes, produced an idea in the lovely maid, which brought more blood into her face than had flowed from Joſeph's noſtrils. The ſnowy hue of her boſom was likewiſe exchanged to vermillion at the inſtant when ſhe clapped her handkerchief round her neck. Joſeph ſaw the uneaſineſs that ſhe ſuffered, and immediately removed his eyes from an object, in ſurveying which he had felt the greateſt delight which the organs of ſight were capable of conveying to his ſoul: ſo great was his fear of offending her, and ſo truly did his paſſion for her deſerve the noble name of Love.

Fanny being recovered from her confuſion, which was almoſt equalled by what Joſeph had felt from obſerving it, again mentioned her requeſt: this was inſtantly and gladly complied with; and together they croſſed two or three fields, which brought them to the habitation of Mr. Adams.

CHAP. VIII.

A Discourse which happened between Mr. Adams, Mrs. Adams, Joseph and Fanny; with some Behaviour of Mr. Adams, which will be called by some few Readers very low, absurd, and unnatural.

THE parson and his wife had just ended a long dispute when the lovers came to the door. Indeed, this young couple had been the subject of the dispute; for Mrs. Adams was one of those prudent people who never do any thing to injure their families; or perhaps one of those good mothers who would even stretch their conscience to serve their children. She had long entertained hopes of seeing her eldest daughter succeed Mrs. Slipslop, and of making her second son an exciseman, by Lady Booby's interest. These were expectations she could not endure the thoughts of quitting, and was therefore very uneasy to see her husband so resolute to oppose the lady's intention in Fanny's affair. She told him, 'it behoved every man to take the first care of his 'family; that he had a wife and six children, the 'maintaining and providing for whom would be bu'siness enough for him, without intermeddling in 'other folks affairs; that he had always preached up 'submission to superiors, and would do ill to give 'an example of the contrary behaviour in his own 'conduct; that if Lady Booby did wrong, she must 'answer for it herself, and the sin would not lie at 'their door; that Fanny had been a servant, and 'bred up in the lady's own family, and consequently 'she must have known more of her than they did; 'and it was very improbable, if she had behaved 'herself well, that the lady would have been so bit'terly her enemy; that perhaps he was too much in'clined to think well of her, because she was hand-

'some;

'some; but handsome women were often no better 'than they should be; that G— made ugly women 'as well as handsome ones, and that if a woman had 'virtue, it signified nothing whether she had beauty 'or no.' For all which reasons she concluded he should oblige the lady, and stop the future publication of the banns. But all these excellent arguments had no effect on the parson, who persisted in doing his duty, without regarding the consequence it might have on his worldly interest: he endeavoured to answer her as well as he could, to which she had just finished her reply, (for she had always the last word every where but at church,) when Joseph and Fanny entered their kitchen, where the parson and his wife then sat at breakfast over some bacon and cabbage. There was a coldness in the civility of Mrs. Adams, which persons of accurate speculation might have observed, but escaped her present guests; indeed, it was a good deal covered by the heartiness of Adams, who no sooner heard that Fanny had neither eat nor drank that morning, than he presented her a bone of bacon he had just been knawing, being the only remains of his provision, and then ran nimbly to the tap, and produced a mug of small beer, which he called ale; however, it was the best in his house. Joseph, addressing himself to the parson, told him the discourse which had past between squire Booby, his sister and himself, concerning Fanny: He then acquainted him with the dangers whence he had rescued her, and communicated some apprehensions on her account. He concluded, that he should never have an easy moment till Fanny was absolutely his, and begged that he might be suffered to fetch a licence, saying, he could easily borrow the money. The parson answered, that he had already given his sentiments concerning a licence, and that a very few days would make it unnecessary. 'Joseph,' says he, 'I wish this haste doth not arise rather from your impatience than your fear; but as it certainly springs

'from

'from one of these causes, I will examine both. 'Of each of these therefore in their turn; and first, 'for the first of these, namely, impatience. Now, 'child, I must inform you, that if, in your purposed 'marriage with this young woman, you have no in-'tention but the indulgence of carnal appetites, 'you are guilty of a heinous sin. Marriage was or-'dained for nobler purposes, as you will learn when 'you hear the service provided on that occasion read 'to you. Nay, perhaps, if you are a good lad, I 'shall give a sermon *gratis*, wherein I shall demon-'strate how little regard ought to be had to the flesh 'on such occasions. The text will be, child, Mat-'thew the vth. and part of the 28th verse, *Whosoever 'looketh on a woman so as to lust after her*. The lat-'ter part I shall omit, as foreign to my purpose. 'Indeed, all such brutal lusts and affections are to 'be greatly subdued, if not totally eradicated, be-'fore the vessel can be said to be consecrated to ho-'nour. To marry with a view of gratifying those 'inclinations is a prostitution of that holy ceremony, 'and must entail a curse on all who so lightly un-'dertake it. If, therefore, this haste arises from im-'patience, you are to correct, and not to give way 'to it. Now, as to the second head which I propose 'to speak to, namely, fear; it argues a diffidence 'highly criminal of that power in which alone we 'should put our trust, seeing we may be well assured 'that he is able, not only to defeat the designs of 'our enemies, but even to turn their hearts. In-'stead of taking therefore any unjustifiable or despe-'rate means to rid ourselves of fear, we should resort 'to prayer only on these occasions; and we may be 'then certain of obtaining what is best for us. When 'any accident threatens us, we are not to despair, 'nor, when it overtakes us, to grieve: we must 'submit in all things to the will of Providence, and 'not set our affections so much on any thing here, 'as not to be able to quit it without reluctance.
'You

'You are a young man, and can know but little of 'this world; I am older, and have ſeen a great deal. 'All paſſions are criminal in their exceſs; and even 'love itſelf, if it is not ſubſervient to our duty, 'may render us blind to it. Had Abraham ſo loved 'his ſon Iſaac, as to refuſe the ſacrifice required, is 'there any of us who would not condemn him? 'Joſeph, I know your many good qualities, and 'value you for them: but as I am to render an ac-'count of your ſoul, which is committed to my 'care, I cannot ſee any fault without reminding 'you of it. You are too much inclined to paſſion, 'child, and have ſet your affections ſo abſolutely on 'this young woman, that if G—— required her at 'your hands, I fear you would reluctantly part 'with her. Now, believe me, no Chriſtian ought 'ſo to ſet his heart on any perſon or thing in this 'world, but that, whenever it ſhall be required or 'taken from him in any manner by Divine Provi-'dence, he may be agreeable, peaceably, quietly, 'and contentedly to reſign it.' At which words one came haſtily in, and acquainted Mr. Adams, that his youngeſt ſon was drowned. He ſtood ſilent a moment, and ſoon began to ſtamp about the room, and deplore his loſs with the bittereſt agony. Joſeph, who was overwhelmed with concern likewiſe, recovered himſelf ſufficiently to endeavour to comfort the parſon; in which attempt he uſed many arguments that he had ſeveral times remembered out of his own diſcourſes both in private and public, (for he was a great enemy to the paſſions, and preached nothing more than the conqueſt of them by reaſon and grace,) but he was not at leiſure now to hearken to his advice. 'Child, child,' ſaid he, 'do not go 'about impoſſibilities. Had it been any other of 'my children, I could have borne it with patience; 'but my little prattler, the darling and comfort of 'my old age—the little wretch to be ſnatched out 'of life juſt at his entrance into it; the ſweeteſt,

'beſt

'best-tempered boy, who never did a thing to offend me. It was but this morning I gave him his first lesson in *Quæ Genus*. This was the very book he learnt in: Poor child! it is of no farther use to thee now. He would have made the best scholar, and have been an ornament to the church—Such parts, and such goodness, never met in one so young.' 'And the handsomest lad too,' says Mrs. Adams, recovering from a swoon in Fanny's arms.——'My poor Jacky, shall I never see thee more?' cries the parson.——'Yes, surely,' says Joseph, 'and in a better place; you will meet again, never to part more.'—I believe the parson did not hear these words, for he paid little regard to them, but went on lamenting whilst the tears trickled down into his bosom. At last he cry'd out, 'Where is my little darling?' and was sallying out, when, to his great surprise and joy, in which I hope the reader will sympathize, he met his son in a wet condition indeed, but alive, and running towards him. The person who brought the news of his misfortune, had been a little too eager, as people sometimes are, from, I believe, no very good principle, to relate ill news; and having seen him fall into the river, instead of running to his assistance, directly ran to acquaint his father of a fate which he had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the child was relieved by the same poor pedlar who had relieved his father before from a less distress. The parson's joy was now as extravagant as his grief had been before; he kissed and embraced his son a thousand times, and ran about the room like one frantic; but as soon as he discovered the face of his old friend the pedlar, and heard the fresh obligations he had to him, what were his sensations! not those which two courtiers feel in one another's embraces; not those with which a great man receives the vile, treacherous engines of his wicked purposes; not those with which a worthless younger brother wishes

his

his elder joy of a ſon, or a man congratulates his rival on his obtaining a miſtreſs, a place, or an honour.—No, reader, he felt the ebullition, the overflowings of a full, honeſt, open heart, towards the perſon who had conferred a real obligation, and of which, if thou canſt not conceive an idea within, I will not vainly endeavour to aſſiſt thee.

When theſe tumults were over, the parſon taking Joſeph aſide, proceeded thus—'No, Joſeph, do 'not give too much way to thy paſſions, if thou doſt 'expect happineſs.' The patience of Joſeph, nor perhaps of Job, could bear no longer: he interrupted the parſon, ſaying, it was eaſier to give advice than take it; nor did he perceive he could ſo entirely conquer himſelf, when he apprehended he had loſt his ſon, or when he found him recovered. 'Boy,' replied Adams, raiſing his voice, 'it doth 'not become green heads to adviſe grey hairs. 'Thou art ignorant of the tenderneſs of fatherly 'affection; when thou art a father, thou wilt be 'capable then only of knowing what a father can 'feel. No man is obliged to impoſſibilities; and 'the loſs of a child is one of thoſe great trials where 'our grief may be allowed to become immoderate.' 'Well, Sir,' cries Joſeph, 'and if I love a miſtreſs 'as well as you your child, ſurely her loſs would 'grieve me equally.' 'Yes; but ſuch love is 'fooliſhneſs, and wrong in itſelf, and ought to be 'conquered,' anſwered Adams; 'it favours too 'much of the fleſh.' 'Sure, Sir,' ſays Joſeph, 'it is not ſinful to love my wife; no, not even to 'doat upon her to diſtraction!' 'Indeed but it is,' ſays Adams. 'Every man ought to love his wife, 'no doubt; we are commanded ſo to do; but we 'ought to love her with moderation and diſcretion.' 'I am afraid I ſhall be guilty of ſome ſin, in ſpite 'of all my endeavour,' ſays Joſeph; 'for I ſhall 'love without any moderation, I am ſure.' 'You 'talk fooliſhly and childiſhly,' cries Adams. 'Indeed,'

'deed,' ſays Mrs. Adams, who had liſtened to the latter part of the converſation, "you talk more 'fooliſhly yourſelf. I hope, my dear, you will ne- 'ver preach any ſuch doctrine, as that huſbands can 'love their wives too well. If I knew you had ſuch 'a ſermon in the houſe, I am ſure I would burn it; 'and I declare, if I had not been convinced you 'had loved me as well as you could, I can anſwer 'for myſelf, I ſhould have hated and deſpiſed you. 'Marry come up! Fine doctrine indeed! A wife 'hath a right to inſiſt on her huſband's loving her 'as much as ever he can; and he is a ſinful villain 'who doth not. Doth he not promiſe to love her, 'and to comfort her, and to cheriſh her, and all 'that? I am ſure, I remember it all as well as if 'I had repeated it over but yeſterday, and ſhall ne- 'ver forget it. Beſides, I am certain you do not 'preach as you practiſe; for you have been a loving 'and a cheriſhing huſband to me, that's the truth 'on't; and why you ſhould endeavour to put ſuch 'wicked nonſenſe into this young man's head, I 'cannot deviſe.—Don't hearken to him, Mr. Jo- 'ſeph; be as good a huſband as you are able, and 'love your wife with all your body, and ſoul too.' Here a violent rap at the door put an end to their diſcourſe, and produced a new ſcene, which the rea- der will find in the next chapter.

CHAP. IX.

A Visit which the good Lady Booby and her polite Friend paid to the Parson.

THE Lady Booby had no sooner had an account from the gentleman of his meeting a wonderful beauty near her house, and perceived the raptures with which he spoke of her, than immediately concluding it must be Fanny, she began to meditate a design of bringing them better acquainted; and to entertain hopes that the fine clothes, presents and promises of this youth, would prevail on her to abandon Joseph: she therefore proposed to her company a walk in the fields before dinner, when she led them towards Mr. Adams's house; and, as she approached it, told them, if they pleased, she would divert them with one of the most ridiculous sights they had ever seen, which was an old foolish parson, who, she said, laughing, kept a wife and six brats on a salary of about twenty pounds a year; adding, that there was not such another ragged family in the parish. They all readily agreed to this visit, and arrived whilst Mrs. Adams was declaiming, as in the last chapter. Beau Didapper, which was the name of the young gentleman we have seen riding towards Lady Booby's, with his cane mimicked the rap of a London footman at the door. The people within, namely, Adams, his wife, and three children, Joseph, Fanny, and the pedlar, were all thrown into confusion by this knock; but Adams went directly to the door, which being opened, the Lady Booby and her company walked in, and were received by the parson with about two hundred bows; and by his wife with as many curtsies; the latter telling the lady, 'She was ashamed to be seen in such a pickle, and 'that her house was in such a litter; but that if she

'had expected ſuch an honour from her ladyſhip, 'ſhe ſhould have found her in a better manner.' The parſon made no apologies, though he was in his half-caſſock, and a flannel night-cap. He ſaid, 'they were heartily welcome to his poor cottage;' and, turning to Mr. Didapper, cried out, *Non mea renidet in domo lacunar.* The beau anſwered, he did not underſtand Welch; at which the parſon ſtared, and made no reply.

Mr. Didapper, or Beau Didapper, was a young gentleman of about four feet five inches in height. He wore his own hair, though the ſcarcity of it might have given him ſufficient excuſe for a perriwig. His face was thin and pale: the ſhape of his body and legs none of the beſt; for he had very narrow ſhoulders, and no calf; and his gait might more properly be called hopping than walking. The qualifications of his mind were well adapted to his perſon. We ſhall handle them firſt negatively. He was not entirely ignorant; for he could talk a little French, and ſing two or three Italian ſongs: he had lived too much in the world to be baſhful, and too much at court to be proud: he ſeemed not much inclined to avarice, for he was profuſe in his expences; nor had he all the features of prodigality, for he never gave a ſhilling: no hater of women, for he always dangled after them; yet ſo little ſubject to luſt, that he had, among thoſe who knew him beſt, the character of great moderation in his pleaſures. No drinker of wine; nor ſo addicted to paſſion, but that a hot word or two from an adverſary made him immediately cool.

Now, to give him only a daſh or two on the affirmative ſide: Though he was born to an immenſe fortune, he choſe, for the pitiful and dirty conſideration of a place of little conſequence, to depend entirely on the will of a fellow, whom they call a great man; who treated him with the utmoſt diſreſpect, and exacted of him a plenary obedience

to

to his commands; which he implicitly submitted to, at the expence of his conscience, his honour, and of his country, in which he had himself so very large a share. And to finish his character; as he was entirely well satisfied with his own person and parts, so he was very apt to ridicule and laugh at any imperfection in another. Such was the little person, or rather *thing*, that hopped after Lady Booby into Mr. Adams's kitchen.

The parson and his company retreated from the chimney side, where they had been seated, to give room to the lady and hers. Instead of returning any of the curtsies or extraordinary civility of Mrs. Adams, the lady, turning to Mr. Booby, cried out, '*Quelle Bête! Quel Animal!*' And presently after discovering Fanny (for she did not need the circumstance of her standing by Joseph to assure the identity of her person) she asked the beau, whether he did not think her a pretty girl? 'Begad, Madam,' answered he, 'tis the very same I met.' 'I did not imagine,' replied the lady, 'you had so good a taste.' 'Because I never liked you, I warrant,' cries the beau. 'Ridiculous!' said she; 'you know you was always my aversion.' 'I would never mention aversion,' answered the beau, 'with that face *: 'Dear Lady Booby, wash your face before you mention aversion, I beseech you.' He then laughed, and turned about to coquet it with Fanny.

Mrs. Adams had been all this time begging and praying the ladies to sit down, a favour which she at last obtained. The little boy to whom the accident happened, still keeping his place by the fire, was chid by his mother for not being more mannerly; but Lady Booby took his part, and com-

* Lest this should appear unnatural to some readers, we think proper to acquaint them, that it was taken *verbatim* from very polite conversation.

mending his beauty, told the parson he was his very picture. She then seeing a book in his hand, asked, if he could read? 'Yes,' cries Adams, 'a little Latin, Madam; he has just got into *Quæ Genus*.' 'A fig for *queer genius*,' answered she; 'let me hear him read a little English.—*Lege*, Dick, *lege*,' said Adams: but the boy made no answer, till he saw the parson knit his brows, and then cried, 'I don't understand you, father.' 'How, boy!' says Adams. 'What doth *lego* make in the imperative mood? *Legito*, doth it not?' 'Yes,' answered Dick.—'And what besides?' says the father. '*Lege*,' quoth the son, after some hesitation. 'A good boy,' says the father: 'And now child, what is the English of *Lego?*'—To which the boy, after long puzzling, answered he could not tell. 'How!' cries Adams, in a passion.—'What, hath the water washed away your learning? Why, what is Latin for the English verb *read?* Consider before you speak.'—The child considered some time, and then the parson cried twice or thrice, '*Le*—, *Le*—,' Dick answered, '*Lego*.'—'Very well; and then, what is the English,' says the parson, 'of the verb *Lego?*' '*To read*,' cries Dick. 'Very well,' says the parson; 'a good boy; you can do well, if you will take pains.—I assure your ladyship he is not much above eight years old, and is out of his *Propria quæ Maribus* already.—Come, Dick, read to her ladyship;'—which she again desiring, in order to give the beau time and opportunity with Fanny, Dick began as in the following chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The History of two Friends, which may afford an useful Lesson to all those Persons who happen to take up their Residence in married Families.

'LEONARD and Paul were two friends.'——'Pronounce it Lennard, child,' cried the parson.——'Pray, Mr. Adams,' says Lady Booby, 'let your son read without interruption.' Dick then proceeded. 'Lennard and Paul were two 'friends, who, having been educated together at 'the same school, commenced a friendship which 'they preserved a long time for each other. It was 'so deeply fixed in both their minds, that a long ab-'sence, during which they had maintained no cor-'respondence, did not eradicate nor lessen it: but 'it revived in all its force at their first meeting, 'which was not till after fifteen years absence, most 'of which time Lennard had spent in the East-'In-di-es'——'Pronounce it short, Indies,' says Adams.——'Pray, Sir, be quiet,' says the lady.—The boy repeated——'in the East-Indies, whilst 'Paul had served his king and country in the army. 'In which different services, they had found such 'different success, that Lennard was now married, 'and retired with a fortune of thirty thousand 'pounds; and Paul was arrived to the degree of a 'lieutenant of foot; and was not worth a single 'shilling.

'The regiment in which Paul was stationed, hap-'pened to be ordered into quarters within a small 'distance from the estate which Lennard had pur-'chased; and where he was settled. This latter, 'who was now become a country gentleman, and a 'justice of peace, came to attend the quarter-ses-'sions, in the town where his old friend was quar-'tered. Soon after his arrival, some affair in which

'a soldier was concerned, occasioned Paul to attend 'the justices. Manhood, and time, and the change 'of climate, had so much altered Lennard, that 'Paul did not immediately recollect the features of 'his old acquaintance: but it was otherwise with 'Lennard. He knew Paul the moment he saw him; 'nor could he contain himself from quitting the 'bench, and running hastily to embrace him. Paul 'stood at first a little surprized; but had soon suf- 'ficient information from his friend, whom he no 'sooner remembered, than he returned his embrace 'with a passion, which made many of the spectators 'laugh, and gave to some few a much higher and 'more agreeable sensation.

'Not to detain the reader with minute circum- 'stances, Lennard insisted on his friend's returning 'with him to his house that evening; which request 'was complied with, and leave for a month's ab- 'sence for Paul obtained of the commanding officer.

'If it was possible for any circumstance to give 'any addition to the happiness which Paul proposed 'in this visit, he received that additional pleasure, 'by finding, on his arrival at his friend's house, 'that his lady was an old acquaintance which he 'had formerly contracted at his quarters; and who 'had always appeared to be of a most agreeable 'temper. A character she had ever maintained 'amongst her intimates, being of that number, 'every individual of which is called quite the best 'sort of woman in the world.

'But as good as this lady was, she was still a 'woman; that is to say, an angel, and not an an- 'gel!'——'You must mistake, child,' cries the par- son; 'for you read nonsense.' 'It is so in the book,' answered the son. Mr. Adams was then silenced by authority, and Dick proceeded——'For though 'her person was of that kind to which men at- 'tribute the name of angel, yet in her mind she was 'perfectly woman. Of which a great degree of

'obstinacy

'obſtinacy gave the moſt remarkable, and perhaps 'moſt pernicious, inſtance.

'A day or two paſt after Paul's arrival, before 'any inſtances of this appeared; but it was impoſ-'ſible to conceal it long. Both ſhe and her huſband 'ſoon loſt all apprehenſion from their friend's pre-'ſence, and fell to their diſputes with as much 'vigour as ever. Theſe were ſtill purſued with the 'utmoſt ardour and eagerneſs, however trifling the 'cauſes were whence they firſt aroſe. Nay, how-'ever incredible it may ſeem, the little conſequence 'of the matter in debate was frequently given as a 'reaſon for the fierceneſs of the contention; as 'thus: If you loved me, ſure you would never 'diſpute with me ſuch a trifle as this. The anſwer 'to which is very obvious; for the argument would 'hold equally on both ſides, and was conſtantly re-'torted with ſome addition; as—I am ſure I have 'much more reaſon to ſay ſo, who am in the right. 'During all theſe diſputes, Paul always kept in ſtrict 'ſilence, and preſerved an even countenance, with-'out ſhewing the leaſt viſible inclination to either 'party. One day, however, when madam had left 'the room in a violent fury, Lennard could not re-'frain from referring his cauſe to his friend. Was 'ever any thing ſo unreaſonable, ſays he, as this wo-'man? What ſhall I do with her? I doat on her to 'diſtraction; nor have I any cauſe to complain of 'more than this obſtinacy in her temper: whatever 'ſhe aſſerts, ſhe will maintain againſt all the reaſon 'and conviction in the world. Pray give me your ad-'vice.—Firſt, ſays Paul, I will give my opinion, 'which is flatly that you are in the wrong: for ſup-'poſing ſhe is in the wrong, was the ſubject of your 'contention any ways material? What ſignifies it 'whether you was married in a red or yellow waiſt-'coat? for that was your diſpute. Now, ſuppoſe 'ſhe was miſtaken, as you love her you ſay ſo ten-'derly, and I believe ſhe deſerves it, would it not

'have

'have been wiſer to have yielded, though you certainly knew yourſelf in the right, than to give either her or yourſelf any uneaſineſs? For my own part, if ever I marry, I am reſolved to enter into an agreement with my wife, that in all diſputes (eſpecially about trifles) that party who is moſt convinced they are right, ſhall always ſurrender the victory; by which means we ſhall both be forward to give up the cauſe.—I own, ſaid Lennard, my dear friend, ſhaking him by the hand, there is great truth and reaſon in what you ſay; and I will for the future endeavour to follow your advice. They ſoon after broke up the converſation, and Lennard going to his wife, aſked her pardon, and told her his friend had convinced him he had been in the wrong. She immediately began a vaſt encomium on Paul, in which he ſeconded her, and both agreed he was the worthieſt and wiſeſt man upon earth. When next they met, which was at ſupper, though ſhe had promiſed not to mention what her huſband told her, ſhe could not forbear caſting the kindeſt and moſt affectionate looks on Paul, and aſked him with the ſweeteſt voice, whether ſhe ſhould help him to ſome potted woodcock? ——Potted partridge, my dear, you mean, ſays the huſband. My dear, ſays ſhe, I aſk your friend if he will eat any potted woodcock; and I am ſure I muſt know, who potted it. I think I ſhould know too, who ſhot them, replied the huſband; and I am convinced that I have not ſeen a woodcock this year: however, though I know I am in the right, I ſubmit, and the potted partridge is potted woodcock, if you deſire to have it ſo. It is equal to me, ſays ſhe, whether it is one or the other; but you would perſuade one out of one's ſenſes. To be ſure you are always in the right in your own opinion; but your friend, I believe, knows which he is eating. Paul anſwered nothing; and the diſpute continued, as uſual, the greateſt

'part

'part of the evening. The next morning the lady 'accidentally meeting Paul, and being convinced he 'was her friend, and of her fide, accofted him 'thus: I am certain, Sir, you have long fince won-'dered at the unreafonablenefs of my hufband. 'He is, indeed, in other refpects, a good fort of 'man; but fo pofitive, that no woman but one of 'my complying temper could poffibly live with him. 'Why, laft night now, was ever any creature fo un-'reafonable? I am certain you muft condemn him. 'Pray, anfwer me; was he not in the wrong?' 'Paul, after a fhort filence, fpoke as follows: I am 'forry, Madam, that as good-manners oblige me 'to anfwer againft my will, fo an adherence to truth 'forces me to declare myfelf of a different opinion. 'To be plain and honeft, you was entirely in the 'wrong: The caufe I own not worth difputing, but 'the bird was undoubtedly a partridge. O, Sir, 'replied the lady, I cannot poffibly help your tafte. 'Madam, returned Paul, that is very little mate-'rial: for had it been otherwife, a hufband might 'have expected fubmiffion.—Indeed! Sir, fays fhe, 'I affure you!——Yes, Madam, cried he, he might, 'from a perfon of your excellent underftanding; 'and pardon me for faying fuch a condefcenfion 'would have fhewn a fuperiority of fenfe even to 'your hufband himfelf.—But, dear Sir, faid fhe, 'why fhould I fubmit when I am in the right?— 'For that very reafon, anfwered he; it would be 'the greateft inftance of affection imaginable: for 'can any thing be a greater object of our compaf-'fion than the perfon we love, in the wrong? Aye, 'but I fhould endeavour, faid fhe, to fet him right. 'Pardon me, Madam, anfwered Paul; I will apply 'to your own experience, if you ever found your 'arguments had that effect. The more our judg-'ments err, the lefs we are willing to own it: for 'my own part, I have always obferved the perfons 'who maintain the worft fide in any conteft, are the 'warmeft."

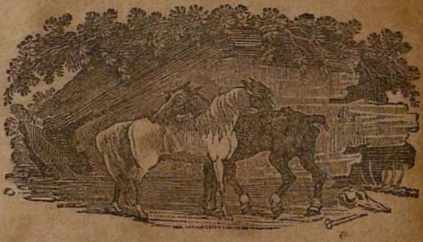
'warmeſt." "Why," ſays ſhe, "I muſt confeſs "there is truth in what you ſay, and I will endea- "vour to practiſe it." The huſband then coming 'in, Paul departed. And Lennard approaching 'his wife with an air of good-humour, told her, he 'was ſorry for their fooliſh diſpute the laſt night; 'but he was now convinced of his error. She an- 'ſwered, ſmiling, ſhe believed ſhe owed his conde- 'ſcenſion to his complacence; that ſhe was aſha- 'med to think a word had paſſed on ſo ſilly an occa- 'ſion, eſpecially as ſhe was ſatisfied ſhe had been 'miſtaken. A little contention followed, but with 'the utmoſt good-will to each other, and was con- 'cluded by her aſſerting, that Paul had thoroughly 'convinced her ſhe had been in the wrong. Upon 'which they both united in the praiſes of their com- 'mon friend.

'Paul now paſſed his time with great ſatisfaction; 'theſe diſputes being much leſs frequent, as well 'as ſhorter, than uſual: but the devil, or ſome un- 'lucky accident, in which perhaps the devil had no 'hand, ſhortly put an end to his happineſs. He was 'now eternally the private referee of every differ- 'ence; in which, after having perfectly, as he 'thought, eſtabliſhed the doctrine of ſubmiſſion, he 'never ſcrupled to aſſure both privately, that they 'were in the right in every argument, as before he 'had followed the contrary method. One day a vio- 'lent litigation happened in his abſence, and both par- 'ties agreed to refer it to his deciſion. The huſband 'profeſſing himſelf ſure the deciſion would be in his 'favour, the wife anſwered, he might be miſtaken, 'for ſhe believed his friend was convinced how ſel- 'dom ſhe was to blame; and if he knew all——The 'huſband replied—"My dear, I have no deſire of "any retroſpect; but I believe, if you knew all "too, you would not imagine my friend ſo entirely "on your ſide."—"Nay," ſays ſhe, "ſince you pro- "voke me, I will mention one inſtance. You may "remember our diſpute about ſending Jacky to "ſchool

"school in cold weather, which point I gave up to "you from mere compaſſion, knowing myſelf to be "in the right; and Paul himſelf told me afterwards, "he thought me ſo." "My dear," replied the huſband, "I will not ſcruple your veracity; but I "aſſure you, ſolemnly, on my applying to him, he "gave it abſolutely on my ſide, and ſaid he would "have acted in the ſame manner." They then proceeded to produce numberleſs other inſtances, in 'all which Paul had, on vows of ſecrecy, given his 'opinion on both ſides. In the concluſion, both 'believing each other, they fell ſeverely on the 'treachery of Paul, and agreed that he had been 'the occaſion of almoſt every diſpute which had 'fallen out between them. They then became ex'tremely loving, and ſo full of condeſcenſion on 'both ſides, that they vied with each other in cen'ſuring their own conduct, and jointly vented their 'indignation on Paul; whom the wife, fearing a 'bloody conſequence, earneſtly entreated her huſ'band to ſuffer quietly to depart the next day, which 'was the time fixed for his return to quarters, and 'then drop his acquaintance.

'However ungenerous this behaviour in Len'nard may be eſteemed, his wife obtained a promiſe 'from him (though with difficulty) to follow her "advice; but they both expreſſed ſuch unuſual 'coldneſs that day to Paul, that he, who was quick 'of apprehenſion, taking Lennard aſide, preſſed 'him ſo home, that he at laſt diſcovered the ſecret. 'Paul acknowledged the truth, but told him the 'deſign with which he had done it. To which the 'other anſwered, he would have acted more friendly 'to have let him into the whole deſign, for that he 'might have aſſured himſelf of his ſecrecy. Paul 'replied, with ſome indignation, he had given him 'a ſufficient proof how capable he was of conceal'ing a ſecret from his wife. Lennard returned, 'with ſome warmth—he had more reaſon to upbraid 'him,

'him, for that he had caused most of the quarrels 'between them by his strange conduct; and might '(if they had not discovered the affair to each other) 'have been the occasion of their separation. Paul 'then said—' But something now happened which put a stop to Dick's reading, and of which we shall treat in the next chapter.



CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

In which the Hiſtory is continued.

JOSEPH Andrews had borne, with great uneaſineſs, the impertinence of Beau Didapper to Fanny, who had been talking pretty freely to her, and offering her ſettlements; but his reſpect to the company had reſtrained him from interfering whilſt the beau confined himſelf to the uſe of his tongue only. But the ſaid beau, watching an opportunity whilſt the ladies' eyes were diſpoſed another way, offered a rudeneſs to her with his hands; which Joſeph no ſooner perceived, than he preſented him with ſo ſound a box on the ear, that it conveyed him ſeveral paces from where he ſtood. The ladies immediately ſcreamed out, and roſe from their chairs; and the beau, as ſoon as he recovered himſelf, drew his hanger; which Adams obſerving, ſnatched up the lid of a pot in his left hand, and covering himſelf with it as with a ſhield, without any weapon of offence in his other hand, ſtept in before Joſeph, and expoſed himſelf to the enraged beau, who threatened ſuch perdition and deſtruction, that it frightened the women, who were all got in a huddle together, out of their wits, even to hear is denunciations of vengeance. Joſeph was of a different complexion, and begged Adams to let his rival come on, for he had a good cudgel in his hand, and did not fear him. Fanny now fainted into Mrs. Adams's arms, and the whole room was in confuſion; when Mr. Booby paſſing by Adams, who lay ſnug under the pot-lid, came up to Didapper, and inſiſted on his ſheathing his hanger, promiſing he ſhould have ſatisfaction; which Joſeph declared he would give him, and fight him at any weapon whatever. The beau now ſheathed his hanger; and taking out a pocket-glaſs, and vowing vengeance

all the time, re-adjuſted his hair. The parſon depoſited his ſhield; and Joſeph running to Fanny, ſoon brought her back to life. Lady Booby chid Joſeph for his inſult on Didapper; but he anſwered, he would have attacked an army in the ſame cauſe. 'What cauſe?' ſaid the lady. 'Madam,' anſwered Joſeph, 'he was rude to that young woman.'— 'What,' ſays the lady, 'I ſuppoſe he would have 'kiſſed the wench; and is a gentleman to be ſtruck 'for ſuch an offer? I muſt tell you, Joſeph, theſe 'airs do not become you.' 'Madam,' ſaid Mr. 'Booby, 'I ſaw the whole affair, and I do not 'commend my brother; for I cannot perceive why 'he ſhould take upon him to be this girl's cham-'pion.' 'I can commend him,' ſays Adams: 'he is 'a brave lad; and it becomes any man to be the 'champion of the innocent; and he muſt be the 'baſeſt coward, who would not vindicate a woman 'with whom he is on the brink of marriage.' 'Sir,' ſays Mr. Booby, 'my brother is not a proper match 'for ſuch a young woman as this.' 'No,' ſays lady Booby; 'nor do you, Mr. Adams, act in your 'proper character, by encouraging any ſuch doings; 'and I am very much ſurprized you ſhould concern 'yourſelf in it. I think your wife and family your 'properer care.' 'Indeed, Madam, your ladyſhip 'ſays very true,' anſwered Mrs. Adams. 'He talks a 'pack of nonſenſe, that the whole pariſh are his chil-'dren. I am ſure I don't underſtand what he means by 'it; it would make ſome women ſuſpect he had gone 'aſtray: but I acquit him of that. I can read 'ſcripture as well as he, and I never found that the 'parſon was obliged to provide for other folks chil-'dren; and, beſides, he is but a poor curate, and 'hath little enough, as your ladyſhip knows, for 'me and mine.' 'You ſay very well, Mrs. Adams,' quoth the Lady Booby, who had not ſpoke a word to her before: 'you ſeem to be a very ſenſible wo-'man; and I aſſure you, your huſband is acting a

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'very foolish part, and opposing his own interest, 'seeing my nephew is violently set against this 'match: and, indeed, I can't blame him; it is by 'no means one suitable to our family.' In this manner the lady proceeded with Mrs. Adams; whilst the beau hopped about the room, shaking his head, partly from pain, and partly from anger; and Pamela was chiding Fanny for her assurance in aiming at such a match as her brother. Poor Fanny answered only with her tears, which had long since began to wet her handkerchief; which Joseph perceiving, took her by the arm, and wrapping it in his, carried her off, swearing he would own no relation to any one who was an enemy to her he loved more than all the world. He went out with Fanny under his left arm, brandishing a cudgel in his right; and neither Mr. Booby nor the beau thought proper to oppose him. Lady Booby and her company made a very short stay behind him; for the lady's bell now summoned them to dress; for which they had just time before dinner.

Adams seemed now very much dejected, which his wife perceiving, began to apply some matrimonial balsam. She told him he had reason to be concerned; for that he had probably ruined his family with his foolish tricks: but perhaps he was grieved for the loss of his two children, Joseph and Fanny. His eldest daughter went on:——' Indeed, Father, 'it is very hard to bring strangers here to eat your 'childrens bread out of their mouths.———You 'have kept them ever since they came home; and 'for any thing I see to the contrary, may keep them 'a month longer. Are you obliged to give her meat, 'tho'f she was never so handsome? But I don't see 'she is so much handsomer than other people. If 'people were to be kept for their beauty, she would 'scarce fare better than her neighbours, I believe. '——As for Mr. Joseph, I have nothing to say; he 'is a young man of honest principles, and will pay

'some time or other for what he hath: but for the 'girl—Why doth she not return to her place she 'ran away from? I would not give such a vagabond 'slut a halfpenny, though I had a million of money; 'no, though she was starving.' 'Indeed but I would,' cries little Dick; 'and, father, rather than poor 'Fanny should be starved, I will give her all this 'bread and cheese;' (offering what he held in his hand.) Adams smiled on the boy, and told him he rejoiced to see he was a Christian; and that if he had a halfpenny in his pocket, he would have given it him; telling him, it was his duty to look upon all his neighbours as his brothers and sisters, and love them accordingly. 'Yes, papa,' says he, 'I love 'her better than my sisters, for she is far handsomer 'than any of them.' 'Is she so, saucebox?' says the sister, giving him a box on the ear, which the father would probably have resented, had not Joseph, Fanny, and the Pedlar, at that instant returned together.——Adams bid his wife prepare some food for their dinner: she said, 'truly she 'could not; she had something else to do.' Adams rebuked her for disputing his commands; and quoted many texts of scripture to prove, that the husband is the head of the wife, and she is to submit and obey. The wife answered, 'it was blasphemy to 'talk scripture out of church; that such things were 'very proper to be said in the pulpit; but that it 'was prophane to talk them in common discourse.' Joseph told Mr. Adams, 'he was not come with 'any design to give him or Mrs. Adams any trouble; 'but to desire the favour of all their company to 'the George, (an alehouse in the parish,) where he 'had bespoke a piece of bacon and greens for their 'dinner.' Mrs. Adams, who was a very good sort of woman, only rather too strict in œconomics, readily accepted this invitation, as did the parson himself by her example; and away they all walked together, not omitting little Dick, to whom Joseph gave a shilling, when he heard of his intended liberality to Fanny.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Where the good-natured Reader will see something which will give him no great Pleasure.

THE pedlar had been very inquisitive from the time he had first heard that the great house in this parish belonged to the Lady Booby; and had learnt that she was the widow of Sir Thomas; and that Sir Thomas had bought Fanny, at about the age of three or four years, of a travelling woman; and now their homely but hearty meal was ended, he told Fanny, he believed he could acquaint her with her parents. The whole company, especially she herself, started at this offer of the pedlar's.—— He then proceeded thus, while they all lent their strictest attention: 'Though I am now contented with 'this humble way of getting my livelihood, I was 'formerly a gentleman; for so all those of my pro'fession are called. In a word, I was a drummer 'in an Irish regiment of foot. Whilst I was in this 'honourable station, I attended an officer of our 'regiment into England a recruiting. In our march 'from Bristol to Frome (for, since the decay of the 'woollen trade, the clothing towns have furnished 'the army with a great number of recruits) we 'overtook on the road a woman who seemed to be 'about thirty years old, or thereabouts; not very 'handsome; but well enough for a soldier. As we 'came up to her, she mended her pace, and falling 'into discourse with our ladies, (for every man of 'the party, namely, a serjeant, two private men, 'and a drum, were provided with their women, ex'cept myself,) she continued to travel on with us. 'I, perceiving she must fall to my lot, advanced 'presently to her, made love to her in our military 'way, and quickly succeeded to my wishes. We 'struck a bargain within a mile, and lived together

'as man and wife to her dying day.'—'I ſuppoſe,' ſays Adams, interrupting him, 'you were married 'with a licence: For I don't ſee how you could 'contrive to have the banns publiſhed while you 'were marching from place to place.'—'No, Sir,' ſaid the pedlar, 'we took a licence to go to bed to-'gether without any banns.'—'Aye, aye,' ſaid the parſon; '*ex neceſſitate*, a licence may be allowable 'enough; but ſurely, ſurely, the other is the more 'regular and eligible way.'—The pedlar proceeded thus: She returned with me to our regiment, and 'removed with us from quarters to quarters, till at 'laſt, while we lay at Galway, ſhe fell ill of a fever, 'and died. When ſhe was on her death-bed ſhe 'called me to her, and, crying bitterly, declared 'ſhe could not depart this world without diſcover-'ing a ſecret to me, which ſhe ſaid was the only ſin 'which ſat heavy on her heart. She ſaid ſhe had 'formerly travelled in a company of gypſies, who 'had made a practice of ſtealing away children; 'that, for her own part, ſhe had been only once 'guilty of the crime; which ſhe ſaid ſhe lamented 'more than all the reſt of her ſins, ſince probably 'it might have occaſioned the death of the parents: 'For, added ſhe, it is almoſt impoſſible to deſcribe 'the beauty of the young creature, which was about 'a year and an half old when I kidknapped it. We 'kept her (for ſhe was a girl) above two years in 'our company, when I ſold her myſelf for three 'guineas to Sir Thomas Booby in Somerſetſhire. 'Now, you know whether there are any more of 'that name in this county.'—'Yes,' ſays Adams, 'there are ſeveral Boobys, who are ſquires, but I 'believe no baronet now alive; beſides, it anſwers 'ſo exactly in every point, there is no room for 'doubt: but you have forgot to tell us the parents 'from whom the child was ſtolen.'—'Their name,' anſwered the pedlar, 'was Andrews. They lived about thirty miles from the ſquire; and ſhe told

'me,

'me, that I might be ſure to find them out by one 'circumſtance; for that they had a daughter of a 'very ſtrange name, Pem-ela or Pe-me-la; ſome 'pronounced it one way, and ſome the other.' Fanny, who had changed colour at the firſt mention of the name, now fainted away; Joſeph turned pale, and poor Dicky began to roar: the parſon fell on his knees, and ejaculated many thankſgivings, that this diſcovery had been made before the dreadful ſin of inceſt was committed; and the pedlar was ſtruck with amazement, not being able to account for all this confuſion, the cauſe of which was preſently opened by the parſon's daughter, who was the only unconcerned perſon; (for the mother was chafing Fanny's temples, and taking the utmoſt care of her;) and, indeed, Fanny was the only creature whom the daughter would not have pitied in her ſituation; wherein, though we compaſſionate her ourſelves, we ſhall leave her for a little while, and pay a ſhort viſit to Lady Booby.

CHAP. XIII.

The History returning to the Lady Booby, gives some Account of the terrible Conflict in her Breast between Love and Pride; with what happened on the present Discovery.

THE lady sat down with her company to dinner; but eat nothing. As soon as the cloth was removed, she whispered Pamela, that she was taken a little ill, and desired her to entertain her husband and Beau Didapper. She then went up into her chamber, sent for Slipslop, threw herself on the bed, in the agonies of love, rage, and despair; nor could she conceal these boiling passions longer, without bursting.——Slipslop now approached her bed, and asked how her ladyship did; but, instead of revealing her disorder, as she intended, she entered into a long encomium on the beauty and virtues of Joseph Andrews; ending at last with expressing her concern, that so much tenderness should be thrown away on so despicable an object as Fanny. Slipslop, well knowing how to humour her mistress's frenzy, proceeded to repeat, with exaggeration, if possible, all her mistress had said, and concluded with a wish that Joseph had been a gentleman, and that she could see her lady in the arms of such a husband. The lady then started from her bed, and taking a turn or two across the room, cried out with a deep sigh—'Sure he would make any woman happy.'—'Your 'ladyship,' says she, 'would be the happiest woman 'in the world with him.——A fig for custom and 'nonsense. What *vails* what people say? Shall I 'be afraid of eating sweetmeats, because people may 'say I have a sweet tooth? If I had a mind to marry 'a man, all the world should not hinder me. Your 'ladyship hath no parents to *tutelar* your *infections*; 'besides, he is of your ladyship's family now, and as 'good

'good a gentleman as any in the country; and why 'should not a woman follow her mind as well as a 'man? Why should not your ladyship marry the bro-'ther, as well as your nephew the sister? I am sure, if 'it was a *fragrant* crime, I would not persuade your 'ladyship to it.'—'But, dear Slipslop,' answered the lady, 'if I could prevail on myself to commit 'such a weakness, there is that cursed Fanny in the 'way, whom the idiot—O, how I hate and despise 'him!'—She! a little ugly minx!' cries Slipslop; 'leave her to me. I suppose your ladyship hath 'heard of Joseph's *fitting* with one of Mr. Didap-'per's servants about her; and his master hath or-'dered them to carry her away by force this even-'ing. I'll take care they shall not want assist-'ance. I was talking with this gentleman, who 'was below just when your ladyship sent for me.' 'Go back,' says the Lady Booby, 'this instant; for 'I expect Mr. Didapper will soon be going. Do 'all you can; for I am resolved this wench shall not 'be in our family: I will endeavour to return to 'the company; but let me know as soon as she is 'carried off.' Slipslop went away; and her mistress began to arraign her own conduct in the following manner—

'What am I doing! How do I suffer this passion 'to creep imperceptibly upon me! How many days 'are past since I could have submitted to ask myself 'the question? Marry a footman! Distraction! Can 'I afterwards bear the eyes of my acquaintance? 'But I can retire from them; retire with one in 'whom I propose more happiness than the world, 'without him, can give me! Retire—to feed con-'tinually on beauties which my inflamed imagina-'tion sickens with eagerly gazing on; to satisfy 'every appetite, every desire, with their utmost 'wish—Ha! and do I doat thus on a footman! I de-'spise, I detest my passion!—Yet why? Is he not 'generous, gentle, kind?—Kind to whom? to the

'meanest

'meanest wretch, a creature below my considera-'tion. Doth he not? Yes, he doth prefer her! 'Curse his beauties, and the little low heart that 'possesses them! which can basely descend to this 'despicable wench, and be ungratefully deaf to all 'the honours I do him! And can I then love this 'monster? No! I will tear his image from my bo-'som, tread on him, spurn him! I will have those 'pitiful charms, which now I despise, mangled in 'my sight; for I will not suffer the little jade I hate 'to riot in the beauties I contemn. No! though I 'despise him myself; though I would spurn him 'from my feet, was he to languish at them; no other 'should taste the happiness I scorn. Why do I say 'happiness? to me it would be misery. To sacri-'fice my reputation, my character, my rank in life, 'to the indulgence of a mean and vile appetite! 'How I detest the thought! how much more exqui-'site is the pleasure resulting from the reflection of 'virtue and prudence, than the faint relish of what 'flows from vice and folly! Whither did I suffer 'this improper, this mad passion, to hurry me, only 'by neglecting to summon the aid of reason to my 'assistance! Reason, which hath now set before me 'my desires in their proper colours, and immediately 'helped me to expel them. Yes; I thank Heaven, 'and my pride, I have now conquered this unwor-'thy passion; and if there was no obstacle in its 'way, my pride would disdain any pleasures which 'could be the consequence of so base, so mean, so 'vulgar—' Slipslop returned at the instant in a vio-lent hurry, and with the utmost eagerness cried out, 'O, Madam, I have strange news! Tom the foot-'man is just come from the George, where it seems 'Joseph and the rest of them are a *jinketting*; and he 'says, there is a strange man who hath discovered that 'Fanny and Joseph are brother and sister.'—'How, 'Slipslop!' cries the lady in a surprize. 'I had not 'time, Madam,' cries Slipslop, 'to enquire about '*particles*; but Tom says it must certainly be true.'

This

This unexpected account entirely obliterated all thofe admirable reflections which the fupreme power of reafon had fo wifely made juft before. In fhort, when defpair, which had more fhare in producing the refolutions of hatred we have feen taken, began to retreat, the lady hefitated a moment, and then forgetting all the purport of her foliloquy, difmiffed her woman again, with orders to bid Tom attend her in the parlour, where fhe now haftened to acquaint Pamela with the news. Pamela faid, fhe did not believe it; for fhe had never heard that her mother had loft any child, or that fhe had ever any more than Jofeph and herfelf. The lady flew into a violent rage with her, and talked of upftarts and difowning relations, who had fo lately been on a level with her. Pamela made no anfwer; but her hufband taking up her caufe, feverely reprimanded his aunt for her behaviour to his wife: he told her, if it had been earlier in the evening, fhe fhould not have ftaid a moment longer in her houfe; that he was convinced if this young woman could be proved her fifter, fhe would readily embrace her as fuch, and he himfelf would do the fame: he then defired the fellow might be fent for, and the young woman with him; which Lady Booby immediately ordered; and thinking proper to make fome apology to Pamela for what fhe had faid, it was readily accepted, and all things reconciled.

The pedlar now attended, as did Fanny and Jofeph, who would not quit her: the parfon likewife was induced, not only by curiofity, of which he had no fmall portion, but by his duty, as he apprehended, to follow them; for he continued all the way to exhort them, who were now breaking their hearts, to offer up thankfgivings, and be joyful for fo miraculous an efcape.

When they arrived at Booby-Hall, they were prefently called into the parlour, where the pedlar repeated the fame ftory he had told before, and infifted

ſiſted on the truth of every circumſtance; ſo that all who heard him were extremely well ſatisfied of the truth, except Pamela, who imagined, as ſhe had never heard either of her parents mention ſuch an accident, that it muſt be certainly falſe; and except the Lady Booby, who ſuſpected the falſehood of the ſtory, from her ardent deſire that it ſhould be true; and Joſeph, who feared its truth, from his earneſt wiſhes that it might prove falſe.

Mr. Booby now deſired them all to ſuſpend their curioſity, and abſolute belief or diſbelief, till the next morning, when he expected old Mr. Andrews and his wife to fetch himſelf and Pamela home in his coach, and then they might be certain of perfectly knowing the truth or falſehood of this relation; in which, he ſaid, as there were many ſtrong circumſtances to induce their credit, ſo he could not perceive any intereſt the pedlar could have in inventing it, or in endeavouring to impoſe ſuch a falſehood on them.

The Lady Booby, who was very little uſed to ſuch company, entertained them all, viz. her nephew, his wife, her brother and ſiſter, the beau and the parſon, with great good humour at her own table. As to the pedlar, ſhe ordered him to be made as welcome as poſſible by her ſervants. All the company in the parlour, except the diſappointed lovers, who ſat ſullen and ſilent, were full of mirth: for Mr. Booby had prevailed on Joſeph to aſk Mr. Didapper's pardon; with which he was perfectly ſatisfied. Many jokes paſſed between the beau and the parſon, chiefly on each other's dreſs; theſe afforded much diverſion to the company. Pamela chid her brother Joſeph for the concern which he expreſſed at diſcovering a new ſiſter. She ſaid, if he loved Fanny as he ought, with a pure affection, he had no reaſon to lament being related to her.——Upon which Adams began to diſcourſe on Platonic love; whence he made a quick tranſition

to

to the joys in the next world, and concluded with ſtrongly aſſerting, that there was no ſuch thing as pleaſure in this. At which Pamela and her huſband ſmiled on one another.

This happy pair propoſing to retire, (for no other perſon gave the leaſt ſymptom of deſiring reſt,) they all repaired to ſeveral beds provided for them in the ſame houſe; nor was Adams himſelf ſuffered to go home, it being a ſtormy night. Fanny, indeed, often begged ſhe might go home with the parſon; but her ſtay was ſo ſtrongly inſiſted on, that ſhe at laſt, by Joſeph's advice, conſented.

CHAP. XIV.

Containing several curious Night Adventures, in which Mr. Adams fell into many hair-breadth Scapes, partly owing to his Goodness, and partly to his Inadvertency.

ABOUT an hour after they had all separated (it being now past three in the morning) Beau Didapper, whose passion for Fanny permitted him not to close his eyes, but had employed his imagination in contrivances how to satisfy his desires, at last hit on a method by which he hoped to effect it. He had ordered his servant to bring him word where Fanny lay, and had received his information; he therefore arose, put on his breeches and night-gown, and stole softly along the gallery which led to her apartment; and being come to the door, as he imagined it, he opened it with the least noise possible, and entered the chamber. A savour now invaded his nostrils which he did not expect in the room of so sweet a young creature, and which might have probably had no good effect on a cooler lover. However, he groped out the bed with difficulty; for there was not a glimpse of light; and opening the curtains, he whispered in Joseph's voice (for he was an excellent mimic) 'Fanny, my 'angel, I am come to inform thee that I have dis-'covered the falsehood of the story we last night 'heard. I am no longer thy brother, but thy 'lover; nor will I be delayed the enjoyment of 'thee one moment longer. You have sufficient 'assurances of my constancy not to doubt of marry-'ing you, and it would be want of love to deny me 'the possession of thy charms.'——So saying, he disencumbered himself from the little clothes he had on, and, leaping into bed, embraced his angel, as he conceived her, with great rapture. If he was

was surprized at receiving no answer, he was no less pleased to find his hug returned with equal ardour. He remained not long in this sweet confusion; for both he and his paramour presently discovered their error. Indeed, it was no other than the accomplished Slipslop whom he had engaged: but though she immediately knew the person whom she had mistaken for Joseph, he was at a loss to guess at the representative of Fanny. He had so little seen or taken notice of this gentlewoman, that light itself would have afforded him no assistance in his conjecture. Beau Didapper no sooner had perceived his mistake, than he attempted to escape from the bed with much greater haste than he had made to it; but the watchful Slipslop prevented him. For that prudent woman being disappointed of those delicious offerings which her fancy had promised her pleasure, resolved to make an immediate sacrifice to her virtue. Indeed, she wanted an opportunity to heal some wounds which her late conduct had, she feared, given her reputation; and as she had a wonderful presence of mind, she conceived the person of the unfortunate beau to be luckily thrown in her way to restore her lady's opinion of her impregnable chastity. At that instant therefore, when he offered to leap from the bed, she caught fast hold of his shirt, at the same time roaring out, 'O thou villain! who hast attacked 'my chastity, and, I believe, ruined me in my 'sleep; I will swear a rape against thee, I will pro'secute thee with the utmost vengeance.' The beau attempted to get loose, but she held him fast; and when he struggled, she cried out, Murther! Mur'ther! Rape! Robbery! Ruin!' At which words Parson Adams, who lay in the next chamber, wakeful, and meditating on the pedlar's discovery, jumped out of bed, and, without staying to put a rag of clothes on, hastened into the apartment whence the cries proceeded. He made directly to the bed

in the dark, where laying hold of the beau's ſkin (for Slipſlop had tore his ſhirt almoſt off) and finding his ſkin extremely ſoft, and hearing him in a low voice begging Slipſlop to let him go, he no longer doubted but this was the young woman in danger of raviſhing, and immediately falling on the bed, and laying hold of Slipſlop's chin, where he found a rough beard, his belief was confirmed: he therefore reſcued the beau, who preſently made his eſcape, and then turning towards Slipſlop, received ſuch a cuff on the chops, that his wrath kindling inſtantly, he offered to return the favour ſo ſtoutly, that had poor Slipſlop received the fiſt, which in the dark paſt by her, and fell on the pillow, ſhe would moſt probably have given up the ghoſt. Adams, miſſing his blow, fell directly on Slipſlop, who cuffed and ſcratched as well as ſhe could; nor was he behind hand with her in his endeavours, but happily the darkneſs of the night befriended her.——She then cried ſhe was a woman; but Adams anſwered ſhe was rather the devil, and if ſhe was, he would grapple with him; and being again irritated by another ſtroke on his chops, he gave her ſuch a remembrance in the guts, that ſhe began to roar loud enough to be heard all over the houſe. Adams then ſeizing her by the hair (for her double-clout had fallen off in the ſcuffle) pinned her head down to the bolſter, and then both called for lights together. The Lady Booby, who was as wakeful as any of her gueſts, had been alarmed from the beginning; and, being a woman of a bold ſpirit, ſhe ſlipt on a night-gown, petticoat and ſlippers, and taking a candle, which always burnt in her chamber, in her hand, ſhe walked undauntedly to Slipſlop's room; where ſhe entered juſt at the inſtant as Adams had diſcovered, by the two mountains which Slipſlop carried before her, that he was concerned with a female. He then concluded her to be a witch, and ſaid, he fancied

thoſe

those breasts gave suck to a legion of devils. Slipslop seeing Lady Booby enter the room, cried, 'Help! or I am ravished,' with a most audible voice; and Adams perceiving the light, turned hastily, and saw the lady (as she did him) just as she came to the feet of the bed; nor did her modesty, when she found the naked condition of Adams, suffer her to approach farther.——She then began to revile the parson as the wickedest of all men, and particularly railed at his impudence in chusing her house for the scene of his debaucheries, and her own woman for the object of his bestiality. Poor Adams had before discovered the countenance of his bedfellow, and now first recollecting he was naked, he was no less confounded than Lady Booby herself, and immediately whipt under the bed-clothes, whence the chaste Slipslop endeavoured in vain to shut him out. Then putting forth his head, on which, by way of ornament, he wore a flannel night-cap, he protested his innocence, and asked ten thousand pardons of Mrs. Slipslop for the blows he had struck her, vowing he had mistaken her for a witch. Lady Booby then, casting her eyes on the ground, observed something sparkle with great lustre, which, when she had taken it up, appeared to be a very fine pair of diamond buttons for the sleeves. A little farther she saw lie the sleeve itself of a shirt with laced ruffles. 'Hey-day!' says she, 'what 'is the meaning of this?'——'O, Madam,' says Slipslop, 'I don't know what hath happened, I 'have been so terrified. Here may have been a 'dozen men in the room.' 'To whom belongs 'this laced shirt and jewels?' says the lady.—— 'Undoubtedly,' cries the parson, 'to the young 'gentleman whom I mistook for a woman on coming 'into the room, whence proceeded all the sub-'sequent mistakes; for if I had suspected him for 'a man, I would have seized him had he been ano-'ther Hercules; though, indeed, he seems rather to 'resemble

'resemble Hylas.' He then gave an account of the reason of his rising from bed, and the rest, till the lady came into the room; at which, and the figures of Slipslop and her gallant, whose heads only were visible at the opposite corners of the bed, she could not refrain from laughter; nor did Slipslop persist in accusing the parson of any motions towards a rape. The lady therefore desired him to return to his bed as soon as she was departed; and then ordering Slipslop to arise and attend her in her own room, she returned herself thither. When she was gone, Adams renewed his petitions for pardon to Mrs. Slipslop, who, with a most Christian temper, not only forgave, but began to move with much courtesy towards him, which he taking as a hint to be gone, immediately quitted the bed, and made the best of his way towards his own; but unluckily, instead of turning to the right, he turned to the left, and went to the apartment where Fanny lay, who (as the reader may remember) had not slept a wink the preceding night, and who was so hagged out with what had happened to her in the day, that, notwithstanding all thoughts of her Joseph, she was fallen into so profound a sleep, that all the noise in the adjoining room had not been able to disturb her. Adams groped out the bed, and turning the clothes down softly, a custom Mrs. Adams had long accustomed him to, crept in, and deposited his carcase on the bed-post, a place which that good woman had always assigned him.

As the cat or lapdog of some lovely nymph, for whom ten thousand lovers languish, lies quietly by the side of a charming maid, and, ignorant of the scene of delight on which they repose, meditates the future capture of a mouse, or surprizal of a plate of bread and butter; so Adams lay by the side of Fanny, ignorant of the paradise to which he was so near: nor could the emanation of sweets, which flowed from her breath, overpower the

fumes

fumes of tobacco which played in the parſon's noſtrils. And now ſleep had not overtaken the good man, when Joſeph, who had ſecretly appointed Fanny to come to her at the break of day, rapped ſoftly at the chamber-door, which, when he had repeated twice, Adams cried, Come in, whoever you are. Joſeph thought he had miſtaken the door, though ſhe had given him the moſt exact directions: however, knowing his friend's voice, he opened it, and ſaw ſome female veſtments lying on a chair. Fanny waking at the ſame inſtant, and ſtretching out her hand on Adams's beard, ſhe cried out,—'O heavens! where am I!' 'Bleſs me! where am 'I!' ſaid the parſon. Then Fanny ſcreamed, 'Adams leapt out of bed, and Joſeph ſtood, as 'the tragedians call it, like the ſtatue of ſurpriſe. 'How came ſhe into my room?' cried Adams. 'How came you into her's?' cried Joſeph, in aſtoniſhment. 'I know nothing of the matter,' anſwered Adams, 'but that ſhe is a veſtal for me. 'As I am a Chriſtian, I know not whether ſhe is a 'man or a woman. He is an infidel who doth 'not believe in witchcraft. They as ſurely exiſt 'now as in the days of Saul. My clothes are be-'witched away too, and Fanny's brought into their 'place.' For he ſtill inſiſted he was in his own apartment; but Fanny denied it vehemently, and ſaid, his attempting to perſuade Joſeph of ſuch a falſehood, convinced her of his wicked deſigns. 'How! ſaid Joſeph, in a rage, 'hath he offered 'any rudeneſs to you?'——She anſwered, ſhe could not accuſe him of any, more than villainouſly ſtealing to bed to her, which ſhe thought rudeneſs ſufficient, and what no man would do without a wicked intention. Joſeph's great opinion of Adams was not eaſily to be ſtaggered; and when he heard from Fanny that no harm had happened, he grew a little cooler; yet ſtill he was confounded; and as he knew the houſe, and that the women's apartments were

were on this ſide Mrs. Slipſlop's room, and the men's on the other, he was convinced that he was in Fanny's chamber. Aſſuring Adams therefore of this truth, he begged him to give ſome account how he came there. Adams then ſtanding in his ſhirt, which did not offend Fanny, as the curtains of the bed were drawn, related all that had happened; and when he had ended, Joſeph told him, it was plain he had miſtaken, by turning to the right inſtead of the left. 'Odſo!' cries Adams, 'that's true; 'as ſure as ſixpence, you have hit on the very 'thing.' He then traverſed the room, rubbing his hands, and begged Fanny's pardon, aſſuring her, he did not know whether ſhe was man or woman. That innocent creature firmly believing all he ſaid, told him, ſhe was no longer angry, and begged Joſeph to conduct him into his own apartment, where he ſhould ſtay himſelf, till ſhe had put her clothes on. Joſeph and Adams accordingly departed, and the latter was ſoon convinced of the miſtake he had committed: however, whilſt he was dreſſing himſelf, he often aſſerted he believed in the power of witchcraft notwithſtanding, and did not ſee how a Chriſtian could deny it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

The arrival of Gaffar and Gammar Andrews, with another Perſon not much expected; and a perfect Solution of the Difficulties raiſed by the Pedlar.

AS ſoon as Fanny was dreſt, Joſeph returned to her, and they had a long converſation together, the concluſion of which was, that if they found themſelves to be really brother and ſiſter, they vowed a perpetual celibacy, and to live together all their days, and indulge a platonic friendſhip for each other.

The company were all very merry at breakfaſt, and Joſeph and Fanny rather more chearful than the preceding night. The Lady Booby produced the diamond button, which the beau moſt readily owned, and alledged that he was very ſubject to walk in his ſleep. Indeed, he was far from being aſhamed of his amour; and rather endeavoured to inſinuate, that more than was really true had paſſed between him and the fair Slipſlop.

Their tea was ſcarce over, when the news came of the arrival of old Mr. Andrews and his wife. They were immediately introduced, and kindly received by the Lady Booby, whoſe heart went now pit-a-pat, as did thoſe of Joſeph and Fanny. They felt, perhaps, little leſs anxiety in this interval than Oedipus himſelf whilſt his fate was revealing.

Mr. Booby firſt opened the cauſe, by informing the old gentleman, that he had a child in the company more than he knew of; and taking Fanny by the hand, told him, this was that daughter of his

who

who had been ſtolen away by gypſies in her infancy. Mr. Andrews, after expreſſing ſome aſtoniſhment, aſſured his honour that he had never loſt a daughter by gypſies, nor ever had any other children than Joſeph and Pamela. Theſe words were a cordial to the two lovers; but had a different effect on Lady Booby. She ordered the pedlar to be called, who recounted his ſtory as he had done before; at the end of which, old Mrs. Andrews running to Fanny, embraced her, crying out—'She is, ſhe is 'my child!' The company were all amazed at this diſagreement between the man and his wife: and the blood had now forſaken the cheeks of the lovers, when the old woman, turning to her huſband, who was more ſurprized than all the reſt, and having a little recovered her own ſpirits, delivered herſelf as follows—'You may remember, my dear, when you went 'a ſerjeant to Gibraltar, you left me big with child: 'you ſtaid abroad, you know, upwards of three 'years. In your abſence I was brought to bed, I 'verily believe, of this daughter, whom I am ſure, 'I have reaſon to remember, for I ſuckled her at 'this very breaſt till the day ſhe was ſtolen from me. 'One afternoon, when the child was about a year, 'or a year and a half old, or thereabouts, two gyp'ſey women came to the door, and offered to tell my 'fortune. One of them had a child in her lap. I 'ſhewed them my hand, and deſired to know if you 'was ever to come home again; which I remember, 'as well as if it was but yeſterday, they faithfully pro'miſed me you ſhould. I left the girl in the cradle, 'and went to draw them a cup of liquor, the beſt I 'had. When I returned with the pot, (I am ſure 'I was not abſent longer than whilſt I am telling it 'to you,) the women were gone. I was afraid 'they had ſtolen ſomething, and looked, and looked, 'but to no purpoſe; and, Heaven knows, I had 'very little for them to ſteal. At laſt, hearing the 'child cry in the cradle, I went to take it up—but,

'O, the

'O, the living! how was I furprized to find, in-'ftead of my own girl, that I had put into the cradle, 'who was as fine a fat thriving child as you fhall 'fee in a fummer's day, a poor fickly boy, that did 'not feem to have an hour to live. I ran out, pull-'ing my hair off, and crying like any mad after the 'women, but never could hear a word of them 'from that day to this. When I came back, the 'poor infant (which is our Jofeph there, as ftout as 'he now ftands) lifted up his eyes upon me fo 'piteoufly, that, to be fure, notwithftanding my 'paffion, I could not find in my heart to do it any 'mifchief. A neighbour of mine happening to 'come in at the fame time, and hearing the cafe, 'advifed me to take care of this poor child, and 'God would perhaps one day reftore me my own. 'Upon which I took the child up and fuckled it, to 'be fure, for all the world as if it had been born 'of my own natural body; and as true as I am 'alive, in a little time I loved the boy all to nothing 'as if it had been my own girl. Well, as I was 'faying, times growing very hard, I having two 'children, and nothing but my own work, which 'was little enough, God knows, to maintain them, 'was obliged to afk for relief of the parifh; but, 'inftead of giving it me, they removed me, by 'juftices warrants, fifteen miles, to the place where 'I now live, where I had not been long fettled be-'fore you came home. Jofeph, (for that was the 'name I gave him myfelf—the Lord knows whether 'he was baptized or no, or by what name,) Jofeph, 'I fay, feemed to me to be about five years old when 'you returned; for I believe he is two or three 'years older than our daughter here; (for I am 'thoroughly convinced fhe is the fame;) and when 'you faw him, you faid he was a chopping boy, 'without ever minding his age: and fo I feeing you 'did not fufpect any thing of the matter, thought I 'might e'en as well keep it to myfelf, for fear you

'ſhould not love him as well as I did. . And all this 'is veritably true, and I will take my oath of it before any juſtice in the kingdom.'

The pedlar, who had been ſummoned by the order of Lady Booby, liſtened with the utmoſt attention to Gammar Andrews's ſtory; and, when ſhe had finiſhed, aſked her if the ſuppoſititious child had no mark on its breaſt. To which ſhe anſwered, 'Yes, he had as fine a ſtrawberry as ever grew in a 'garden.' This Joſeph acknowledged; and unbuttoning his coat, at the interceſſion of the company, ſhewed it to them. 'Well,' ſays Gaffar Andrews, who was a comical, ſly old fellow, and very likely deſired to have no more children than he could keep, 'you have proved, I think, very 'plainly, that this boy doth not belong to us; 'but how are you certain that the girl is your's?' The parſon then brought the pedlar forward, and deſired him to repeat the ſtory which he had communicated to him the preceding day at the alehouſe; which he complied with, and related what the reader, as well as Mr. Adams, hath ſeen before. He then confirmed, from his wife's report, all the circumſtances of the exchange, and of the ſtrawberry on Joſeph's breaſt. At the repetition of the word *ſtrawberry*, Adams, who had ſeen it without any emotion, ſtarted, and cried—'Bleſs me! ſome-'thing comes into my head.' But before he had time to bring any thing more out, a ſervant called him forth. When he was gone, the pedlar aſſured Joſeph that his parents were perſons of much greater circumſtances than thoſe he had hitherto miſtaken for ſuch; for that he had been ſtolen from a gentleman's houſe by thoſe whom they call gypſies, and had been kept by them during a whole year: when looking on him as in a dying condition, they had exchanged him for the other healthier child, in the manner before related. He ſaid, as to the name of his father, his wife had either never

known

known, or forgot it; but that ſhe had acquainted him he lived about forty miles from the place where the exchange had been made, and which way, promiſing to ſpare no pains in endeavouring with him to diſcover the place.

But Fortune, which ſeldom doth good or ill, or makes men happy or miſerable, by halves, reſolved to ſpare him this labour. The reader may pleaſe to recollect, that Mr. Wilſon had intended a journey to the weſt, in which he was to paſs through Mr. Adams's pariſh, and had promiſed to call on him. He was now arrived at the Lady Booby's gates for that purpoſe, being directed thither from the parſon's houſe; and had ſent in the ſervant whom we have above ſeen call Mr. Adams forth. This had no ſooner mentioned the diſcovery of a ſtolen child, and had uttered the word *ſtrawberry*, than Mr. Wilſon, with wildneſs in his looks, and the utmoſt eagerneſs in his words, begged to be ſhewed into the room, which he entered without the leaſt regard to any of the company but Joſeph, and embracing him with a complexion all pale and trembling, deſired to ſee the mark on his breaſt. The parſon followed him capering, rubbing his hands, and crying out—'*Hic eſt quem quaeris; inventus eſt, &c.*' Joſeph complied with the requeſt of Mr. Wilſon, who no ſooner ſaw the mark, than, abandoning himſelf to the moſt extravagant rapture of paſſion, he embraced Joſeph with inexpreſſible extaſy; and cried out, in tears of joy—'I have diſcovered my 'ſon: I have him again in my arms!' Joſeph was not ſufficiently apprized yet, to taſte the ſame delight with his father, (for ſo in reality he was;) however, he returned ſome warmth to his embraces; but he no ſooner perceived, from his father's account, the agreement of every circumſtance, of perſon, time, and place, than he threw himſelf at his feet, and embracing his knees, with tears begged his bleſſing; which was given with

much affection, and received with ſuch reſpect, mixed with ſuch tenderneſs on both ſides, that it affected all preſent: but none ſo much as Lady Booby, who left the room in an agony, which was but too much perceived, and not very charitably accounted for by ſome of the company.

CHAP. XVI.

Being the laſt. In which this true Hiſtory is brought to a happy Concluſion.

FANNY was very little behind her Joſeph in the duty ſhe expreſt towards her parents; and the joy ſhe evinced in diſcovering of them. Gammar Andrews kiſſed her; and ſaid ſhe was heartily glad to ſee her: but, for her part, ſhe could never love any one better than Joſeph. Gaffar Andrews teſtified no remarkable emotion; he bleſſed and kiſſed her, but complained bitterly that he wanted his pipe, not having had a whiff that morning.

Mr. Booby, who knew nothing of his aunt's fondneſs, imputed her abrupt departure to her pride, and diſdain of the family into which he was married; he was therefore deſirous to be gone with the utmoſt celerity: and now, having congratulated Mr. Wilſon and Joſeph on the diſcovery, he ſaluted Fanny, called her ſiſter, and introduced her as ſuch to Pamela, who behaved with great decency on the occaſion.

He now ſent a meſſage to his aunt, who returned, that ſhe wiſhed him a good journey; but was too diſordered to ſee any company: he therefore prepared to ſet out, having invited Mr. Wilſon to his houſe; and Pamela and Joſeph both ſo inſiſted on his complying, that he at laſt conſented, having firſt obtained a meſſenger from Mr. Booby to acquaint his wife with the news; which, as he knew it would render her completely happy, he could not prevail on himſelf to delay a moment in acquainting her with.

The company were ranged in this manner. The two old people, with their two daughters, rode in the coach; the ſquire, Mr. Wilſon, Joſeph, Parſon

fon Adams, and the pedlar, proceeded on horfe-back.

In their way Jofeph informed his father of his intended match with Fanny; to which, though he expreffed fome reluctance at firft, on the eagernefs of his fon's inftances he confented, faying, if fhe was fo good a creature as fhe appeared, and he defcribed her, he thought the difadvantages of birth and fortune might be compenfated. He however infifted on the match being deferred till he had feen his mother; in which Jofeph perceiving him pofitive, with great duty obeyed him, to the great delight of Parfon Adams, who by thefe means faw an opportunity of fulfilling the church forms, and marrying his parifhioners without a licence.

Mr. Adams greatly exulting on this occafion, (for fuch ceremonies were matters of no fmall moment with him,) accidentally gave fpurs to his horfe, which the generous beaft difdaining, for he was of high mettle, and had been ufed to more expert riders than the gentleman who at prefent beftrode him, for whofe horfemanfhip he had perhaps fome contempt, immediately ran away full fpeed, and played fo many antic tricks, that he tumbled the parfon from his back; which Jofeph perceiving, came to his relief. This accident afforded infinite merriment to the fervants, and no lefs frighted poor Fanny, who beheld him as he paffed by the coach. but the mirth of the one, and the terror of the other, were foon determined, when the parfon declared he had received no damage.

The horfe having freed himfelf from his unworthy rider, as he probably thought him, proceeded to make the beft of his way; but was ftopped by a gentleman and his fervants, who were travelling the oppofite way, and were now at a little diftance from the coach. They foon met; and as one of the fervants delivered Adams his horfe, his mafter hailed him, and Adams looking up, prefently re-

collected

collected he was the justice of peace before whom he and Fanny had made their appearance. The parson presently saluted him very kindly; and the justice informed him, that he had found the fellow who attempted to swear against him and the young woman the very next day, and had committed him to Salisbury gaol, where he was charged with many robberies.

Many compliments having passed between the parson and the justice, the latter proceeded on his journey; and the former having with some disdain refused Joseph's offer of changing horses, and declared, he was as able an horseman as any in the kingdom, remounted his beast; and now the company again proceeded, and happily arrived at their journey's end; Mr. Adams, by good luck, rather than by good riding, escaping a second fall.

The company arriving at Mr. Booby's house, were all received by him in the most courteous, and entertained in the most splendid manner, after the custom of the old English hospitality, which is still preserved in some very few families in the remote parts of England. They all passed that day with the utmost satisfaction; it being perhaps impossible to find any set of people more solidly and sincerely happy. Joseph and Fanny found means to be alone upwards of two hours, which were the shortest, but the sweetest imaginable.

In the morning, Mr. Wilson proposed to his son to make a visit with him to his mother, which, notwithstanding his dutiful inclinations, and a longing desire he had to see her, a little concerned him, as he must be obliged to leave his Fanny: but the goodness of Mr. Booby relieved him; for he proposed to send his own coach and six for Mrs. Wilson, whom Pamela so very earnestly invited, that Mr. Wilson at length agreed with the entreaties of Mr. Booby and Joseph, and suffered the coach to go empty for his wife.

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On Saturday night, the coach returned with Mrs. Wilſon, who added one more to this happy aſſembly. The reader may imagine much better and quicker too than I can deſcribe, the many embraces and tears of joy which ſucceeded her arrival. It is ſufficient to ſay, ſhe was eaſily prevailed with to follow her huſband's example, in conſenting to the match.

On Sunday Mr. Adams performed the ſervice at the ſquire's pariſh church, the curate of which very kindly exchanged duty, and rode twenty miles to the Lady Booby's pariſh ſo to do; being particularly charged not to omit publiſhing the banns, being the third and laſt time.

At length the happy day arrived, which was to put Joſeph in the poſſeſſion of all his wiſhes. He aroſe, and dreſſed himſelf in a neat, but plain, ſuit of Mr. Booby's, which exactly fitted him; for he refuſed all finery; as did Fanny likewiſe, who could be prevailed on by Pamela to attire herſelf in nothing richer than a white dimity night-gown. Her ſhift, indeed, which Pamela preſented her, was of the fineſt kind, and had an edging of lace round the boſom: ſhe likewiſe equipped her with a pair of fine white thread ſtockings, which were all ſhe would accept; for ſhe wore one of her own ſhort round-eared caps, and over it a little ſtraw hat, lined with cherry-coloured ſilk, and tied with a cherry-coloured ribbon. In this dreſs ſhe came forth from her chamber, bluſhing and breathing ſweets; and was by Joſeph, whoſe eyes ſparkled fire, led to church, the whole family attending, where Mr. Adams performed the ceremony, at which nothing was ſo remarkable, as the extraordinary and unaffected modeſty of Fanny; unleſs the true Chriſtian piety of Adams, who publicly rebuked Mr. Booby and Pamela for laughing in ſo ſacred a place, and on ſo ſolemn an occaſion. Our parſon would have done no leſs to the higheſt prince on earth: for though he paid all ſubmiſſion and deference to his ſuperiors in

in other matters, where the leaſt ſpice of religion intervened, he immediately loſt all reſpect of perſons. It was his maxim, that he was a ſervant of the Higheſt, and could not, without departing from his duty, give up the leaſt article of his honour, or of his cauſe, to the greateſt earthly potentate. Indeed, he always aſſerted, that Mr. Adams at church with his ſurplice on, and Mr. Adams without that ornament in any other place, were two very different perſons.

When the church rites were over, Joſeph led his blooming bride back to Mr. Booby's, (for the diſtance was ſo very little, they did not think proper to uſe a coach:) the whole company attended them likewiſe on foot; and now a moſt magnificent entertainment was provided, at which Parſon Adams demonſtrated an appetite ſurpriſing, as well as ſurpaſſing, every one preſent. Indeed, the only perſons who betrayed any deficiency on this occaſion, were thoſe on whoſe account the feaſt was provided. They pampered their imaginations with the much more exquiſite repaſt which the approach of night promiſed them; the thoughts of which filled both their minds, though with different ſenſations; the one all deſire; while the other had her wiſhes tempered with fears.

At length, after a day paſſed with the utmoſt merriment, corrected by the ſtricteſt decency; in which, however, Parſon Adams, being well filled with ale and pudding, had given a looſe to more facetiouſneſs than was uſual to him; the happy, the bleſt moment arrived, when Fanny retired with her mother, her mother-in-law, and her ſiſter. She was ſoon undreſt; for ſhe had no jewels to depoſit in their caſkets, nor fine laces to fold with the utmoſt exactneſs. Undreſſing to her was properly diſcovering, not putting off, ornaments: for as all her charms were the gifts of nature, ſhe could diveſt herſelf of none. How, reader, ſhall I give thee an adequate idea of this lovely young creature!

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the bloom of roſes and lilies might a little illuſtrate her complexion, or their ſmell her ſweetneſs; but to comprehend her entirely, conceive youth, health, bloom, beauty, neatneſs, and innocence in her bridal-bed; conceive all theſe in their utmoſt perfection, and you may place the charming Fanny's picture before your eyes.

Joſeph no ſooner heard ſhe was in bed, than he fled with the utmoſt eagerneſs to her. A minute carried him into her arms, where we ſhall leave this happy couple to enjoy the private rewards of their conſtancy; rewards ſo great and ſweet, that I apprehend Joſeph neither envied the nobleſt duke, nor Fanny the fineſt ducheſs, that night.

The third day, Mr. Wilſon and his wife, with their ſon and daughter, returned home; where they now live together in a ſtate of bliſs ſcarce ever equalled. Mr. Booby hath with unprecedented generoſity given Fanny a fortune of two thouſand pounds, which Joſeph hath laid out in a little eſtate in the ſame pariſh with his father, which he now occupies, (his father having ſtocked it for him;) and Fanny preſides with moſt excellent management in his dairy; where, however, ſhe is not at preſent very able to buſtle much, being, as Mr. Wilſon informs me in his laſt letter, extremely big with her firſt child.

Mr. Booby hath preſented Mr. Adams with a living of one hundred and thirty pounds a year. He at firſt refuſed it, reſolving not to quit his pariſhioners, with whom he hath lived ſo long: but, on recollecting he might keep a curate at this living, he hath been lately inducted into it.

The pedlar, beſides ſeveral handſome preſents both from Mr. Wilſon and Mr. Booby, is, by the latter's intereſt, made an exciſeman; a truſt which he diſcharges with ſuch juſtice, that he is greatly beloved in his neighbourhood.

As for the Lady Booby, ſhe returned to London in a few days, where a young captain of dragoons,

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together with eternal parties at cards, ſoon obliterated the memory of Joſeph.

Joſeph remains bleſt with his Fanny, whom he doats on with the utmoſt tenderneſs, which is all returned on her ſide. The happineſs of this couple is a perpetual fountain of pleaſure to their fond parents; and what is particularly remarkable, he declares he will imitate them in their retirement; nor will he be prevailed upon by any bookſellers, or their authors, to make his appearance in *high life*.

END OF THE ADVENTURES OF
JOSEPH ANDREWS.